

THE *J. Campbell*  
HISTORY  
Of the RENOWNED  
DON QUIXOTE  
*De la MANCHA.*

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Written in Spanish, By  
*Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.*

Translated from the Original by  
several Hands :

And Publish'd by Mr. Motteux.

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VOL. IV.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Sam. Buckley at the Dolphin in  
Little Britain. 1706.



**To the Honourable**  
**COLONEL STANHOPE.**

**S I R,**

**S**OME People may be surpriz'd at my Dedicating any Part of *Don Quixote* in English to a Person, who having so true a Taste of his Perfections in his Native Language, can have little Relish for him under the Disadvantages of a Translation : But this which might appear to others a Reason-

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## *The Dedication.*

able Objection, was to me the most Prevalent Inducement to this Address. I must indeed confess that your Capacity startled my Presumption ; but then, I consider'd, that a Person, who is so truly sensible of the Beauties of the Original, wou'd be most Conscious of the Great Difficulties that must attend my Undertaking, and consequently most likely to excuse the Imperfections in the Translating of a Book that had been thrice attempted in *English* before ; yet so, as not to discourage a fourth Essay. Expecting therefore to be Attack'd by the Criticks, and believing that the most I cou'd pretend to was a Handsome Retreat,

## *The Dedication.*

treat, I thought it my best way to secure the Whole, by having the Rear brought up by a Leader, whose very Reputation, wou'd be sufficient to keep the Enemy in Awe.

My Author, by a Successful Errantry has visited most Parts of *Europe*, and been taught to speak all the Polite Languages in the Christian World. But he has been a whole Century in arriving at a Part of that Accomplishment, which you, Sir, have gain'd in so few Years, that if we compare the Perfection you have attain'd, with the shortness of the Time, we must conclude, that not only all these Languages, but a Thousand Noble Endowments have been ra-

## *The Dedication*

ther Born with you, than Acquir'd.

Learning in Schools, Philosophy in Retirement, and Experience in Gray Heirs, are but the consequence of their several Constitutions; but to find the Muses at Court, the Philosopher in the Camp, and the depth of Prudence in Youth, is one of those Rarities, that should be shewn to delight Mankind with Admiration, and to Improve the World by Example. Could your Character, Sir, be drawn to the Life, the Good that might be done by setting it in view, might plead an Excuse even to your self, who appear so great a Lover of your Country, by the whole Bent of your Studies; for what you seem

## *The Dedication.*

to have laid out for your Private Accomplishment, proves indeed Dedicated to the Service of the Publick; and You have so Profited in Your Endeavours, that your Country seems at a Stand, whether to fix You upon Action in the Field, Council at home, or Negotiation abroad. If these several Talents, even when divided, illustrate Noble Families, where, as in Yours, Merit flows down from Father to Son, what shall we say of the Person, in whom they appear so Happily united.

One of the first Subjects we find treated in Poetry, was the Expedition at *Colchos*, and the Illustrious *Argonautes* found an *Orpheus* to transmit their Fame to

## *The Dedication.*

to Futurity. Whether this were not a kind of a Laudable Knight-Errantry in the Volunteers, or a Fiction of the Poet; You, Sir, can best determine, who are so Great a Critick in the *Greek*. But had that very *Orpheus* liv'd in this Age, what Glorious unfeign'd Subjects had he not found in the late Adventurers for the *Iberian* Golden Fleece! These Papers, Sir, are no small Part of the Treasures of *Spain*; and since You had so Great a Share in the Glory of Inriching your Country with the Wealth of that Nation; You must be content to have a Part in Impropropriating *Cervantes* to the use of the *English*. You have humbled the Pride of the *Spaniard*,

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niard, and he throws himself at your Feet for Protection. He, that was himself a Soldier, knows that the Gallant Man will always give Quarter; and hopes that You, whom *Italy* and *Flanders* have seen so early, and so Eminently Brave in the Defence of his Country, when it was the Interest of your own, will now Generously Protect an Honest *Spaniard* like *Cervantes*, tho' you have so lately been One of the Foremost in an Action, no less Fatal to his Nation, than Glorious to the Undertakers.

S I R, I feel a warmth within me, that Prompts me to Expatiate upon a Subject of which

## *The Dedication.*

which I must own my Self particularly Fond ; but then a Remainder of Discretion checks my Zeal, and cautions me against any thing beyond my Strength and your Patience. I am,

**S I R,**

**Your most humble and  
most Obedient Servant**



**P. Motteux.**

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## *An Account of the Author.*

**I**F ever any Writer deserv'd to have his Memory preserv'd entire to future Ages, 'tis certainly *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, since none has diverted, I had almost said instructed, Posterity more than he has done by his Works. Yet, either out of Envy or Ingratitude, he has been so far from meeting with that Justice from the Historians his Contemporaries, that they make not the least Mention of the Time, nor are they agreed about the Place of his Nativity. Some say that it was at *Seville*; and that is only conjectur'd from a Passage in one of his Prefaces, where he says, that when he was a Lad he had seen several of the Plays of *Lopez de Rueda*, a famous Writer of Comedies, in that City. In Opposition to which, one Signior *Tomajos* affirms, that he was a Native of *Esquivias*, a Town near *Toledo*. But this is undoubted, that he was a Gentleman, and, not unlikely, descended from the Noble Family of the *Cervantes* of *Seville*.

In this uncertainty, we leave the Account of his Birth, and come to speak something of his Person; which we are the better enabled to do from a particular Description that he gives of himself in the Preface to his Novel. The Occasion is upon his expressing his Aversion to the Writing

Writing of Prefaces, which makes him, agreeably enough wish, since some of his had not had the good Fortune to please; that, to save him the Trouble for the Future, some one of those Friends, whom his *Condition*, (as he's pleas'd to say) more than his Wit has gain'd him, wou'd get his Picture engrav'd, to be plac'd in the Frontispiece of his Book, with the following Account of the Author, to satisfy the Curiosity of those Readers that had a mind to know what kind of Man he was.

He tells us, That he was sharp-visag'd; his Hair brown; his Fore-head, in spite of Age, free from Wrinkles; his Eyes brisk; his Nose somewhat rising, but not ill-siz'd; his Beard gray, and his Mustachios large; his Mouth little; his Teeth ill-rang'd, and not above six in Number; his Complexion lively, rather Fair than Swarthy; his Body neither too Fat nor too Lean; somewhat thick in the Shoulders, and not very light of Foot.

He adds, " That he had been many Years  
 " a Soldier, five a Captive, and from thence  
 " had learnt to bear Afflictions patiently; That  
 " at the Battel of *Lepanto* he lost his Left-Hand  
 " by the Shot of a Harquebuss; a Maim, which  
 " how unsightly soever it might appear to o-  
 " thers, yet was look'd on by him as the great-  
 " est Grace and Ornament, since got in the No-  
 " blest and most Memorable Action that ever  
 " pass'd Ages had seen, or future e'er could hope  
 " to see; fighting under the Victorious Banners  
 " of the Son of that Thunder-bolt of War,  
 " *Charles V.* of Happy Memory.

For the other Passages of his Life, we are only given to understand, That he was for some time Secretary to the Duke of *Alva*, and that  
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afterwards, he retir'd to *Madrid*; where, for his Maintenance, he apply'd himself to Writing, and then Compos'd most of those Admirable Pieces, which we now enjoy; being Principally favour'd and supported by the Generosity of the *Conde de Lemus* and the Archbishop of *Toledo*; to the first of which Great Men, he has Address'd most of his Labours.

Since therefore for want of further Memoirs, we can give no larger History of the Fortunes and Actions of *Cervantes*, we must be oblig'd, in what remains, to consider him only as an Author, and so give what Account we can of his Works.

The first Book then, which we find, that he Publish'd, was his *Galatea*, a kind of Pastoral Romance mix'd with a great deal of Poetry; upon which, we shall only pass the same Judgment that his *Friend the Barber* does, on his finding it in the Library of *Don Quixote*; "That there is something in it that shews a happy Invention, something propos'd, but nothing concluded; the Second Part being wanting to make it Compleat.

The next is the First Part of his Incomparable *Don Quixote*, which is too well known to need any Character. The principal Design of which is to Ridicule by the finest Satyr in the World, the Humour of Knight-Errantry, and the Romantick Notions of Love and Honour; which at that time Reign'd in the *Spanish Nation*. How well he has succeeded all *Europe* is agreed, since every Nation has taken care to make it their own by their Translations.

Some are of the Opinion, that upon our Author's being neglectfully Treated by the Duke of *Lerma*, first Minister to K. *Philip the Third*.

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a strange Imperious, Haughty Man, and one that had no Value for Men of Learning; he in Revenge, made this Satyr, which, as they pretend, is chiefly aim'd at that Minister. Which thing cannot be True, if, as according to others, he wrote it in *Barbary*, to while away some of the Melancholy Hours of his Captivity; besides, that the Humour, which is there Laugh'd at, was then so general in *Spain*, that 'tis probable, no particular Person is Intended. This however, is certain, That that Noble Duke and his Management are reflected on, in those Verses which are Ascrib'd to *Urganda la Disconocida*; where though he leaves out the last Syllable or two of every Word in every Line, yet it is no hard matter to guess who is meant in that short Poem; which from thence you may judge to be altogether unfit to be either Imitated or Translated.

The First Edition of this Part was in 1605. and while he was very gravely and leisurely meditating and preparing the Continuation; which was Impatiently Expected, there comes out at *Tarragona* in 1614, a Second Part of the History of *Don Quixote*, by *Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda* of *Tordesillas*. Our Author was extremely concern'd at this Proceeding, and the more too, because this Writer was not Content to Invade his Design, and rob him, as tis said, of some of his Copy, but miserably abuses poor *Cervantes* in his Preface; which our Author, upon the Publishing the Year after the Genuine Continuation of *Don Quixote*, complains of, and up and down in that Book, gives him some Reprehensions, which, however handsome they are, are but too Gentle for so Great an Injury; but it must be Confess'd indeed, that having to do with a Priest, and one that belong'd to the

the Inquisition, as that *Plagiary* did, it might not be safe for him to carry his Resentment higher.

Between the Publishing of the two Parts of his *Don Quixote*, he Printed his *Novelas Exemplares*. The reason of his calling these *Novels* so, is, as he acquaints us, because his other *Novels* had been tax'd as more Satyrical than Exemplary; which Fault resolving to amend, he has in every one of These propos'd some Vertue or other for Imitation. Of these it must be justly said, that in the Original they do not disgrace the Author of *Don Quixote*; with this further Commendation, which *Cervantes* himself gives them, that they were entirely his own Invention, not Borrow'd, Imitated, or Translated from other Languages, as all those were that his Country-men had Publish'd before him.

In 1615. He Printed a Collection of Comedies and Interludes, eight of each; being such as he chose to make Publick out of a much greater Number. Before these, is a very good Account of the Rise and Progress of the *Spanish Drama* to his own Time; to the Advancement of which, (not without a great deal of Justice) he makes no Scruple to Pretend that he had contributed, by the Plays that he had Written, which were not fewer than Thirty at least.

The last of all his Works, that we have, is the History of the Troubles of *Perfiles*, and *Sigismunda*; to which he had but just put his last Hand, and in a very Affectionate and Grateful Address Dedicated it to his Great Patron, the *Conde de Lemos*; upon his departing this World, or, to use his own Expression, setting his Foot in the Stirrup on his Journey to another, being then Old, and with the Fate of most of the Wittiest Men that ever liv'd, very Poor. There are  
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two other Pieces of his, which he informs us he had Written: The one call'd *El Viage del Parnaso*, in imitation of a Poem of that Title of *Cesar Caporali*, 'being a Satyr on the Spanish, as *Caporali's* is on the Italian Poets. This is Printed, but not arriv'd to us; but for the other, which he calls *Las Semanas del Jardin*, and the Second Part of the *Galatea*, 'tis probable, they were never perfectly finish'd; since but a few Days before our Author's Death, in the Epistle Dedicatory of his *Perfiles*, he promises his Patron, that, if Heaven would grant him a little longer time to live, he should see them both; but alas! he was then on the Point of Expiring, and, 'tis likely, not able to be as good as his Word, Dying soon after at *Madrid* in the Year 1616.

It may be expected, that to conclude, we shou'd give our Author's Character, but we choose rather to let his Works do that; since they will, more effectually than any thing that we can say, convince all that Read them, That he was a Master of all those great and rare Qualities which are requir'd in an Accomplish'd Writer, a perfect Gentleman, and a truly good Man.



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Life and Atchievements

Of the Renowned

DON QUIXOTE

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VOL. IV.

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C H A P. XXXIV.

*Ways and means laid down for disinchanting the Peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. An Adventure which we defy the whole Book to match.*

**T**H E Duke and the Dutchess were extremely diverted with the humours of their Guests. Resolving therefore to improve their Sport, by carrying on some pleasant Design,

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that might bear the Appearance of an Adventure, they took the hint from *Don Quixote's* account of *Montefino's* Cave, as a Subject from which they might raise an extraordinary Entertainment: The rather, since, to the Dutchess's amazement, *Sancho's* simplicity was so great, as to believe that *Dulcinea ael Toboso* was really Inchanterd, though he himself had been the first contriver of the Story, and her only Inchanter.

Accordingly, having given directions to their Servants that nothing might be wanting, and propos'd a day for Hunting the Wild Boar, in five or six days they were ready to set out, with a train of Huntsmen and other Attendants not unbecoming the greatest Prince. They presented *Don Quixote* with a Hunting-Suit, but he refus'd it, alledging it superfluous, since he was in a short time to return to the hard Exercise of Arms, and could carry no Sumpters or Wardrobes along with him. But *Sancho* readily accepted one of fine green Cloath, which was prepar'd for him, because he imagin'd it a good Moveable, which he would convert into Money upon the first Occasion.

The day prefix'd being come, *Don Quixote* Arm'd, and *Sancho* Equipp'd himself in his new Suit, and mounting his Ass, which he would not quit for a good Horse that was offer'd him, he crowded in among the Train of Sportsmen. The Dutchess also in a Dress both Odd and Gay, made one of the Company. The Knight, who was Courtesy it self, very gallantly would needs hold the Reins of her Palfrey, though the Duke seem'd very unwilling to let him. In short, they came to the Scene of their Sport, which was in a Wood between two very high Mountains, where alighting, and taking their several Stands, the Dutchess

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*The Duke, Dutchess, and Don Quixot hunting the wild Boar; Sancho Pancha  
falling out of a Tree is catch'd by the Breech. page. 339.*

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with a pointed Javelin in her Hand, attended by the Duke and *Don Quixote*, took a Pass where the Boar always us'd to make his Way. The Hunters posted themselves in several Lanes and Paths as they most conveniently could. But as for *Sancho*, he chose to stay behind 'em all with his Dapple, whom he would by no means leave a moment, for fear the poor Creature should meet with some sad Accident.

And now the Chace began with a full Cry, the Dogs open'd, the Horns sounded, and the Huntsmen hollow'd in so loud a Consort that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous Boar, of a monstrous size, came on, gnashing his Teeth and Tusks, and foaming at the mouth; and, being baited hard by the Dogs, and follow'd close by the Huntsmen, made furiously towards the Pass which *Don Quixote* had taken. Whereupon the Knight grasping his Shield, and drawing his Sword, mov'd forward to receive the raging Beast. The Duke joyn'd him with a Boar-Spear, and the Duchess would have been foremost, had not the Duke prevented her. *Sancho* alone, seeing the furious Animal, resolv'd to shift for one, and leaving *Dapple*, away he scudded as fast as his Legs would carry him towards a high Oak, to the top of which he endeavour'd to clamber. But as he was getting up, one of the Boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a snag or stump of another Bough caught hold of his new Coat, and stopp'd his Fall, slinging him in the Air by the middle, so that he could neither get up nor down. His fine Green Coat was torn, and he fancy'd every moment that the wild Boar was running that way with foaming Chaps and dreadful Tusks to tear him to pieces. Which so disturb'd him, that he roar'd and bellow'd for

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help, as if some wild Beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the Tusky Boar was laid at his length with a number of pointed Spears fix'd in him: and *Don Quixote* being alarm'd by *Sancho's* noise, which he could distinguish easily, look'd about, and discover'd him swinging in the Tree with his head downwards, and close by him poor *Dapple*, who like a true Friend never forsook him in his Adversity: For *old Hamet* observes, that they were such true and inseparable Friends, that *Sancho* was seldom seen without *Dapple*, or *Dapple* without *Sancho*. *Don Quixote* went and took down his Squire, who as soon as he was at Liberty, began to examine the damage his fine Hunting-Suit had receiv'd, which griev'd him to the Soul, for he priz'd it as much as if it had made him Heir to an Estate.

Mean while the Boar being laid across a large Mule, and cover'd with Branches of Rosemary and Myrtle, was carry'd in Triumph by the Victorious Huntsmen to a large Field-Tent, pitch'd in the middle of the Wood, where an excellent Entertainment was provided suitable to the Magnificence of the Founder.

*Sancho* drew near the Dutcheß, and shewing her his torn Coat, had we been hunting the Hare now, quoth he, my Coat might have slept in a whole Skin. For my part, I wonder what pleasure there can be in beating the Bushes for a Beast, which if it does but come at you, will run its plaguy Tusshes in your Guts. and be the death of you: I han't forgot an old Song to this purpose.

*May Fate of Fabila be thine,  
And make thee Food for Bears or Swine.*

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That *Fabla*, said *Don Quixote*, was a King of the *Goths*, who going a Hunting once was devour'd by a Bear. That's it I say, quoth *Sancho*; and therefore why should Kings and other great Folks run themselves into harms-way, when they may have sport enough without it; Mercy on me, what pleasure can you find, any of ye all, in killing a poor Beast that never meant any harm? You are mistaken, *Sancho*, said the Duke, Hunting Wild Beasts is the most proper Exercise for Knights and Princes; for in the Chace of a stout noble Beast may be represented the whole Art of War, Stratagems, Policy and Ambuscades, with all other Devices usually practis'd to overcome an Enemy with Safety: Here we are expos'd to the Extremities of Heat and Cold; Ease and Laziness, can have no Room in this Diversion. By this we are inur'd to Toil and Hardship, our Limbs are strengthen'd, our Joynts made supple, and our whole Body hale and active. In short, it is an Exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none, and the most enticing property is its Rarity, being plac'd above the reach of the Vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the Diversion of other sorts of Game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of Hawking, a Sport also reserv'd for Kings and Persons of Quality. Therefore, *Sancho*, let me advise you to alter your Opinion, against you become a Governour; for then you'll find the great advantage of these Sports and Diversions. You're out far wide, Sir, quoth *Sancho*; 'twere better that a Governour had his Legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gadding abroad at this Rate. 'Twould be a pretty Business, forsooth, when poor People come weary and tir'd to wait on the Governour about Business, that he should be Rambling about the

Woods for his pleasure ! There would be a trim Government truly ! Good Faith, Sir, I think these Sports and Pastimes are fitter for those that have nothing to do than for Governours. No, I intend my Recreation shall be a Game at Whisk at *Christmas*, and Nine-pins on *Sundays* and Holidays ; but for your Hunting as you call it, it goes mightily against my Calling and Conscience. I wish with all my heart, said the Duke, that you prove as good as you promise ; but saying and doing are different things. Well, well, quoth *Sancho*, be it now it will, I say that an honest Man's Word is as good as his Bond. Heaven's help is better than early rising. 'Tis the Belly makes the Feet amble, and not the Feet the Belly. My meaning is, that, with Heaven's help, and my honest endeavours, I shall Govern better than any Goshawk. Do but put your Finger in my Mouth and try if I can't bite. A Curse on thee and thy impertinent Proverbs, said *Don Quixote*. Shall I never get thee to talk Sense without a String of that disagreeable stuff ? I beseech your Graces, do not countenance this eternal Dunce, or he will teaz your very Souls with a thousand unseasonable and insignificant old Saws, for which I wish his Mouth stitch'd up, and my self a Mischief if I hear him. Oh ! Sir, said the Dutchesse, *Sancho's* Proverbs will always please for their Sententious Brevity, though they were as numerous as a Printed Collection ; and I assure you, I relish 'em more than I would do others, that might be better, and more to the purpose.

After this and such like diverting Talk, they left the Tent, and walk'd into the Wood to see whether any Game had fall'n into their Nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their Sport the Night drew on apace, and more Cloudy and

and over-cast than was usual at that time of the Year, which was about Midsummer; but it happen'd very critically for the better carrying on the intended Contrivance. A little while after the close of the Evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the Wood seem'd all on fire, and blaz'd in every Quarter. This was attended by an alarming sound of Trumpets and other Warlike Instruments, answering one another from all Sides, as if several Parties of Horse had been hastily Marching through the Wood: Then presently was heard a confus'd noise of Moorish Cries, such as are us'd in joyning Battel, which together with the rattling of the Drums, the loud sound of the Trumpets and other Instruments of War, made such a hideous and dreadful Consort in the Air, that the Duke was amaz'd, the Dutchess astonish'd, *Don Quixote* was surpriz'd, and *Sancho* shook like a Leaf, and even those that knew the Occasion of all this were affrighted.

This Consternation caus'd a general Silence, and by and by one riding Post, equipp'd like a Devil, pass'd by the Company, winding a huge hollow Horn, that made a horrible hoarse noise. Hark you, Brother Post, said the D. whither so fast? What are you? and what Parties of Soldiers are these that March a-cross the Wood? I am the Devil, cry'd the Post in a horrible Tone, and go in quest of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and those that are coming this way, are six Bands of Necromancers that conduct the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, enchanted in a Triumphant Chariot. She is attended by that Gallant French Knight *Montesinos*, who comes to give information how she may be free'd from Incantment. Wer't thou as much a Devil, said the Duke, as thy horrid Shape speaks thee to be, thou would'st have known this Knight here be-

fore thee to be that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* whom thou seek'st. Before Heaven, and on my Conscience, reply'd the Devil, I never thought on't; for I have so many things in my Head, that it almost distracts me, I had quite and clean forgot my Errand. Surely, quoth *Sancho*, this Devil must be a very honest Man, and a good Christian, for he swears as devoutly, by Heaven and his Conscience, as I should do; and now I am apt to believe there be some good People even in Hell. At the same time, the Devil directing himself to *Don Quixote* without dismounting, To thee, O Knight of the Lions, cry'd he, (and I wish thee fast in their Claws) To thee am I sent by the Valiant, but unfortunate *Montesinos*, to bid thee attend his coming in this very Place, whither he brings one whom they call *Dulcinea del Toboso*, in order to give thee instructions touching her Disenchantment. Now I have deliver'd my Message, I must fly, and the Devils that are like me be with thee, and Angels guard the rest. This said, he winded his monstrous Horn, and without staying for an Answer, disappear'd.

This increas'd the general Consternation, but most of all surpriz'd *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*; the latter to find that in spite of Truth, they still would have *Dulcinea* to be Enchanted, and the Knight to think that the Adventures of *Montesinos's* Cave were turn'd to reality. While he stood pondering these things in his Thoughts: Well, Sir, said the Duke to him, what do you intend to do? Will you stay? Stay! cry'd *Don Quixote*, shall I not? I will stay here, Intrepid and Courageous, though all the Infernal Powers enclos'd me round. So you may if you will, quoth *Sancho*; but if any more Devils or Horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in *Flanders* as here.

Now.

Now the Night grew darker and darker, and several shooting Lights were seen glancing up and down the Wood, like Meteors or glaring Exhalations from the Earth. Then was heard a horrid Noise, like the creaking of the ungreas'd Wheels of heavy Waggon, from which piercing ungrateful Sound, Bears and Wolves themselves are said to fly. This odious Jarring was presently seconded by a greater, which seem'd the dreadful din and shocks of four several Engagements in each Quarter of the Wood, with all the sounds and hurry of so many joyning Battels. On one side were heard several Peals of Cannon; on the other the discharging of numerous Vollies of small Shot; here the shouts of the Engaging Parties, that seem'd to be near at hand; there Cries of the *Moors* that seem'd at a greater distance. In short, the strange confus'd intermixture of Drums, Trumpets, Cornets, Horns, the thund'ring of the Cannon, the rattling of the small shot, the creaking of the Wheels, and the cries of the Combatants, made the most dismal Noise imaginable, and try'd *Don Quixote's* Courage to the uttermost. But poor *Sancho* was annihilated, and fell into a Swoon upon the Dutchess's Coars, who taking care of him, and ordering some Water to be sprinkled in his Face, at last recover'd him, just as the foremost of the creaking Carriages came up, drawn by four heavy Oxen cover'd with Mourning, and carrying a large lighted Torch upon each Horn. On the Top of the Cart or Waggon was an exalted Seat, on which sat a Venerable Old Man, with a Beard as white as Snow, and so long that it reach'd down to his Girdle. He was clad in a long Gown of black Buckram, as were also two Devils that drove the Waggon, both so very Monstrous and ugly, that

*Sancho* having seen 'em once, was forc'd to shut his Eyes, and would not venture upon a second Look. The Cart, which was stuck full of Lights within, being approach'd to the Standing, the Reverend old Man stood up, and cry'd with a loud Voice, I am the Sage *Lirgander*, and the Cart pass'd on without a Word more. Then follow'd another Cart with another grave old Man, who, making the Cart stop, at a convenient distance, rose up from his high Seat, and in as deep a Tone as the first, cry'd, I am the Sage *Alquis*, great Friend to *Urganda* the *Decogniz'd*, and so went forward. He was succeeded by a third Cart, that mov'd in the same solemn pace, and bore a Person not so ancient as the rest, but a robust and sturdy fowr-look'd, ill-favour'd Fellow, who rose up from his Throne like the rest, and with a more hollow and Devil-like Voice, cry'd out, I am *Archelaus* the Inchanter, the mortal Enemy of *Amadis de Gaul* and all his Race; which said, he pass'd by, like the other Carts, which taking a short turn made a halt, and the grating noise of the Wheels ceasing, an excellent Consort of sweet Musick was heard, which mightily comforted poor *Sancho*; and passing with him for a good Omen, My Lady, (quoth he to the Dutchesse, from whom he would not budge an Inch) There can be no Mischiefe sure where there's Musick. Very true, said the Dutchesse, especially when there is Brightness and Light. Ay, but there's no Light without Fire, reply'd *Sancho*, and Brightness comes most from Flames; who knows then but those about us may burn us? But Musick I take to be always a sign of Feasting and Merriment. We shall know presently what this will come to, said *Don Quixote*; and he said right, for you will find it in the next Chapter.

C H A P. XXXV.

*Wherein is continued the Information given to Don Quixote, how to disinchant Dulcinea, with other wonderful Passages.*

**W**Hen the pleasant Musick drew near, there appear'd a stately Triumphant Chariot, drawn by six Dun Mules cover'd with White, upon each of which sate a Penitent clad also in White, and holding a great lighted Torch in his Hand. The Carriage was twice or thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other Penitents being placed at the top and sides, all in White, and bearing likewise a lighted Torch, which made a dazzling and surprizing Appearance. There was a high Throne erected at the further end, on which sate a Nymph array'd in Cloath of Silver, with many Golden Spangles glittering all about her, which made her Dress, tho' not rich, appear very Glorious: Her Face was cover'd with transparent Gauze, through the flowing Folds of which might be descry'd a most Beautiful Face; and by the great Light which the Torches gave, it was easie to discern, that, as she was not less than seventeen Years of Age, neither could she be thought above twenty. Close by her was a Figure clad in a long Gown like that of a Magistrate, reaching down to its Feet, and its Head cover'd with a black Vail. When they came  
dis

directly opposite to the Company, the Shaulms or Hautboys that play'd before immediately ceas'd, and the *Spanish* Harps and Lutes that were in the Chariot did the like; then the Figure in the Gown stood up, and opening its Garments, and throwing away its Mourning Vail, discover'd a bare and frightful Skeleton, that represented the deform'd Figure of Death; which startled *Don Quixote*, made *Sancho's* Bones rattle in his Skin for fear, and caus'd the Duke and the Dutcheß to seem more than commonly disturb'd. This living Death being got thus up, in a dull heavy sleeping Tone, as if its Tongue had not been well awake, began in this Manner.

## MERLIN'S SPEECH.

**B**Ehold old Merlin, in Romantick Writ  
 Miscalld the spurious Progeny of Hell;  
 A Falshood current with the stamp of Age.  
 I Reign o'er Magick, Center of Force,  
 That oft evokes and rates the rigid Pow'rs:  
 Archive of Fate's dread Records in the Skies,  
 Coevous with the Chivalry of Yore;  
 All brave Knights-Errant still I've deem'd my charge,  
 Heirs of my Love, and Fav'rites of my Charms.

While other Magick Seers, averse from Good,  
 Are dire and baleful like the Seat of Woe,  
 My nobler Soul where Pow'r and Pity joyn  
 Diffuses Blessings, as they scatter Plagues.

Deep in the Nether World, the driery Caves  
Where my retreated Soul in silent State,  
Forms Mystick Figures and Tremendous Spells,  
I heard the Peerless Dulcinea's Moans.

Appriz'd of her distress, her frightful Change  
From Princely State, and Beauty near Divine,  
To the vile semblance of a rustick Quean,  
The dire Misdeed of Necromantick Hate:  
I sympathiz'd, and awfully revol'd  
Twice fifty thousand scrolls, occult and loath'd,  
Summ of my Art, Hell's black Philosophy;  
Then clos'd my Soul within this bony Trunk,  
This ghastly Form, the Ruins of a Man;  
And rise in Pity to reveal a Cure  
To Woes so great, and break the cursed Spell.

O Glory thou of all that e'er cou'd grace  
A Coat of Steel, and Fence of Adamant!  
Light, Lanthorn, Path, and Polar Star, and Guide  
To all who dare dismiss ignoble Sleep  
And downy Sloth, for Exercise of Arms,  
For Toils continual, Peril, Wounds and Blood!  
Knight of unfathom'd Worth, Abyss of Praise,  
Who blend'st in one the Prudent and the Brave!  
To thee, great Quixote, I this Truth declare;  
That to restore to her first State and Form  
Toboso's Pride, the peerless Dulcinea,  
'Tis Fate's Decree, That Sancho thy good Squire  
On his bare brawny Buttocks should bestow  
Three thousand stripes, and eke three hundred more,  
Each to afflict, and sting, and gall him sore.  
So shall relent the Authors of her Woes,  
Whose awful Will I for her Ease disclose.

Body o' me, quoth *Sancho*, three thousand Lashes! I won't give my self three; I'll assoon give my self three Stabs in the Guts. May you and your disinchanting go to the Devil. What a Plague have my Buttocks to do with the Black Art? Passion o' my Heart, Master *Merlin*, if you have no better way for disinchanting the Lady *Dulcinea*, she may e'en lye bewitch'd to her dying Day for me.

How now, opprobrious Rascal, cry'd *Don Quixote*! Sinking Garlick-eater! Sirrah, I will take you and tye your Dogship to a Tree, as naked as your Mother bore you; and there I will not only give you three thousand three hundred Lashes, but six thousand six hundred, ye Varlet, and so smartly, that you shall feel it still, though you rub your Back-side three thousand times, Scoundrel. Answer me a Word, you Rogue, and I'll tear out your Soul. Hold, hold, cry'd *Merlin*, hearing this, this must not be; the Stripes inflicted on honest *Sancho* must be voluntary, without Compulsion, and only laid on when he thinks most convenient. No set time is for the Task prefix'd, and if he has a mind to have abated one half of this Atone-ment, 'tis allow'd; provided the remaining Stripes be struck by a strange Hand, and heavily laid on.

Hold you there, quoth *Sancho*, neither a strange Hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light shall touch my Bum. What a Pox, did I bring Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso* into the World, that my hind Face should pay for the harm that her fore Face has done? Let my Master *Don Quixote* whip himself, he's a part of her, he calls her every foot my Life, my Soul, my Sustenance, my Comfort, and all that. So e'en let him jirk out her  
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Incantment at his own Bum's cost; but as for any whipping of me, I deny and prenonce it flat and plain.

No sooner had *Sancho* thus spoke his Mind, but the Nymph that fate by *Merlin's* Ghost in the glittering Apparel, rising, and lifting up her thin Vail, discover'd a very Beautiful Face; and with a Masculine Grace, but no very agreeable Voice, addressing *Sancho*, O thou disastrous Squire, said she, thou Lump with no more Soul than a broken Pitcher, Heart of Cork, and Bowels of Flint! Hadst thou been Commanded, base Sheep-stealer, to have thrown thy self headlong from the top of a high Tower to the Ground; hadst thou been desir'd, Enemy of Mankind, fordid Rat-catcher, to have swallow'd a dozen of Toads, two dozen of Lizards, and three dozen of Snakes; or hadst thou been requested to have Butcher'd thy Wife and Children, I should not wonder that it had turn'd thy squeamish Stomach: But to make such a hesitation at three thousand thee hundred Stripes, which every puny School-boy makes nothing of receiving every Month, 'tis amazing, nay, astonishing to the tender and commiserating Bowels of all that hear thee, and will be a Blot in thy Scutcheon to all futurity: Look up, thou wretched and Marble-hearted Animal, look up and fix thy huge louring Goggle-eyes upon the bright Luminaries of my Sight: Behold those briny Torrents, which streaming down, furrow the flowery Meadows of my Cheeks: Relent, base and inexorable Monster, relent, let thy savage Breast confess at last a sense of my Distress; and mov'd with the tenderness of my Youth, that consumes and withers in this vile Transformation, crack this fordid Shell of Rusticity that envelopes my blooming

ing Charms. In vain has the Goodness of *Merlin* permitted me to re-assume a while my native Shape, since neither that, nor the Tears of Beauty in Affliction, which are said to reduce obdurate Rocks to the softness of Cotton, and Tygers to the tenderness of Lambs, are sufficient to melt thy haggard Breast. Scourge, scourge that Brawny Hide of thine, Stubborn and unrelenting Brute, that course inclosure of thy courser Soul, and rouse up thus thy self from that base Sloth that makes thee live only to eat and pamper thy lazy Flesh, indulging still thy voracious Appetite. Restore me the Delicacy of my Skin, the sweetness of my Disposition, and the Beauty of my Face. But if my Entreaties and Tears cannot work thee into a reasonable compliance, if I am not yet sufficiently Wretched to move thy Pity, at least let the Anguish of that miserable Knight thy tender Master mollify thy Heart. Alas! I see his very Soul just at his Throat, and sticking not ten Inches from his Lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind Answer, either to fly out of his Mouth or return into his Breast.

*Don Quixote* hearing this, clapp'd his Hand upon his Gullet, and turning to the Duke, By Heavens, my Lord, said he, *Dulcinea* is in the right; for I find my Soul travers'd in my Wind-pipe like a Bullet in a Cross-bow. What's your Answer now, *Sancho*, said the Dutcheß? I say as I said before, quoth *Sancho*; as for the flogging, I prenomce it flat and plain. Renounce you mean, said the Duke. Good your Lordship, quoth *Sancho*, this is no time for me to mind Niceties, and spelling of Letters: I have other Fish to fry. This plaguy Whipping-bout makes me quite distracted, I don't know what

I say or do --- But I would fain know of my Lady, Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*, where she pick'd up this kind of Breeding, to beg thus like a sturdy Begger? Here she comes to desire me to lash my Back-side as raw as a piece of Beef, and the best Word she can give, is, Soul of a broken Pitcher, Monster, Brute, Sheep-stealer, with a ribble rabble of saucy Nick-names that the Devil himself would not bear. Do you think, Mistress of mine, that my Skin is made of Brass? Or shall I get any thing by your Inchantment? Beshrew her Heart, Where's the fine Present she has brought along with her to soften me? A Basket of fine Linnen, Holland-Shirts; Caps and Socks (tho' I wear none) had been somewhat like. But to fall upon me, and bespatter me thus with dirty Names; d'ye think that will do? No, i' fackins! Remember the old Sayings, a Golden Load makes the Burden light; Gifts will enter Stone-Walls; Scratch my Breech, and I'll claw your Elbow; a Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush; Nay, my Master too, who, one would think, should tell me a fine Story, and coaks me up with dainty Sugar-plumb Words, talks of tying me to a Tree forsooth, and of doubling the Whipping. Ods-bobs! methinks those troublesome People should know who they Prate to. 'Tis not only a Squire-Errant they would have to whip himself, but a Governour, and is there no more to do, think they, but up and ride? Let 'em e'en learn Manners, with a Pox. There's a time for some things, and a time for all things, a time for great things, and a time for small things. Am I now in the humour to hear Petitions, d'ye think? just when my Heart's ready to burst, for having torn my new Goat; they would have me tear my own Flesh too,  
in

in the Devil's Name, when I have no more stomach to it, than I've to be among the Men-eaters. Upon my Honour *Sancho*, said the Duke, if you don't relent, and become as soft as a ripe Fig, you shall have no Government. 'Twould be a fine thing indeed that I should send among my Islanders a merciless hard-hearted Tyrant, whom neither the Tears of distress'd Damsels, nor the Admonitions of Wise, Ancient and Powerful Inchanters can move to Compassion. In short, Sir, no Stripes, no Government. But, quoth *Sancho*, mayn't I have a Day or two to Consider on't? Not a Minute, cry'd *Merlin*: You must declare now, and in this very Place what you resolve to do, for *Dulcinea* must be again Transform'd into a Country-Wench, and carried back immediately to *Montesinos's* Cave; or else she shall go as she is now to the *Elysian Fields*, there to remain till the number of the Stripes be made out. Come, come, honest *Sancho*, said the Dutcheß, pluck up a good Courage, and shew your Gratitude to your Master, whose Bread you have eaten, and to whose generous Nature and high Feats of Chivalry we are all so much oblig'd: Come, Child, give your Consent, and make a Fool of the Devil: Hang Fear; faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady; Fortune favours the Brave, as you know better than I can tell you. Hark you, Master *Merlin*, ( quoth *Sancho*, without giving the Dutcheß an Answer) pray will you tell me one thing. How comes it about that this same Post-Devil that came before you, brought my Master Word from Signior *Montesinos* that he would be here and give him Directions about this Disinchantment, and yet we hear no News of *Montesinos* all this while? Pshaw, answer'd *Merlin*, the Devil's an Ass, and a lying

Raf-

Rascal ; he came from me, and not from *Montesinos*, for he, poor Man, is still in his Cave expecting the Dissolution of the Spell that confines him there yet, so that he is not quite ready to be free : But if he owes you any money, or you have any Business with him, he shall be forthcoming when, and where you please. But now pray make an end, and undergo this small Penance, 'twill do you a world of good : for 'twill not only prove beneficial to your Soul, as an Act of Charity, but also to your Body, as a healthy Exercise ; for you are of a very Sanguine Complexion, *Sancho*, and losing a little Blood will do you no harm. VVell, quoth *Sancho*, there is like to be no want of Physicians in this VVorld, I find ; the very Conjurers set up for Doctors too. Well then, since every body tells as much, (though I can hardly believe it) I am content to give my self the three thousand three hundred Stripes ; upon condition that I may be paying 'em off as long as I please ; observe that, tho' I will be out of Debt as soon as I can, that the World mayn't be without the pretty Face of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, which, I must own, I could never have believ'd to have been so handsom, had not I seen it my self. *Item*, I shall not be bound to fetch Blood, that's certain ; and if any Stroke happen to miss me, it shall pass for one however. *Item*, Master *Merlin*, (because he knows all things) shall be oblig'd to reckon the Lashes, and take care I don't give my self one over the Tale. There's no fear of that, said *Merlin* ; for at the very last Lash the Lady *Dulcinea* will be dis-inchanted, come straight to you, make you a Courtesy, and give you Thanks. Heaven forbid, I should wrong any Man of the least hair of his Head. Well, quoth *Sancho*, what must be, must

must be. I yield to my hard Luck, and on the  
aforesaid Terms, take up with my Pennance.

Scarce had *Sancho* spoke, when the Musick  
struck up again, and a Congratulatory Volley  
of small Shot was immediately discharg'd. *Don*  
*Quixote* fell on *Sancho's* Neck, hugging and kiss-  
ing him a Thousand times. The Duke, the  
Dutchess, and the whole Company seem'd migh-  
tily pleas'd. The Chariot mov'd on, and, as it  
pass'd by, the fair *Dulcinea* made the Duke and  
Dutchess a Bow, and *Sancho* a low Courtesy.

And now the jolly Morn began to spread  
its smiling Looks in the Eastern Quarter of the  
Skies, and the Flowers of the Field to disclose  
their bloomy Folds, and raise their Fragrant  
Heads. The Brooks, now cool and clear, in gen-  
tle Murmurs play'd with the gray Pebbles, and  
flow'd along to pay their Liquid Crystal-Tribute  
to the expecting Rivers. The Sky was clear, the  
Air serene, swept clean by brushing Winds  
for the reception of the shining Light, and e-  
very thing, not only joyn'tly, but in its separate gay-  
ety, welcom'd the fair *Aurora*, and like her, foretold  
a fairer Day. The Duke and the Dutchess, well  
pleased with the management and success of the  
Hunting, and the counterfeit Adventure, return-  
ed to the Castle, resolving to make a second  
Essay of the same Nature, having received as  
much Pleasure from the first, as any Reality  
could have produced.

C H A P. XXXVI.

*The strange and never-thought-of Adventure of the disconsolate Matron, alias the Countess Trifaldi, with Sancho Panfa's Letter to his Wife Teresa Panfa.*

THE whole Contrivance of the late Adventure was Plotted by the Duke's Steward, a Man of Wit, and of a facetious and quick Fancy. He made the Verses, acted *Merlin* himself, and instructed a Page to personate *Dulcinea*. And now by his Master's appointment, he prepar'd another Scene of Mirth, as pleasant and as artful, and surprizing as can be Imagin'd.

The next day, the Dutchess ask'd *Sancho* whether he had began his Penitential Task to dis-inchant *Dulcinea*? Ay marry have I, forsooth, quoth *Sancho*; for I have already lent my self five Lashes on the Buttocks. With what, Friend, ask'd the Dutchess? With the Palm of my Hand, answer'd *Sancho*. Your Hand! said the Dutchess. Those are rather Claps than Lashes, *Sancho*; I doubt Father *Merlin* won't be satisfied at so easy a rate; for the Liberty of so great a Lady is not to be Purchased at so mean a Price. No, you should Lash your self with something that may make you smart: A good Scourge of Briers, a Cat a' nine-tails, or Penitent's Whip, would

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would do well; for Letters written in Blood stand good, but works of Charity faintly and coldly done, lose their Merit, and signify nothing. Then, forsooth Madam. quoth he, will your Worship's Grace do so much as help me to a convenient Rod, such as you shall think best; tho' it must not be too smarting neither: For faith, tho' I am a Clown, my Flesh is as soft as any Lady's in the Land, no disparagement to any body's Buttocks. Well, well *Sancho*, said she, it shall be my Care to provide you a Whip that shall suit your soft Constitution as if they were Twins. But now, my dear honey-Madam, quoth he, you must know I have written a Letter here to my Wife *Teresa Panza*, to give her to understand how things are with me. I have it in my Bosom, and it's just ready to send away; it wants nothing but the Deraction on the out side. Now I would have your Wisdom to read it, and see if it be not written like a Governour; I mean, in such a Style as Governours should write. And who Penn'd it, ask'd the Dutchess? What a Question there is now, quoth *Sancho*? Who should Pen it but my self, Sinner as I am? And did you Write it too, said the Dutchess? Not I, quoth *Sancho*, for I can neither Write nor Read; though I can make my Mark. Let's see the Letter, said the Dutchess, for I dare say, your Wit is set out in it to some purpose. *Sancho* pull'd the Letter out of his Bosom unseal'd, and the Dutchess having taken it, read what follows.

*Sancho*

Sancho Panfa to his Wife Teresa Panfa.

**T**His is to let thee understand, what thou shalt know hereafter. If I am well Lash'd, yet I am Whipp'd into a Government: 'f got a good Government, it cost me many a good Lash. Thou must know, my Teresa, that I am resolv'd thou shalt Ride in a Coach, for now any other way of going, is to me but creeping on all Fours, like a Kitten. Thou art a Governour's Wife, guess whether any one will dare to tread on thy Heels. I have sent thee a Green Hunting-Suit of Reparel, which Madam the Dutchess gave me. Pray see and get it turned into a Petticoat and Jacket for your Daughter. The Folks in this Country are very ready to talk little good of my Master, Don Quixote. They say he is a mad Wise-man, and a pleasant Mad-man, and that I an't a jot behind-hand with him. We have been in Montesinos's Cave, and Merlin the Wizzard has pitch'd on me to Dis-inchant Dulcinea del Toboso, the same who among ye is call'd Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given myself three Thousand three Hundred Lashes, lacking five, she will be as free from the Devil as the Mother that bore her. But not a Word of the Pudding; for if you tell your Case among a parcel of tattling Gossips, you'll ne'er have done; one will cry 'tis White, and others 'tis Black. I am to go to my Government very suddenly, whither I go with a huge mind to make Money, as I am told all new Governours do. I'll first see how matters go, and then send thee Word whether thou had'st best come or no. Dapple is well, and gives his humble Service to you. I won't part with him, though I were to be made the Great Turk. Madam the Dutchess Kisser thy Hands a Thousand times over; pray re-  
turn

turn her two Thousand for her one ; for there's nothing cheaper than fair Words, as my Master says. Heaven has not been pleased to make me light on another Cloak-Bag, with a hundred pieces of Gold in it, like those you wor of. But all in good time : Don't let that vex thee, my Fugg : There's nothing so sure as a Louse in Bosom, the Government will make it up, I'll warrant thee. Though after all, one thing sticks plaguily in my Ghizzard : They tell me, that when once I have tasted on't, I shall be ready to eat my very Fingers after it, so savoury is the Sauce. Should it fall out so, I should make but an ill hand of it ; and yet your maim'd and crippled Alms-folk pick up a pretty Livelihood, and make their Begging as good as a Prebend. So that one way or other, Old Girl, matters will go Swimmingly, and thou't be Rich and Happy. Heaven make thee so, as well it may ; and keep me for thy Sake. From this Castle the Twentieth of June, 1614.

Thy Husband the Governour

Sancho Panſa.

Methinks, Mr. Governour, (said the Dutcheſs, having read the Letter ) you are out in two Particulars ; first, when you intimate that this Government was bestow'd on you for the Stripes you are to give your self ; whereas you may remember, it was allotted you before this Disenchantment was dream'd of. The second Branch that you have fail'd in, is the discovery of your Avarice, which is the most detestable Quality in Governours ; because their Self-Interest is always Indulg'd at the Expence of Justice. You know the Saying, Covetousness breaks the Sack, and

and that Vice always prompts a Governour to fleece and oppress the Subject. Truly, my good Lady, quoth *Sancho*, I meant no harm, I did not well think of what I wrote, and if your Grace's Worship does not like this Letter, I'll tear it, and have another; but remember the Old Saying, Seldom comes a better. I shall make but sad Work on't, if I must pump my Brains for't. No, no, said the Dutchesse, this will do well enough, and I must have the Duke see it.

They went then into the Garden, where they were to Dine that Day, and there she shew'd the Duke the Learned Epistle, which he read over with a great deal of Pleasure.

After Dinner, *Sancho* was Entertaining the Company very pleasantly, with some of his savoury Discourse, when suddenly they were surpriz'd with the mournful Sound of a Fife, which play'd in Confort with a hoarse unbrac'd Drum. All the Company seem'd amaz'd and discompos'd at the unpleasing Noise, but *Don Quixote* especially was so alarm'd with this solemn Martial Harmony, that he could not compose his Thoughts. *Sancho's* Fear undoubtedly wrought the usual Effects, and carried him to crouch by the Dutchesse.

During this Consternation, two Men in deep Mourning-Cloaks trailing on the Ground, enter'd the Garden, each of 'em beating a large Drum cover'd also with Black, and with these a third playing on a Fife, in Mourning like the rest. They usher'd in a Person of a Gigantick Stature, to which the long black Garb in which he was wrapp'd up, was no small Addition: It had a Train of a prodigious length, and over it he wore a broad black Belt, which slung a

Scimiter of a mighty size. His Face was cover'd with a thin black Vail, through which might be discern'd a Beard of vast length, as white as Snow. The Solemnity of his Pace kept exact Time to the gravity of the Musick : In short, his Stature, his Motion, his black Hue, and his Attendance were every way surprizing and astonishing. With this State and Formality he approach'd, and fell on his Knees at a convenient distance, before the Duke, who not suffering him to speak till he arose, the Monstrous Spectre erected his Bulk, and throwing off his Vail, discover'd the most terrible, hugeous, white, broad, prominent, bushy Beard, that ever Mortal Eyes were frighted at. Then fixing his Eyes on the Duke, and with a deep Sonorous Voice roaring out from the ample Cavern of his spreading Lungs, Most High and Potent Lord, cry'd he, my Name is *Trisaldin with the White Beard*, Squire to the Countess *Trisaldi*, otherwise yclep'd the *Disconsolate Matron*, from whom I am Ambassador to your Grace, begging Admittance for her Ladiship to come and relate before your Magnificence the unhappy and wonderful Circumstances of her Misfortune. But first she desires to be Inform'd whether the Valorous and Invincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* resides at this time in your Castle ; for 'tis in Quest of him that my Lady has Travell'd without Coach or Palfrey, Hungry and Thirsty, and in short, without breaking her Fast, from the Kingdom of *Candaya*, all the way to these your Grace's Territories : A thing incredibly Miraculous, if not wrought by Incantment. She is now without the Gate of this Castle, waiting only for your Grace's Permission to enter. This said, the Squire Cough'd, and stroak'd his unweildy

weildy Beard from the top to the bottom, and with a formal gravity expected the Duke's Answer.

Worthy Squire *Trifaldin* with the white Beard, said the Duke, long since have we heard the Misfortunes of the Countess *Trifaldi*, whom the Inchanters have occasion'd to be call'd the *Disconsolate Matron*; and therefore, most stupendious Squire, you may tell her that she may make her Entry, and that the Valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is here present, on whose Generous Assistance she may safely rely for Redress. Inform her also from me, That, if she has occasion for my Aid, she may depend on my readiness to do her Service, being oblig'd as I'm a Knight, to be Aiding and Assisting, to the utmost of my Power, to all Persons of her Sex, in Distress, especially Widow'd Matrons, like her Ladiship.

*Trifaldin* hearing this, made his Obeisance with the Knee, and Beckoning to the Fife and Drums to observe his Motion, they all March'd out in the same Solemn Procession as they Enter'd, and left all the Beholders in a deep Admiration of his Proportion and Deportment.

Then the Duke turning to *Don Quixote*, Behold, Sir Knight, said he, how the Light and Glory of Vertue dart their Beams through the Clouds of Malice and Ignorance, and Shine to the remotest Parts of the Earth: 'Tis hardly six Days since you have vouchsaf'd to Honour this Castle with your Presence, and already the Afflicted and Distress'd flock hither from the uttermost Regions, not in Coaches, or on Dromedaries, but on Foot, and without Eating by the Way; such is their Confidence in the Strength of that Arm, the Fame of whose great Exploits flies and spreads

every where, and makes the whole World acquainted with your Valour.

What would I give now, my Lord, said *Don Quixote*, that that same Holy Pedant were here now, who t'other Day at your Table wou'd have run down Knight-Errantry at such a Rate; that the Testimony of his own Eyes might convince him of the Absurdity of his Error, and let him see, that the Comfortless, and Afflicted do not in Enormous Misfortunes, and uncommon Adversity, repair for Redress to the Doors of droning Church-men, or your little Sacristans of Villages, nor to the Fire-side of your Country-Gentleman, who never Travels beyond his Land-mark, nor to the lolling, lazy Courtier, who rather hearkens after News, which he may relate, than endeavours to perform such Deeds as may deserve to be Recorded and Related. No, the Protection of Damsels, the Comfort of Widows, the Redress of the Injur'd, and the support of the Distress'd, are no where so perfectly to be expected as from the generous Professors of Knight-Errantry. Therefore I thank Heaven a Thousand times, for having qualify'd me to Answer the Necessities of the Miserable by such a Function. As for the hardships and accidents that may attend me, I look on 'em as no discouragements, since proceeding from so noble a Cause. Then let this Matron be admitted to make known her Request, and I will refer her for Redress to the Force of my Arm, and the Intrepid Resolution of my Courageous Soul.

C H A P. XXXVII.

*The Famous Adventure of the Disconsolate  
\* Matron, continu'd.*

**T**HE Duke and the Dutchess were mightily pleas'd to find *Don Quixote* wrought up to a Resolution so agreeable to their Design. But *Sancho*, who made his Observations, was not so well satisfy'd. I am in a bodily Fear, quoth he, that this same Mistress Matron Waiting-Woman will be a baulk to my Preferment. I remember I once knew a *Toledo-Pothecary* that talk'd like a Canary-Bird, and us'd to say, Where-ever comes Old Waiting-women, good Luck can happen there to no Man. Body of me, he knew 'em too well, and therefore valued 'em accordingly. He could have eaten 'em all with a grain of Salt. Since then the best of 'em are so plaguy Troublesome and Impertinent, what will those be that are in doleful Dumps, like this same Countess Three Folds, three Skirts, or three Tails, what d'ye call her? Hold your Tongue, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*. This Matron that comes so far in Search of me, lives too remote to lie under the Lash of the Apothecary's Satyr. Besides, you

\* The Spanish is Duena, which signifies an Old Waiting-Woman.

are to remember she's a Countess, and when Ladies of that Quality become *Governantes*, or Waiting-women, 'tis only to Queens or Empresses; and in their own Houses, they are as absolute Ladies as any others, and attended by other Waiting-women. Ay, ay, (cry'd *Donna Rodriguez*, who was present) there are some that serve my Lady Dutchess here in that Capacity, that might have been Countesses too, had they had better Luck. But we are not all born to be Rich, tho' we are all born to be Honest. Let no body then speak ill of Waiting-Gentlewomen, especially of those that are Ancient, and Maidens; for though I am none of those, I easily conceive the advantage that a Waiting-Gentlewoman, who is a Maiden has over one that is a Widow. When all's said, whoever will offer to meddle with Waiting-women, will get little by't. Many go out for VVool, and come home shorn themselves. For all that, quoth *Sancho*, your VVaiting-women are not so bare, but that they may be shorn, if my Barber spoke Truth. So that they had best not stir the Rice, though it sticks to the Pot. These Squires, forsooth, answer'd *Donna Rodriguez*, must be always Cocking up their Noses against us: As they are always haunting the Anti-Chambers, like a parcel of Evil Sprights as they are, they see us whisk in and out at all times; so when they are not tumbling their Beads, which, Heaven knows, is most part of the Day, they can find no other Pastime than to abuse us, and tell idle Stories of us, unburying our Bones, and burying our Reputation. But their Tongues are no Slander, and I can tell those silly Rake-shames, that in spite of their Flouts, we shall keep the upper hand of 'em, and live in the VVorld, in the better sort of Houses, though we

we Starve for't, and cover our Flesh, whether delicate or not, with black Gowns, as they cover a Dunghil with a piece of Hanging when a Procession goes by. Adsbodikins, Slandering! Sir, were this a proper time, I would convince you, and all the VVorld, that there's no Vertue but is enclos'd within the Stays of a VVaiting-woman. I fancy, said the Dutcheß, that honest *Rodriguez* is much in the right: But we must now chuse a fitter time for this Dispute, to confound the ill Opinion of that VVicked Apothecary, and to root out that which the great *Sancho Pança* has fix'd in his Breast. For my part, quoth *Sancho*, I scorn her Words, and won't dispute with her; for since the Thoughts of being a Governour have steam'd up into my Brains, all my concern for the Squire is vanish'd into Smoak: And I care not a wild Fig for all the VVaiting-women in the World.

This Subject would have engag'd 'em longer in Discourse, had they not been cut short by the sound of the Fife and Drums, that gave 'em notice of the *disconsolate Matron's* Approach. Thereupon the Dutcheß ask'd the Duke, how it might be proper to receive her, and how far Ceremony was due to her Quality as a Countess? Look you (quoth *Sancho*, striking in before the Duke could Answer) I would advise ye to meet her Countessship half way, but for the Waiting-woman'ship don't stir a Step. VVho bids you trouble your self, said *Don Quixote*? VVho bid me, answer'd *Sancho*! VVhy I my self did. Han't I been Squire to your VVorship, and thus serv'd a Prenticeship to good Manners? And ha'n't I had the Flower of Courtesy for my Master, who has often told me, A Man may as well lose at one and thirty with a Card too much as a

Card too little? Good VVits jump, a Word to the VVife is enough. *Sancho* says well, said the Duke: To decide the matter, we will first see what kind of a Countess she is, and behave our selves accordingly.

Now the Fife and the Drums enter'd as before. --- But here the Author ends this short Chapter, and begins another, Prosecuting the same Adventure, which is one of the most notable in the History.

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## C H A P. XXXVIII.

*The Account which the Disconsolate Matron gives of her Misfortune.*

**T**HE doleful Drums and Fife were follow'd by twelve Elderly VVaiting-women that enter'd the Garden, rank'd in Pairs, all clad in large Mourning Habits, that seem'd to be of mill'd Serge, over which they wore Vails of white Callico, so long, that nothing could be seen of their black Dress, but the very bottom. After them came the Countess *Trifaldi*, handed by her Squire *Trifaldin* with the *White Beard*. The Lady was dress'd in a Suit of the finest Bays, which had it been napp'd, would have had Tufts as big as Rouncival-Pease: Her Train, or Tail, which you will, was Mathematically divided into three equal Skirts, or Angles, and born up by  
three

three Pages in Mourning; and from this pleasant Triangular Figure of her Train, as every one conjectur'd, was she call'd *Trifaldi*; as who should say, the Countess of *Three Folds*, or *Three Skirts*. *Benengely* is of the same Opinion, though he affirms, that her true Title was the Countess *Lobuna*, or of *Wolf-Land*, from the abundance of Wolves bred in her Country; and had they been Foxes, she had, by the same Rule, been call'd the Countess *Zorruna*, or of *Fox-Land*; it being a Custom in those Nations, for great Persons to take their Denominations from that Commodity with which their Country most abounds. However, this Countess chose to borrow her Title from this new Fashion of her own Invention, and leaving her Name of *Lobuna*, took that of *Trifaldi*.

Her twelve Female Attendants approach'd with her in a Procession-pace, with black Vails over their Faces, not Transparent, like that of *Trifaldin*, but thick enough to hinder altogether the sight of their Countenances. As soon as the whole Train of Waiting-women was come in, the Duke and the Dutchess, and *Don Quixote* stood up, and so did all those who were with 'em. Then the twelve Women ranging themselves in two Rows, made a Lane for the Countess to March up between 'em; which she did, still led by *Trifaldin*, her Squire. The Duke, the Dutchess, and *Don Quixote*, advancing about a dozen Paces to meet her, she fell on her Knees, and with a Voice rather hoarse and rough, than clear and delicate, May it please your Highnesses, said she, to spare your selves the trouble of receiving with so much Ceremony and Compliment a Man (Woman I would say) who is your devoted Servant. Alas! The Sense of my Mis-

fortunes has so troubled my Intellectuals, that my Responses cannot be suppos'd able to answer the critical Opinion of your Presence. My Understanding has forsook me, and is gone a Wool-gathering, and sure 'tis far remote; for the more I seek it, the more unlikely I am to find it again. The greatest Claim, Madam, answer'd the Duke, that we can lay to Sense, is a due Respect, and decent Deference to the VVorthiness of your Person, which, without any further View, sufficiently bespeaks your Merit and excellent Qualifications. Then begging the Honour of her Hand, he led her up, and plac'd her in a Chair by his Dutchess, who receiv'd her with all the Ceremony suitable to the Occasion.

*Don Quixote* said nothing all this while, and *Sancho* was sneaking about, and peeping under the Vails of the Lady's Women; but to no purpose, for they kept themselves very close and silent, till she at last thus began: I am confident, thrice Potent Lord, thrice Beautiful Lady, and thrice Intelligent Auditors, that my most unfortunate Miserableness shall find in your most generous and compassionate Bowels, a most Merciful Sanctuary; my Miserableness, which is such as would Liquify Marble, malleate Steel, and mollify Adamantine Rocks. But before the Rehearsal of my ineffable Misfortunes enters, I won't say your Ears, but the publick Mart of your hearing Faculties, I earnestly request, that I may have Cognizance, whether the Cabal, Choir, or Conclave of this Illustrious Appearance be not adorn'd with the Presence of the Adjutoriferous *Don Quixote de la Manchissima*, and his Squirrissious *Pansa*? *Pansa* is at your *Elbowissious* (quoth *Sancho*, before any body else could answer) and *Don Quixotissio-*

me likewise : Therefore, most dolorous *Madam*, you may tell out your Teale ; for we are all ready to be your Ladiship's *Servitorissimous* to the best of our *Gepecities*, and so forth. *Don Quixote* then advanc'd, and addressing the Countess, If your Misfortunes, Embarrass'd Lady, said he, may hope any Redress from the Power and Assistance of Knight-Errantry, I offer you my Force and Courage, and such as they are, I dedicate 'em to your Service. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Profession is a sufficient Obligation to Succour the Distress'd, without the Formality of Preambles, or the Elegance of O-ratory to circumvent my Favour. Therefore, pray, Madam, let us know, by a succinct and plain account of your Calamities, what Remedies should be apply'd ; and if your Grievs are such as do not admit of a Cure, assure your self at least, that we will Comfort you in your Afflictions, by Sympathizing in your Sorrow.

The Lady hearing this, threw herself at *Don Quixote's* Feet, in spite of his kind Endeavours to the contrary, and striving to embrace 'em ; Most invincible Knight, said she, I Prostrate my self at those Feet, the Foundations and Pillars of Chivalry-Errant, the supporters of my drooping Spirits, whose Indefatigable Steps alone can hasten my Relief, and the Cure of my Afflictions. O Valorous Errant, whose real Achievements Eclipse and Obscure the Fabulous Legends of the *Amadis*, *Esplandians*, and *Belianises* ! Then turning from *Don Quixote*, she laid hold on *Sancho*, and squeezing his Hands very hard, And thou, the most Loyal Squire, that ever attended on the Magnanimity of Knight-Errantry, whose Goodness is more Extensive than the Beard of my Usher *Trifaldin* ! How happily have thy  
Stars

Stars plac'd thee, under the Discipline of the whole Martial College of Chivalry-Professors, centred and Epitomiz'd in the single *Don Quixote* ! I conjure thee by thy love of Goodness, and thy unspotted Loyalty to so great a Master, to employ thy moving and Interceding Eloquence in my behalf, that erefoons his Favour may shine upon this humble, and most disconsolate Countess.

Look you, Madam Countess, quoth *Sancho*, as for measuring my Goodness by your Squire's Beard, that's neither here nor there; so my Soul be but provided with a good Beard and Whiskers when I depart this Life, I don't matter the rest; for, as for the Beards of this World, 'tis not what I stand upon; so that without all this Pawing and Wheedling, I'll put in a Word for you to my Master. I know he loves me, and besides at this time he stands in need of me, about a certain Business, and he shall do what he can for you. But pray discharge your Burden'd Mind; unload, and let us see what Grievs you bring, and then leave us to take care of the rest.

The Duke and the Dutcheess were ready to burst with Laughing, to find this Adventure run in that pleasant Strain, and they admir'd at the same time, the rare Cunning and Management of *Trisaldi*, who re-assuming her Seat, thus began her Story.

The famous Kingdom of *Candaya*, Situated between the great *Taprobana* and the South Sea about two Leagues beyond *Cape Comorin*, had for its Queen, the Lady *Donna Maguntia*, whose Husband, King *Archipiolo* dying, left the Princess *Antonomasia*, their only Child, Heiress to the Crown. This Princess was Educated, and brought

brought up under my Care and Direction ; I being the Eldest, and first Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the Queen, her Mother. In Process of time, the young Princess arriv'd at the Age of Fourteen Years, and appear'd so perfectly Beautiful, that it was not in the Power of Nature to give any Addition to her Charms. What's yet more, her Mind was no less Adorn'd than her Body. Wisdom it self was but a Fool to her : She was no less Discreet than Fair, and the fairest Creature in the World ; and so she is still, unless the fatal Knife, or unrelenting Sheers of the envious, and inflexible Sisters have cut her Thread of Life. But sure the Heavens wou'd not permit such an Injury to be done to the Earth, as the untimely Lopping of the loveliest Branch that ever Adorn'd the Garden of the World.

Her Beauty, which my unpolish'd Tongue can never sufficiently Praise, attracting all Eyes, soon got her a World of Adorers, many of 'em Princes, who were her Neighbours, and more distant Foreigners. Among the rest, a Private Knight, who resided at Court, was so Audacious as to raise his Thoughts to that Heaven of Beauty. This young Gentleman was indeed Master of all Gallantries that the Air of his Courtly Education cou'd Inspire ; and so confiding on his Youth, his handsom Mein, his agreeable Air, and Dress, his graceful Carriage, and the Charms of his easy Wit, and other Qualifications, he follow'd the Impulse of his Inordinate and most Presumptuous Passion. I must needs say, that he was an extraordinary Person, he play'd to a Miracle on the Guittar, and made it speak not only to the Ears, but to the very Soul. He Danc'd to Admiration, and had

had such a rare Knack at making of Bird-Cages, that he might have got an Estate by that very Art ; and to sum up all his Accomplishments, he was a Poet. So many Parts and Endowments were sufficient to have mov'd a Mountain, and much more the Heart of a Young, Tender Virgin. But all his fine Arts, and soothing Behaviour had prov'd Ineffectual against the Vertue and Reservedness of my Beautiful Charge, if the damn'd Cunning Rogue had not first Conquer'd me. The Deceitful Villain endeavour'd to seduce the Keeper, so to secure the Keys of the Fortrefs : In short, he so Ply'd me with Pleasing Trifles, and so Insinuated himself into my Soul, that at last he perfectly Bewitch'd me, and made me give way before I was aware, to what I should never have permitted. But that which first wrought me to his Purpose, and undermin'd my Vertue, was a cursed Copy of Verses he sung one Night under my Window, which, if I remember right, began thus.

## A S O N G.

*A Secret Fire Consumes my Heart ;  
 And, to augment my Raging Pain,  
 The Charming Foe that rais'd the Smart,  
 Denies me Freedom to Complain.  
 But sure 'tis Just : We shou'd conceal  
 The Bliss and Woe in Love we feel ;  
 For, Oh what Humane Tongue can tell  
 The Joys of Heaven, or Pains of Hell !*

These

These Words were to me so many Pearls of Eloquence, and his Voice sweeter to my Ears than Sugar to the Taste. The Reflection on the Misfortune which these Verses brought on me, has often made me applaud *Plato's* Design of Banishing all Poets from a good and well-Govern'd Common-wealth, especially those who Write Wantonly or Lasciviously. For instead of Composing Lamentable Verses, like those of the Marquess of *Mantua*, that make Women and Children Cry by the Fire-side, they try their utmost Skill on such soft Strokes as enter the Soul, and Wound it, like that Thunder which hurts and consumes all within, yet leaves the Garment sound. Another time he entertain'd me with the following Song.

A S O N G.

*Death, put on some kind Disguise,  
And at once my Heart surprize :  
For 'tis such a Curse to Live,  
And so great a Bliss to die :  
Should'st thou any Warning give,  
I'd relapse to Life for Joy.*

Many other Verses of this kind he Ply'd me with, which Charm'd when Read, but Transported when Sung. For you must know, that when our Eminent Poets debase themselves to the Writing a sort of Composure call'd *Love-Madrigals*, and *Roundelays*, now much in Vogue in *Candaya*, those Verses are no sooner heard, but they presently produce a dancing of Souls, tickling of Fancies, emotion of Spirits, and in short,  
a Plea-

a Pleasing Distemper in the whole Body, as if Quick-silver shook it in every Part.

So that once more I pronounce those Poets very dangerous, and fit to be Banish'd to the Isles of *Lizards*. Tho' truly I must confess, that the Fault is rather Chargeable on those foolish People that commend, and the silly Wenches that believe 'em. For had I been as cautious as my Place requir'd, his Amorous Serenades cou'd never have mov'd me, nor wou'd I have believ'd his Poetical Cant, such as *I dying Live, I burn in Ice, I shiver in Flames, I hope in Despair, I go yet stay*, with a Thousand such Contradictions, which make up the greatest part of those kind of Compositions. As ridiculous are their Promises of the Phoenix of *Arabia*, *Ariadne's Crown*, the Couriers of the Sun, the Pearls of the Southern Ocean, the Gold of *Tagus*, the Balsam of *Panchaya*, and Heaven knows what. By the way, 'tis observable, that these Poets are very liberal of their Gifts, which they know they never can make good.

But whither, Woe's me, whither do I wander, Miserable Woman? What Madness Prompts me to accuse the Faults of others, having so long a score of my own to answer for! Alas! Not his Verses, but my own Inclination: Not his Musick, but my own Levity; not his Wit, but my own Folly open'd a Passage, and levell'd the Way for *Don Clavijo* (for that was the Name of the Knight) In short, I procur'd him Admittance, and by my Connivance, he very often had Natural Familiarity with *Antonomastia*, who, poor Lady, was rather deluded by me, than by him. But, Wicked as I was, 'twas upon the Honourable Score of Marriage; for had he not been engag'd to be her Husband, he shou'd not have touch'd

touch'd the very shadow of her Shooe-string. No, no, Matrimony, Matrimony, I say ; for without that, I'll never meddle in any such Concern. The greatest Fault in this-Business, was the Disparity of their Conditions, he being but a Private Knight, and she Heiress to the Crown. Now this Intrigue was kept very close for some time by my cautious Management, but at last a certain kind of Swelling in *Antonomasia's* Belly began to tell Tales; so that consulting upon the Matter, we found there was but one Way; *Don Clavijo* shou'd demand the Young Lady in Marriage before the Curate, by Vertue of a Promise under her Hand, which I dictated for the Purpose, and so binding, that all the Strength of *Sampson* himself cou'd not have broke the Tie. The Business was put in Execution, the Note was produc'd before the Priest, who examin'd the Lady, and finding her Confession to agree with the Tenor of the Contract, put her in Custody of a very honest Serjeant. Bless us, quoth *Sancho*, Serjeants too; and Poets, and Songs, and Varses in your Country! O' my Conscience, I think the World's the same all the World over! But, go on, Madam *Trifaldi*, I beseech you, for 'tis late and I am upon Thorns till I know the End of this long-winded Story. I will, answer'd the Countess.

## C H A P. XXXIX.

*Where Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable Story.*

**I**F every Word that *Sancho* spoke gave the Dutcheſſs new pleaſure, every thing he ſaid put *Don Quixote* to as much pain; ſo that he commanded him ſilence, and gave the Matron an opportunity to go on. In ſhort, ſaid ſhe, the Buſineſs was debated a good while, and after many Questions and Answers, the Princeſſs firmly perſiſting in her firſt Declaration, Judgment was given in favour of *Don Clavijo*, which Queen *Maguntia* her Mother took ſo to Heart, that we bury'd her about three Days after. Then without doubt ſhe dy'd, quoth *Sancho*. That's a clear Caſe, reply'd *Trifaldin*, for in *Candaya* they don't uſe to Bury the Living, but the Dead. But with your good Leave, Mr. Squire, answer'd *Sancho*, People that were in a Swoon have been bury'd alive before now, and methinks Queen *Maguntia* ſhould only have fwooned away, and not have been in ſuch haſte to have dy'd in good earneſt; for while there's Life there's Hopes, and there's a Remedy for all things but Death. I don't find the young Lady was ſo much out of the Way neither, that the Mother ſhould lay it ſo grievouſly to Heart. Indeed had ſhe Marry'd with a Foot-man or ſome other Servant in the Family, as I'm told many others have done, it had been a very bad Buſineſs, and paſt curing; but for the Queen

to make such a heavy out-cry when her Daughter Marry'd such a fine-bred young Knight, Faith and Troth I think the Business had better been made up. 'Twas a slip, but not such a hainous one, as one would think: For as my Master here says, and he won't let me tell a Lie, as of Scholars they made Bishops, so of your Knights (chiefly if they be Errant) one may easily make Kings and Emperours.

That's most certain, said *Don Quixote*, turn a Knight-Errant loose into the wide World with two-penny-worth of good Fortune, and he's in *potentia propinqua*, (*proxima* I would say) the greatest Emperour in the World. But let the Lady proceed; for hitherto her Story has been very pleasant, and I doubt the most bitter part of it is still untold. The most bitter truly, Sir, answer'd she; and so bitter, that Worm-wood and every bitter Herb, compar'd to it, are as sweet as Honey.

The Queen being really dead, continu'd she, and not in a Trance, we buried her, and scarce had we done her the last Offices, and taken our last leaves, when (*Quis talia fando temperet a Lachrymis?* Who can relate such Woes, and not be drown'd in Tears?) The Giant *Malambrino*, Cousin-german to the deceas'd Queen, who, besides his native Cruelty, was also a Magician, appear'd upon her Grave mounted on a Wooden Horse, and by his dreadful angry Looks shew'd he came thither to Revenge the Death of his Relation, by Punishing *Don Clavijo* for his Presumption, and *Antonomasia* for her oversight. Accordingly he immediately Inchanted them both upon the very Tomb, transforming her into a Brazen Female Monkey, and the young Knight into a hideous Crocodile of an unknown Metal, and  
between

between them both he set an Inscription in the Syriack Tongue, which we have got since Translated into the Candayan, and then into Spanish to this Effect.

*These two presumptuous Lovers shall never recover their Natural Shapes, till the Valorous Knight of la Mancha enter into a single Combat with me: For by the irrevocable Decrees of Fate this unheard of Adventure is reserved for his unheard of Courage.*

This done, he drew a broad Scimiter of a monstrous Size, and catching me fast by the Hair, made an Offer to cut my Throat, or to whip off my Head. I was frighted almost to Death, my Hair stood an end, and my Voice cleav'd to the Roof of my Mouth. However, recovering my self as well as I could, Trembling and Weeping I begg'd Mercy in such a moving Tone, and in such tender melting Words, that at last my Entreaties prevail'd on him to stop the cruel Execution. In short, he order'd all the Waiting-women at Court to be brought before him, the same that you see here at present; and after he had aggravated our Breach of Trust, and rail'd against the deceitful Practices, mercenary Procuring, and what else he could urge in Scandal of our Profession, and its very Being, reviling us for the Fact of which I alone stood guilty; I will not punish you with instant Death, said he, but inflict a Punishment which shall be a lasting and eternal Mortification. Now in the very Instant of his denouncing our Sentence, we felt the Pores of our Faces to open, and all about 'em perceiv'd an itching Pain, like the pricking of Pins and Needles. Thereupon clapping our Hands to our Faces, we found 'em as you shall see 'em immediately; saying this, the Disconsolate Matron and her Attendance throwing off their Vails, expos'd their Faces all rough with  
bristly

bristly Beards, some red, some black, some white, and others motley. The Duke and Dutcheſs admir'd, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were astoniſh'd, and the Standers-by were Thunder-ſtruck. Thus, ſaid the Counteſs proceeding, has that murdering and bloody-minded *Malabrundo* ſerv'd us, and planted theſe rough and horrid Bristles on our Faces, otherwiſe moſt delicately ſmooth. Oh that he had chopp'd off our Heads with his monſtrous Scimiter, rather than to have diſgrac'd our Faces with theſe Bruſhes upon 'em! For, Gentlemen, if you rightly conſider it, and truly, what I have to ſay ſhould be attended with a Flood of Tears; but ſuch Rivers and Oceans have fall'n from me already upon this doleful Subject, that my Eyes are as dry as Chaff; and therefore pray let me ſpeak without Tears at this time. Where, alas, ſhall a Waiting-woman dare to ſhew her Head with ſuch a Firr-buſh upon her Chin? What Charitable Perſon will entertain her? What Relations will own her? At the beſt we can ſcarcely make our Faces paſſable, though we torture 'em with a thouſand Slops and Waſhes, and even thus we have much ado to get the Men to care for us. What will become of her then that wears a Thicket upon her Face! Oh Ladies and Companions of my Miſery: In an ill hour were we begot, and in a worſe came we into the World! With theſe words the *Diſconſolate Matron* ſeem'd to faint away.

## C H A P. XC.

*Of some Things that relate to this Adventure,  
and appertain to this memorable History.*

**A**LL Persons that love to read Histories of the nature of this, must certainly be very much oblig'd to *Cid Hamet* the original Author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute particular distinctly entire, without concealing the least Circumstance that might heighten the Humour, or, if omitted, have obscur'd the Light and Truth of the Story. He draws lively Pictures of the Thoughts, discovers the Imaginations, satisfies Curiosity in Secrets, clears Doubts, resolves Arguments, and in short, makes manifest the least Atoms of the most inquisitive Desire! O most famous Author! O Fortunate *Don Quixote*! O Renown'd *Dulcinea*! O facetious *Sancho*! joyntly and severally may you live and continue to the latest Posterity for the general Delight and Recreation of Mankind----but the Story goes on----

Now, on my honest Word, (quoth *Sancho*, when I saw the Matron in a Swoon) and by the Blood of all the *Pansa's* my Fore-fathers, I never heard nor saw the like, neither did my Master ever tell me, or so much as conceit in that working Head-piece of his, such an Adventure as this. Now all the Devils in Hell (and I would not Curse any Body) run away with thee for a curs'd Inchanting Son of a Whore, thou Damn'd Giant

ant *Malambruno* ! Could'st thou find no other Punishment for these poor Sinners, but by clapping Scrubbing-brushes about their Muzzles, with a Pox to you ? Had it not been much better to slit their Nostrils half way up their Noses, though they had Snuff'd for it a little, than to have Planted these Quit-set Hedges o'er their Chaps ? I'll lay any Man a Wager now, the poor Devils have not Money enough to pay for their Shaving.

'Tis but too true, Sir, said one of them, we have not wherewithal to pay for taking our Beards off ; so that some of us to save Charges, are forc'd to lay on Plaisters of Pitch that pull away Roots and all, and leave our Chins as smooth as the bottom of a Stone-Mortar. There is indeed a sort of Women in *Candaya*, that go about from House to House, to take off the Hairs that grow about the Face, trim the Eye-brows, and do twenty other little private Jobbs for the VWomen ; but we here that wait on my Lady, never dar'd to have any thing to do with them ; for they have got ill Names ; for though formerly they got free access, and pass'd for Relations, now they are look'd upon to be no better than Bawds. So if my Lord *Don Quixote* do not relieve us, our Beards will stick by us as long as we live. I'll have mine pluck'd off Hair by Hair among the *Moors*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, rather than not free you from yours. Ah Valorous Knight, (cry'd the Countess *Trifaldi*, recovering that moment from her Fit) the sweet sound of your Promise reach'd my Hearing in the very midst of my Trance, and has perfectly restor'd my Senses. I beseech you therefore once again, most Illustrious Sir, and Invincible Errant, that your gracious Promise may soon have the wish'd for effect. I'll be guilty of no Neglect, Madam, answer'd *Don Quixote* : Point out the way, and you shall

shall soon be convinc'd of my readines to serve you.

You must know then, Sir, said the Disconsolate Lady, from this Place to the Kingdom of *Candaya* by Computation we reckon five thousand Leagues, two or three more or less. But if you ride through the Air in a direct Line, 'tis not above three thousand two hundred and twenty seven. You are likewise to understand, that *Malambruno* told me, that when Fortune should make me find out the Knight, who is to dissolve our Inchantment, he would send him a famous Steed, much easier and less resty and full of Tricks than those Jades that are commonly let out to Hire, as being the same wooden Horse that carry'd the Valorous *Peter* of *Provence*, and the Fair *Magalona*, when he stole her away. 'Tis manag'd by a wooden Peg in its Fore-head, instead of a Bridle, and flies as as swiftly through the Air, as if all the Devils in Hell were switching it, or blowing fire in its Tail. This Courser Tradition delivers, to have been the Handy-work of the Sage *Merlin*, who never lent him to any but particular Friends, or when he was paid Sauce for him. Among others, his Friend *Peter* of *Provence* borrow'd him, and by the help of his wonderful Speed, stole away the fair *Magalona*, as I said, setting her behind on the Crupper (for you must know he carries double) and so, tow'ring up in the Air, he left the People, that stood near the place whence he started, gaping staring, and amaz'd.

Since that Journey, we have heard of no Body that has Back'd him. But this we know, that *Malambruno* since that got him by his Art; and has us'd him ever since, to post about to all parts of the VWorld. He's here to Day, and to Morrow in *France*, and the next Day in *America*: and one

of the best properties of the Horse is, that he costs not a Farthing in keeping; for he neither eats nor sleeps, neither needs he any Shooing; besides, he ambles so very easie through the Air, that you might carry in your hand a Cup full of Water a thousand Leagues and not spill a drop; so that the fair *Magalona* lov'd mightily to ride him.

Nay, quoth *Sancho*, as for an easie Pacer, commend me to my *Dapple*. Indeed he's none of your High-Flyers, he can't gallop in the Air; but on the King's High-way, he shall pace ye with the best Ambler that ever went on four Legs. This set the whole Company a-laughing. But then the disconsolate Lady going on. This Horse, said she, will certainly be here within half an hour after 'tis dark, if *Malambruno* designs to put an end to our Misfortunes, for that was the sign by which I should discover my Deliverer. And pray, forsooth, quoth *Sancho*, how many will this same Horse carry upon occasion? Two, answer'd she, one in the Saddle and t'other behind, on the Crupper; and those two are commonly the Knight and the Squire, if some stoten Damsel be not to be one. Good Doleful Madam, quoth *Sancho*, I'd fain know the Name of this same Nag. The Horse's Name, answer'd she, is neither *Pegasus* like *Bellerophon's*; nor *Buccephalus*, like *Alexander's*; nor *Brilladoro's* like *Orlando's*; nor *Bayard*, like *Rinaldo's*; nor *Frontin*, like *Rogero's*, nor *Bootey*, nor *Pyrithous* like the Horses of the Sun; neither is he call'd *Orelia* like the Horse which *Rodrigo* the last King of Spain! of the Gothick Race, bestrid that unfortunate day, when he lost the Batel, the Kingdom and his Life. I'll lay you a Wager, quoth *Sancho*, since the Horse goes by none of them famous Names, he does not go by

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that of *Rosinante* neither, which is the Horse of the great *Don Quixote*, and another guess Beast than any you've reckon'd up. 'Tis very right, answer'd the Bearded Lady. However, he has a very proper and significant Name; for he is call'd *Clavileno*, or *Wooden-Peg*, the *Swift*, from the *Wooden Peg* in his forehead; so that for significancy of Name at least he may compare with *Rosinante*. I find no fault with his Name, quoth *Sancho*, but what kind of Bridle or Halter do you manage him with? I told you already, reply'd she, that he is guided with the Peg, which being turn'd this way, or that way, he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the Air, or almost brushing and sweeping the Ground, or else flying in the middle Region, the way which ought indeed most to be chosen in all Affairs of Life. I should be glad to see this notable Tit, quoth *Sancho*; but don't think I ever design to get on his back, either before or behind. No, by my Holy Dame, you may as well expect Pears from an Elm: 'Twere a pretty jest, I trow, for me that can hardly sit my own *Dapple*, with a Pack-Saddle as soft as Silk, to suffer my self to be hors'd upon a hard wooden thing without either Cushion or Pillow under my Buttocks. By the life of *Pharaoh*, I won't gall my Back-side to take off the best Lady's Beard in the Land. Let them that have Beards wear 'em still, or get them whipp'd or conjur'd off as they think best, I'll not take such a long Jaunt with my Master, not I. Let him e'en go by himself as he will, and much good may it do his Honour. There's no need of me in this shaving of Beards, as there was in *Dulcinea's* Business. Upon my Word, dear Sir, but there is, reply'd *Trifaldi*, and so much, that without you, nothing can be done. Liberty and Property, cry'd

*Sancho*,

*Sancho*, what a plague have we Squires to do with our Masters Adventures! We must bear the Trouble forsooth, and they run away with the Credit! Body o' me, 'twere something would those that write their Stories, but give the Squires their due share in their Books; as thus, *Such a Knight ended such an Adventure; but it was with the help of such a one his Squire, without which the Devil a bit could he ever have done it.* But Adsookers! they shall barely tell you in their Histories, *Sir Paralipomenon, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the Adventure of the six Hobgoblins.* And not a Word all the while of his Squire's Person, as if there were no such Man, though he was by, all the while, poor Devil. In short, good People, I don't like it, and once more, I say, my Master may e'en go by himself for *Sancho*, and Joy betide him. I'll stay and keep Madam Dutchess's Company here, and mayhap by that time he comes back, he'll find his Lady *Dulcinea's* Business pretty forward; for I mean to give my bare Breech a jirking till I brush off the very Hair, when I've nothing else to do.

Nevertheless, honest *Sancho*, said the Dutchess, if your Company be necessary in this Adventure, you must go; for all good People will make it their Business to entreat you, and 'twould look very ill, that through your vain Fears these poor Gentlewomen should remain thus with rough and bristly Faces. Liberty and Property, I cry again, said *Sancho*, were it a piece of Charity for the relief of some good sober Gentlewomen, or poor innocent Hospital-Girls, something might be said. But to gall my Back-side and venture my Neck to unbeard a pack of idling trolloping Chamber-jades, with a Murrain! Not I, let 'em go, look elsewhere for a Shaver. I wish I

might see the whole Tribe of 'em wear Beards from the highest to the lowest, the prim proud Pets and the flaunting second-hand Minxes, all hairy like so many She-goats. You are very angry with Waiting-women, *Sancho*, said the Dutcheß: That Pothecary has inspir'd you with this bitter Spirit. But you're to blame, Friend; for I'll assure you there are some in my Family, that may serve for Patterns of Discretion to all those of their Function; and *Donna Rodriguez* here will let me say no less. Ay, ay, Madam, said *Donna Rodriguez*; your Grace may say what you please. This is a censorious World we live in, but Heaven knows all; and whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we Waiting-Gentlewomen had Mothers as well as the rest of our Sex; and since Providence has made us as we are, and plac'd us in the World, it knows wherefore, and so we trust in its Mercy, and no body's Beard? Enough, *Donna Rodriguez*; said *Don Quixote*, as for you Lady, *Trisaldi*, and other distress'd Matrons, I hope that Heaven will very speedily look with a pitying Eye on your sorrows, and that *Sancho* will do as I shall desire. I only wish *Clavileno* wou'd once come, that I may encounter *Malambruno*; for I am sure no Razor should be more expeditious in shaving your Ladiship's Beard, than my Sword to shave that Giant's Head from his Shoulders: Heaven may a while permit the Wicked but not for ever.

Ah! most valorous Champion, said the Disconsolate Matron, may all the Stars in the Celestial Regions shed their most propitious influence on your generous Valour, which thus supports the cause of our unfortunate Office, so expos'd to the poisonous Rancour of Apothecaries, and so revil'd by fancy Grooms and Squires. Now

ill luck attend the low-spirited Quean, who, in the Flower of her Youth, will not rather chuse to turn Nun than Waiting-woman ! Poor forlorne contemn'd Creatures as we are ! tho descended in a direct Line from Father to Son, from *Hector* of *Troy* himself, yet would not our Ladies find a more civil way to speak to us, than *Thee* and *Thou*, though it were to gain 'em a Kingdom. O Giant *Malabrundo*, thou, who though an Inchanter, art always most faithful to thy Word, send us the peerless *Clavileno*, that our Misfortunes may have an end. For if the Weather grows hotter than it is, and these shaggy Beards still sprout about our Faces, what a sad pickle will they be in !

The Disconsolate Lady utter'd these Lamentations in so pathetick a manner, that the Tears of all the Spectators waited on her Complaints ; and even *Sancho* himself began to water his Plants, and condescend at last to share in the Adventure, and attend his Master to the very sag-end of the World, so he might contribute to the clearing away the Weeds that overspread those Venerable Faces..

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## C H A P. XLI.

*Of Clavileno's (alias V Wooden Peg's) Arrival, with the conclusion of this tedious Adventure.*

THESE Discourses brought on the Night, and with it the appointed Time for the famous *Clavileno's* arrival. *Don Quixote*, very impatient at his Delay, began to fear, that either he was not the Knight for whom this Adventure was reserv'd, or else that the Giant *Malambruno* had not Courage to enter into a single Combat with him. But unexpectedly who should enter the Garden but four Savages cover'd with green Ivy, bearing on their Shoulders a large Wooden Horse, which they set upon his Legs before the Company; and then one of them cry'd out, Now let him that has the Courage mount this Engine—I am not he, quoth *Sancho*; for I have no Courage, nor am I a Knight——And let him take his Squire behind him, if he has one (continu'd the Savage) with this assurance from the valorous *Malambruno*, that no foul Play shall be offer'd, nor will he use any thing but his Sword to offend him. 'Tis but only turning that Peg before him, and the Horse will transport him through the Air to the Place where *Malambruno* attends their coming. But let 'em blindfold their Eyes, lest the dazzling and stupendous height of their Career should make 'em Giddy; and let the neighing of the Horse inform 'em that they are arriv'd to their Journeys  
end

end. Thus having made his Speech, the Savage turn'd about with his Companions, and leaving *Clavileno*, march'd out handsomely the same way they came in.

The Disconsolate Matron, seeing the Horse, almost with Tears address'd *Don Quixote*; Valorous Knight, cry'd she, *Malazbruno* is a Man of his Word, the Horse is here, our Beards bud on, therefore I and every one of us conjure you by all the hairs on our Chins to hasten our Deliverance; since there needs no more but that you and your Squire get up, and give a happy beginning to your intended Journey. Madam, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I'll do't with all my heart, I will not so much as stay for a Cushion, or to put on my Spurs but mount instantly; such is my impatience to disbeard your Ladiship's Face, and restore ye all your former Gracefulness. That's more than I shall do, quoth *Sancho*; I an't in such plaguy haste, not I; and if the Quickset-hedges on their Snouts can't be lopp'd off without my riding on that hard Crupper, let my Master furnish himself with another Squire, and these Gentlewomen get some other Barber. Udsnigs, I'm no Witch sure, to ride through the Air at this rate upon a Broomstick! What will my Islanders say, think ye, when they hear their Governour is flying like a Paper-Kite? Besides, 'tis three or four thousand Leagues from hence to *Candaya*, and what if the Horse shou'd tire upon the Road? or the Giant grow humoursome? What would become of us then? We may be seven Years a getting home again; and Heaven knows by that time what would become of my Government. Neither Island nor Dryland would know poor *Sancho* again. No, no, I know better things: What says the old Proverb? Delay breeds Danger; and when

a Cow's given thee, run and catch her by the Halter! I am the Gentlewomen's humble Servant, but they and their Beards must excuse me Faith! *St. Peter* is at *Rome*, and I am here; I know when I am well, and which side my Bread is butter'd on. Here I'm made much of, and by the Master of the House's Good Will, I hope to see my self a Governour; if I stir, the King shall know it. Friend *Sancho*, said the Duke, as for your Island it neither floats nor stirs, so there's no fear it shou'd run away before you come back; the Foundations of it are fix'd and rooted in the profound Abyss of the Earth. Now because you must needs think that I cannot but know that there is no kind of Office of any Value that is not Purchas'd with some sort of Bribe or Gratification of one kind or other, all that I expect for advancing you to this Government, is only that you wait on your Master in this Expedition, that there may be an end of that memorable Adventure: And I here engage my Honour, that whether you return on *Clavileno* with all the speed his swiftness promises, or that it should be your ill Fortune to be oblig'd to Foot it back like a Pilgrim, begging from Inn to Inn, and Door to Door, still whenever you come, you will find your Island where you left it, and your Islanders as glad to receive you for their Governour as ever. And for my my own part, Seignior *Sancho*, I'll assure you, you'd very much wrong my Friendship, shou'd you in the least doubt my readiness to serve you. Good your Worship, say no more, cry'd *Sancho*. I am but a poor Squire, and your Goodness is too great a load for the Shoulders of my Desert: But hang Baseness, Mount, Master, and blindfold me, some-body; wish me a good

a good Voyage, and Pray for me—— But harkee, good Folks, where I am got up, and fly in the Skies, mayn't I say my Prayers, and call on the Angels my self to help me, trow ? Yes, yes, answer'd *Trifaldi* ; for *Malambruno*, though an Inchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and does all things with a great deal of Sagacity, having nothing to do with those he should not meddle with. Come on then, quoth *Sancho* ; let's away, and Heaven Prosper us. Thy Fear, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, might by a superstitious Mind be thought Ominous ; since the Adventure of the Fulling-Mills, I have not seen thee possess'd with such a Panick Terrour. But hark ye, begging this noble Company's leave, I must have a word with you in Private. Then withdrawing into a distant part of the Garden among some Trees ; My dear *Sancho*, said he, thou seest we are going to take a long Journey ; thou art no less sensible of the uncertainty of our Return, and Heaven alone can tell what leisure or conveniency we may have in all that time. Let me therefore beg thee to slip aside to thy Chamber, as if it were to get thy self ready for our Journey, and there presently dispatch me only some 500 Lashes on the account of the 3300 thou owest *Dulcinea* ; 'twill be soon done, and a Business once begun, you know, is half ended. Stark Mad, by the Life of *Pharaoh* ! cry'd *Sancho* ! I wonder you are not asham'd, Sir. This is just as they say, you see me in haste, and ask me for a Maidenhead : I am just going to ride the Wooden Horse, and you would have me flea my Back-side. Truly, truly, you're plaguily out this time ; Come, come, Sir let's do one thing after another. Let us get off these Women's Whiskers, and then I'll seague it away for *Dul-*

*cinea*. I have no more to say on the matter at present. Well, honest *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'll take thy Word for once, and I hope thou'lt make it good; for I believe thou art more Fool than Knave, I am what I am, quoth *Sancho*. But what-ever I be, I'll keep my Word, ne'er fear it.

Upon this they return'd to the Company; and just as they were going to Mount, Blind thy Eyes, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us, can have no Design to deceive us; since 'twou'd never be to his Credit to delude those that rely on his Word of Honour, and tho' the success should not be answerable to our Desires, still the Glory of so brave an Attempt will be ours, and 'tis not in the Power of Malice to eclipse it. To Horse then, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, to Horse! The Tears of those poor Bearded Devils have melted my Heart, and methinks I feel their Bristles sticking in it. I shan't eat a Bit to do me good, till I see them have as pretty dimpled smooth Chins, and soft Lips as they had before. Mount then, I say, and blindfold your self first. For, if I must ride behind, 'tis a plain case you must get up before me. That's right, said *Don Quixote*; and with that, pulling a Handkerchief out of his Pocket, he gave it to the Disconsolate Matron to hoodwink him close. She did so; but presently after, uncovering himself, if I remember right, said he, *Virgil* tells us of the *Trojan Palladium*, that Wooden Horse which the *Greeks* offer'd *Pallas*, full of Arm'd Knights, who afterwards prov'd the total Ruin of that famous City. 'Twere Prudence therefore, before we get up, to probe this Sreed, and see what he has in his Guts. You need not, said the Countess *Trifaldi*; I dare engage.

gage there's no ground for any such Surmise : for *Malambruno* is a Man of Honour, and wou'd not so much as Countenance any base or treacherous Practice ; and whatever accident befalls ye , I dare answer for. Upon this, *Don Quixote* Mounted without any Reply, imagining that what he might further urge concerning his Security, would be a Reflection on his Valour. He then began to try the Pin, which was easily turn'd ; and as he sat with his long Legs stretch'd at Length for want of Stirrups, he look'd like one of those Antique Figures in a Roman Triumph, woven in some old piece of Arras.

*Sancho* very leisurely, and like one that had been going up a Ladder to be Hang'd, was made to climb up behind him ; and fixing himself as well as he cou'd on the Crupper, felt it somewhat hard, and not at all to his liking. With that, looking on the Duke, Good Master Duke, quoth he, will you lend me something to clap under my Back-side, some Pillow from the Page's Bed, or the Dutchess's Cushion of State, or any thing, for this raw-bon'd Jade's Buttocks are so confounded hard, I fancy they are rather Marble than Wood. 'Tis needless, said the Countess, for *Clavileno* will bear no kind of Furniture upon him ; so that for your greater Ease, you had best sit side-ways, like a Woman. *Sancho* took her Advice ; and then after he had taken his leave of the Company, they bound a Cloath over his Eyes. But presently after uncovering his Face, with a pitiful Look on all the Spectators, Good tender-hearted Christians, (cry'd he, with Tears in his Eyes) bellow a few *Pater Noster's* and *Ave-Mary's* on a poor departing Brother, and Pray for my Soul, as you expect the

the like Charity your selves in such a Condition. What ! You Rascal, said *Don Quixote*, d'ye think your self at the Gallows, and at the Point of Death, that you hold forth in such a lamentable Strain ? Dastardly Wretch, without a Soul, dost thou not know that the fair *Magalona* once sat in thy Place, and alighted from thence, not into the Grave, thou Chicken-hearted Varler, but into the Throne of *France*, if there's any Truth in History ? And do not I sit by thee, that may vie with the Valorous *Peter* of *Provence*, and press the Seat that was once press'd by him ? Come, blindfold thy Eyes, poor spiritless Animal, and let me not know thee betray the least Symptom of Fear, at least not in my Presence. VVell, quoth *Sancho*, Hoodwink me then among ye : But 'tis no mar'l one should be afraid, when you won't let one say his Prayers, nor be Pray'd for, though for ought I know we may be presently Posting tantivy into Old *Nick's* Patrimony, and have a Legion of his Imps about our Ears to clap us up in the Devil's Pound.

Now being both Hoodwink'd, and *Don Quixote* perceiving that every thing was ready for their setting out, he began to turn the Pin ; and no sooner had he set his Hand to it, but the VVaiting-VVomen and all the Company set up their Throats, crying out, Speed you, speed you well, Valorous Knight, Heaven be your Guide, undaunted Squire ! Now, now, you fly aloft. See how they cut the Air more Swiftly than an Arrow ! Now they mount and tower, and soar, while the gazing World wonders at their Course. Sit fast, sit fast, couragious *Sancho*, you don't sit steady, have a Care of falling ; for should you now drop from that amazing height,

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*Don Quixot and Sancho Pancha ride blindfold through the Air upon  
a wooden Horse. page. 400.*

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height, your Fall would be greater than the aspiring Youth's that mis-guided the Chariot of the Sun his Father. All this *Sancho* heard; and girding his Arms fast about his Master's VVaste, Sir, quoth he, Why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their Voices? T'oth, I hear 'em so plainly, that one would think they were close by us. Ne'er mind that answer'd *Don Quixote*; for in these extraordinary kind of Flights, we must suppose that our Hearing and Seeing will be extraordinary also. But don't hold me so hard, for you'll make me tumble off. VVhat makes thee Tremble so? I'm sure I never rid easier in all my Life. Our Horse goes as if he did not move at all. Come then, take Courage. VVe make swinging way, and have a fair and merry Gale. I think so too, quoth *Sancho*, for I feel the VVind puff as briskly upon me here, as if I don't know how many pair of Bellows were blowing VVind in my Tail. *Sancho* was not altogether in the wrong; for some strong pairs of Bellows were indeed levell'd at him then, which gave Air very Plentifully; so well had the Plot of this Adventure been laid by the Duke, the Dutcheß, and their Steward, that nothing was wanting to further the Diversion.

*Don Quixote* at last feeling the VVind, Sure, said he, we must be risen to the middle Region of the Air, where the VVinds, Hail, Snow, Thunder, Lightning, and other Meteors are produc'd; so that if we mount at that rate, we shall be in the Region of Fire presently, and what's worst I don't know how to manage this Pin, so as to avoid being scorch'd and roasted alive. At the same time, some Flax, with other combustible Matter which had been got ready, was clapp'd  
at

at the end of at long Stick, and set on Fire at a small distance from their Noses, and the heat and smoak affecting the Knight and the Squire; May I be Hang'd, quoth *Sancho*, if we ben't come to this Fire-Place you talk of, or very near it, for the half of my Beard is findg'd already. I have a huge Mind to Peep out, and see whereabouts we are. By no means, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I remember the strange but true Story of Doctor *Terralva*, whom the Devils carry'd to *Rome*, hoodwink'd, and bestriding a Reed, in twelve Hours time, setting him down on the Tower of *Nona*, in one of the Streets of that City: There he saw the dreadful Tumult, Assault, and Death of the Constable of *Bourbon*; and the next Morning he found himself at *Madrid*, where he related the whole Story. Among other things, he said, as he went through the Air, the Devil bid him open his Eyes, which he did, and then he found himself so near the Moon, that he could touch it with his Finger, but durst not look toward the Earth, lest the distance should make his Brains turn round, So, *Sancho*, we must not unvail our Eyes, but rather wholly trust to the Care and Providence of him that has charge of us, and fear nothing, for we only mount high to come souze down, like a Hawk, upon the Kingdom of *Candaya*, which we shall reach presently: For though it appears not half an hour to us since we left the Garden, we have nevertheless Travell'd over a vast Tract of Air. I know nothing of the Matter, reply'd *Sancho*; but this I am very certain that if your *Madam Magullane* or *Magalona* (what d'ye call her) could sit this damn'd V Wooden Crupper without a good Cushion under her Tail, she must have had a harder pair of Buttocks than mine.

This

This Dialogue was certainly very Pleasant all this while to the Duke, the Dutcheſs, and the reſt of the Company; and now at laſt reſolving to put an end to this extraordinary Adventure, which had ſo long entertain'd them ſucceſsfully, they order'd one of their Servants to give fire to *Clavileno's* Tail, and the Horſe being ſtuſt full of Squibs, Crackers, and other Fire-works, burſt preſently into Pieces, with a mighty Noiſe, throwing the Knight one way, and the Squire another, both ſufficiently Sindg'd. By this time, the Diſconſolate Matron, and her Bearded Regiment were Vanish'd out of the Garden, and all the reſt counterfeiting a Trance, lay flat upon the Ground. *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho* ſorely Bruis'd, made ſhift to get up, and looking about, were amaz'd to find themſelves in the ſame Garden whence they took Horſe, and to ſee ſuch a number of People lie Dead, as they thought, on the Ground. But their VVonder was diverted by the appearance of a large Lance ſtuck in the Ground, and a Scroll of white Parchment faſten'd to it by two green ſilken Strings, with the following Inſcription upon it in Golden Characters.

The Renown'd Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, atchiev'd the Adventure of the Counteſs *Triſaldi*, otherwiſe call'd the Diſconſolate Matron, and her Companions in Diſtreſs, by barely attempting it. *Malambruno* is fully ſatisfy'd. The Waſting Gentlewomen have loſt their Beards, *King Clariſo*, and *Queen Antonomaſia* have reſum'd their priſtine Shapes; and when the Squire's Penance ſhall be finiſh'd, the White Dove ſhall ſeize the Pounce of the Pernicious Hawk, that purſue her, and her Pining Lover ſhall lull her in his Arms. This is pre-ordain'd by the Sage *Merlin Proto-Inchanter of Inchanterſ*.  
Dux.

*Don Quixote* having read this Oracle, and Construing it to refer to *Dulcinea's* Dis-inchantment, render'd Thanks to Heaven for so great a Deliverance; and approaching the Duke and the Dutchess, who seem'd as yet in a Swoon, he took the Duke by the Hand: Courage, Courage, Noble Sir, cry'd he, there's no Danger; the Adventure is finish'd without Blood-shed, as you may read it Registred in that Record.

The Duke, Yawning and Stretching, as if he had been wak'd out of a sound Sleep, recover'd himself by degrees, as did the Dutchess and the rest of the Company; all of 'em acting the Surprise so naturally, that the Jest could not be discover'd. The Duke rubbing his Eyes, made a Shift to read the Scroll; then Embracing *Don Quixote*, he extoll'd his Valour to the Skies, assuring him, he was the bravest Knight the Earth had ever Possess'd. As for *Sancho*, he was looking up and down the Garden for the Disconsolate Matron, to see what sort of a Face she had got, now her Fir-bush was off. But he was inform'd, that, as *Clavileno* came down Flaming in the Air, the Countess; with her Women, Vanish'd immediately, but not one of 'em Chinbristled, nor so much as a Hair upon their Faces.

Then the Dutchess ask'd *Sancho*, how he had far'd in his long Voyage? VVhy truly forsooth, answer'd he, I have seen Wonders; for you must know, that, though my Master would not suffer me to pull the Cloath from my Eyes, yet as I have a kind of an Itch to know every thing, and a Spice of the Spirit of Contradiction, still hankering after what's forbidden me; so when, as my Master told me, we were Flying through the

the Legion of Fire, I shov'd my Blinder a little above my Nose, and look'd down; and what d'you think I saw? I spy'd the Earth a hugeous way a far off below me (Heaven blefs us!) no bigger than a Mustard-seed; and the Men walking to and fro upon't, not much larger than Hazle-Nuts, Judge now if we were not got up woundy high! Have a Care what you say, my Friend, said the Dutcheß; for if the Men were bigger than Hazle-Nuts, and the Earth no bigger than a Mustard-seed, one Man must be bigger than the whole Earth, and cover it so that you could not see it. Like enough, answer'd *Sancho*; but for all that, d'you, see, I saw it with a kind of a side-Look upon one Part of it, or so. Look you, *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutcheß, that won't bear; for no Thing can be wholly seen by any Part of it. Well, well, Madam, quoth *Sancho*, I don't understand your Parts and Wholes! I saw it, and there's an end of the Story. Only you must think that as we flew by Incantment, so we saw by Incantment, and thus I might see the Earth, and all the Men which way soever I look'd: I'll warrant, you won't believe me neither when I tell you, that when I thrust up the Kerchief above my Brows, I saw my self so near Heaven, that between the top of my Cap, and the main Sky, there was not a Span and a half. And Heaven blefs us, forsooth, what a hugeous great Place it is! And we happen'd to Travel that Road where the \* seven She-Goat-Stars were: And Faith and Troth, I had such a Mind to Play with 'em (having been once a Goat-herd

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\* The Pleiades, vulgarly call'd in Spanish the Seven young She-Goats.

my self) that I fancy I'd have cry'd my self to Death had I not done it. So soon as I spy'd 'em, what does me I, but sneaks down very soberly from behind my Master without telling any living Soul, and play'd, and leap'd about for three quarters of an Hour by the Clock, with the pretty Nanny-Goats, who are as sweet and fine as so many Marigolds or Gilliflowers. And honest *Wooden Peg* stirr'd not one Step all the while. And while *Sancho* employ'd himself with the Goats, ask'd the Duke, how was *Don Quixote* employ'd? Truly, answer'd the Knight, I am sensible that all things were alter'd from their Natural Course, therefore what *Sancho* says seems the less strange to me. But for my own part, I neither saw Heaven nor Hell, Sea nor Shore. I perceiv'd indeed that we pass'd through the middle Region of the Air, and were pretty near that of Fire, but that we came so near Heaven, as *Sancho* says, is altogether incredible; because we then must have pass'd quite through the Fiery Region, which lies between the Sphere of the Moon and the upper Region of the Air. Now it was impossible for us to reach that part, where are the *Pleiades*, or the *Seven Goats*, as *Sancho* calls 'em, without being Consum'd in the Elemental Fire, and therefore since we escap'd those Flames, certainly we did not soar so high, and *Sancho* either Lies or Dreams. I neither Lie nor Dream, reply'd *Sancho*. Uds Precious! I can tell you the Marks and Colour of every Goat among 'em, if you don't believe me. Do but ask and try: You'll easily see whether I speak Truth or no. Well, said the Dutchess, prithee tell us, good *Sancho*. Look you, answer'd *Sancho*, there were two of 'em Green, two Carnation, two Blue, and one party-colour'd. Truly, said the Duke, that's

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 403

that's a new kind of Goats you have found out, *Sancho*, we have none of those Colours upon Earth. Sure, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you'll make some short difference between Heavenly She-Goats, and the Goats of this World! But, *Sancho*, said the Duke, among those She-Goats did you see never a He? Not one Horn'd Beast of the Masculine Gender, not one, Sir; I saw no other Horn'd things but the Moon; and I have been told, that neither He-Goats, nor any other Cornuted Tups are suffer'd to lift their Horns beyond those of the Moon.

They did not think fit to ask *Sancho* any more Questions about his Airy Voyage, for, in the Humour he was in, they judg'd he would not stick to ramble all over the Heavens, and tell 'em News of whatever was doing there, though he had not stirr'd out of the Garden all the while.

Thus ended the Epilogue to the Adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, which afforded sufficient Sport to the Duke and the Dutchess, not only for the present, but for the rest of their Lives, and might have supply'd *Sancho* with matter of Talk from Generation to Generation, for many Ages, could he have liv'd so long. *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*, whispering him in the Ear) since you'll have us believe what you have seen in Heaven, I desire you to believe me in what I said I saw in *Montesino's* Cave. Not a Word more.

CHAP.

## C H A P: XLII,

*The Instructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Panſa, before he went to Govern the Iſland ; with other Matters of Moment.*

THE Satisfaction which the Duke and Dutcheſs receiv'd by the happy-Succeſs of the Adventure of the Diſconſolate Matron, encourag'd 'em to carry on ſome other Pleaſant Project, ſince they could with ſo much Eaſe Impoſe on the Credulity of *Don Quixote*, and his Squire. Having therefore given Inſtructions to their Servants and Vaſſals how to behave themſelves towards *Sancho*, in his Government ; the Day after the Scene of the Wooden Horſe, the Duke bid *Sancho* prepare, and be in a readineſs to take Poſſeſſion of his Government ; for now his Iſlanders wiſh'd as heartily for him as they did for Rain in a dry Summer. *Sancho* made an humble Bow, and looking demurely on the Duke ; Sir, quoth he, ſince I came down from Heaven, whence I ſaw the Earth ſo very ſmall, I a'n't half ſo very hot as I was for being a Governour. For what High and Mightineſs can there be in being at the Head of a puny Dominion, that's but a little Nook of a tiny Muſtard-ſeed ? And what Dignity and Power can a Man be reckon'd to have in governing half a dozen Men no bigger than Hazle-Nuts ? For I could

could not think there were any more in the whole World. No, if your Worship's Grace would throw away upon me never so little a Corner in Heaven, though it were but half a League, or so, I would take it with better Will than I would the largest Island on Earth. Friend *Sancho*, answer'd the Duke, I can't dispose of an Inch of Heaven; for that's the Province of God alone; but what I am able to bestow, I give you; that is an Island tight and clever, round and well proportion'd, fertile and plentiful to such a Degree, that, if you have but the Art and Understanding to manage things right, you may make a hoard there both of the Treasure of this World, and the next.

Well then, quoth *Sancho*, let me have this Island, and I'll do my best to be such a Governour, that in spite of Rogues I shan't want a small Nook in Heaven one Day or other. 'Tis not out of Covetousness neither that I'd leave my little Gott, and let up for some-body, but meerly to know what kind of Relish there is in being a Governour. Oh! *Sancho*, said the Duke, when once you've had a Taste of it, you'll never leave licking your Fingers, 'tis so sweet and bewitching a thing to Command and be Obey'd. I am confident, when your Master comes to be an Emperour (as he cannot fail to be, according to the course of his Affairs) he will never by any Considerations be perswaded to an Abdication; his only Grief will be, that he was one no sooner.

Troth Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I am of your Mind; 'tis a dainty thing to Command, tho' 'twere but a Flock of Sheep. Oh! *Sancho*, cry'd the Duke, let me live and die with thee; for thou hast an Insight into every thing. I hope thoult

thou'lt prove as good a Governour as thy Wisdom bespeaks thee. But no more at this time, — to Morrow without further Delay you set forward to your Island, and shall be furnish'd this Afternoon with Equipage and Dress answerable to your Post, and all other Necessaries for your Journey.

Let 'em Robe and Scarlet me as they will, quoth *Sancho*; I shall be the same *Sancho Panza* still. That's true, said the Duke, yet every Man ought to wear Cloaths suitable to his Place and Dignity; for a Lawyer should not go Dress'd like a Soldier, nor a Soldier like a Priest. As for you, *Sancho*, you are to wear the Habit both of a Captain and a Civil Magistrate; so your Dress shall be a Compound of those two; for in the Government, that I bestow on you, Arms are as necessary as Learning, and a Man of Letters as requisite as a Swordsman——Nay, as for Letters, quoth *Sancho*, I can't say much for my self; for as yet I scarce know my A, B, C. But yet if I can but remember my *Christ's-Cross*, 'tis enough to make me a good Governour; As for my Arms, I'll not quit my Weapon as long as I can stand, and so Heaven be our Guard. *Sancho* can't do amiss, said the Duke, while he remembers these things.

By this time *Don Quixote* arriv'd, and hearing how suddenly *Sancho* was to go to his Government, with the Duke's Permission, he took him aside to give him some good Instructions for his Conduct in the discharge of his Office.

Being enter'd *Don Quixote's* Chamber, and the Door shut, he almost forcibly oblig'd *Sancho* to sit by him, and then with a grave deliberate Voice he thus began.

I give

I give Heaven Infinite Thanks, Friend *Sancho*, that before I had the happiness of being put in Possession of my Hopes, I can see thine already Crown'd. Fortune hast'ning to meet thee with thy Wishes. I, who had assign'd the Reward of thy Services upon my happy Success, am yet but on the way to Preferment; and thou, beyond all reasonable Expectation, art arriv'd at the Aim and End of thy Desires. Some are assiduous, solicitous, importunate, rise early, bribe, entreat, press, will take no Denial, obstinately persist in their Suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and by a lucky hit or chance, bears away the Prize, and jumps into the Preferment which so many had pursu'd in vain; which verifies the saying, *The Happy have their Days, and those they chuse; The Unhappy have but Hours, and those they lose.* Thou, who seem'st to me a very Blockhead, without sitting up late, or rising early, or any manner of Fatigue or Trouble, only the Air of Knight-Errantry being breath'd on thee, art advanc'd to the Government of an Island in a Trice, as if it were a thing of no Moment, a very Trifle. I speak this, my dear *Sancho*, not to upbraid thee, nor out of Envy, but only to let thee know, thou art not to attribute all this Success to thy own Merit, while 'tis entirely owing to the kind Heavenly Disposer of Humane Affairs, to whom thy Thanks ought to be return'd. But next to Heaven, thou art to ascribe thy Happiness to the Greatness of the Profession of Knight-Errantry, which includes within it self such stores of Honour and Preferment.

Being convinc'd of what I have already said to thee, be yet attentive, O my Son, to what I,  
thy

thy *Cato*, have further to say: Listen, I say, to my Admonitions, and I will be thy North-Star, and Pilot to Steer and bring thee safely into the Port of Honour out of the Tempestuous Ocean, into which thou art just going to Launch; for Offices and great Employments are no better than profound Gulphs of Confusion.

First of all, O my Son, fear God, for the fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom, and Wisdom will never let thee go astray.

Secondly, Consider what thou wert, and make it thy Business to know thy self, which is the most difficult Lesson in the World. Yet from this Lesson thou wilt learn to avoid the Frog's foolish Ambition of Swelling to rival the bigness of the Ox; else thou wilt soon roll down the Wheel of thy mad Presumption, and be put in Mind that thou wert but a Hog-driver.

True, quoth *Sancho*, but I was then but a little Boy; for when I grew up to be somewhat bigger, I drove Geese, and not Hogs. But methinks that's nothing to the Purpose; for all Governours can't come from Kings and Princes.

Very true, pursu'd *Don Quixote*: therefore those who want a noble Descent, must allay the Severity of their Office with Mildness and Civility, which, directed by Wisdom, may secure 'em from the Murmurs and Malice, from which no State nor Condition is exempt.

Be well pleas'd with the meanness of thy Family, *Sancho*; nor think it a Disgrace to own thy self deriv'd from Labouring-Men; for, if thou art not asham'd of it thy self, no body else will strive to make thee so. Endeavour

rather to be esteem'd Humble and Vertuous, than Proud and Vicious. The number is almost Infinite, of those who from low and vulgar Births, have been rais'd to the highest Dignities, to the Papal Chair, and the Imperial Throne; and this I could prove by Examples enough to tire thy Patience.

Make Vertue the Medium of all thy Actions, and thou wilt have no Cause to envy those whose Birth gives 'em the Titles of Great Men, and Princes; for Nobility is inherited, but Vertue acquir'd. And Vertue is worth more in it self then Nobleness of Birth.

I any of thy poor Relations come to see thee, never reject nor affront 'em; but on the contrary, receive and entertain 'em with marks of Favour; in this thou wilt display a Generosity of Nature, and please Heaven, that would have no body despise what it has made.

If thou send'st for thy Wife, as 'tis not fit a Man in thy Station should be long without his Wife, and she ought to partake of her Husband's good Fortune, teach her, instruct her, polish her the best thou can'st, till her Native Rusticity is refin'd to a handsomer Behaviour: For often an ill-bred Wife throws down all that a good and discreet Husband can build up.

Shoud'st thou come to be a Widower, (which is not impossible) and thy Post recommend thee to a Bride of a higher degree, take not one that shall, like a Fishing-Rod, only serve to catch Bribes. For, take it from me, the Judge must at the general and last Court of Judicature give a strict account of the discharge of his Duty, and must pay severely at his dying Day for what he has suffer'd his Wife to take.

D d d d

Let

Let never obstinate Self-conceit be thy Guide;  
'tis the Vice of the Ignorant, who vainly pre-  
sume on their Understanding.

Let the Tears of the Poor find more Com-  
passion, though not more Justice than the Infor-  
mations of the Rich.

Be equally solicitous to find out the Truth,  
where the Offers and Presents of the Rich, and  
the Sobs and Importunities of the Poor are in  
the Way.

Where-ever Equity should, or may take Place,  
let not the Extent and Rigour of the Law bear  
too much on the Delinquent; for 'tis not a bet-  
ter Character in a Judge to be Rigorous, than  
to be Indulgent.

When the Severity of the Law is to be soft-  
ned, let Pity, not Bribes be the Motive.

If thy Enemy has a Cause before thee, turn a-  
way thy Eyes from thy Prejudice, and fix them  
on the matter of Fact.

In another Man's Cause, be not blinded by  
thy own Passions, for those Errors are almost  
without Remedy, or their Cure will prove Ex-  
pensive to thy Wealth and Reputation.

When a Beautiful Woman comes before thee  
turn away thy Eyes from her Tears, and thy  
Ears from her Lamentations; and take time to  
consider sedately her Petition, if thou would'st  
not have thy Reason and Honesty lost in her  
Sighs and Tears.

Reville not with Words those whom their  
Crimes oblige thee to Punish in Deed; for the  
Punishment is enough to the Wretches, with-  
out the addition of of Ill Language.

In the Tryal of Criminals, consider, as much  
as thou can'st without Prejudice to the Plaintiff,  
how defenceless and open the Miserable are

to the Temptations of our corrupt and deprav'd Nature; and so far shew thy self full of Pity and Clemency; for tho' God's Attributes are equal, yet his Mercy is more attractive and pleasing in our Eyes, than his Justice.

If thou observ'st these Rules, *Sancho*, thy Days shall be long, thy Fame eternal, thy Recompence full, and thy Felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt Marry thy Children and Grand-Children to thy Heart's Desire; they shall want no Titles; belov'd of all Men, thy Life shall be peaceable, thy Death in a good and venerable old Age, and the Off-spring of thy Grand-Children, with their soft Youthful Hands shall close thy Eyes.

The Precepts I have hitherto given thee, regard the good and ornament of thy Mind. Now give Attention to those Directions that relate to the adorning of thy Body.

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## C H A P. LXIII.

*The second Part of Don Quixote's Advice  
to Sancho Panfa.*

**W**HO would not have taken *Don Quixote* for a Man of extraordinary Wisdom and as excellent Morals, having heard him document his Squire in that manner? only as we have often observ'd in this History, the least talk of Knight-Errantry spoil'd all, and made his Understanding Muddy: But in every thing else, his Judgment was very clear, and his Apprehension very nice, so that every moment his Actions us'd to discredit his Judgment, and his Judgment his Actions. But in these Oeconomical Precepts which he gave *Sancho*, he shew'd himself Master of a pleasant Fancy, and mingled his Judgment and Extravagance in equal proportions. *Sancho* lent him a great deal of Attention, in hopes to Register all those good Counsels in his Mind, and put them in practice; not doubting but by their means he should acquit himself of his Duty like a Man of Honour.

As to the Government of thy Person and Family (pursu'd *Don Quixote*) my first Injunction is Cleanliness. Pare thy Nails, nor let 'em grow as some do, whose Folly perswades them that long Nails add to the beauty of the Hand; till they look more like *Castil's* Claws than a Man's Nails. 'Tis foul and unsightly.

Keep

Keep thy Cloaths tight about thee ; for a slovenly looseness is an Argument of a careless Mind, unless such a negligence, like that of *Julius Caesar*, be affected for some cunning Design.

Prudently examine what thy Income may amount to in a Year. And if sufficient to afford thy Servants Liveries, let 'em be decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and for shew; and for the overplus of thy good husbandry, bestow it on the Poor. That is, if thou canst keep six Footmen, have but three ; and let what would maintain three more be laid out in Charitable Uses. By that means thou wilt have Attendants in Heaven as well as on Earth, which our vain-glorious great ones, who are strangers to this Practice are not like to have.

Lest thy Breath betray thy Peasantry, defile it not with Onions and Garlick.

Walk with Gravity, and speak with Deliberation, and yet not as if thou didst hearken to thy own Words ; for all Affectation is a Fault.

Eat little at Dinner, and less at Supper; for the Stomach is the Store-house, whence Health is to be imparted to the whole Body.

Drink moderately ; for Drunkenness neither keeps a Secret nor observes a Promise.

Be careful not to chew on both sides, that is, fill not thy Mouth too full, and take heed not to eruct before Company.

Eruct, quoth *Sancho*, I don't understand that cramp Word. To eruct, answer'd *Don Quixote*, is as much as to say *to Belch* ; but this being one of the most disagreeable and beastly Words in our Language, though very expressive and significant, the more Polite, instead of *Belching*, say *Eructing*, which is borrow'd from the *Latin*. Now though the Vulgar may not understand this, it matters

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not much ; for Use and Custom will make it familiar and understood. By such Innovations are Languages enrich'd, when the Words are adopted by the Multitude, and Naturaliz'd by Custom.

Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*, of all your Counsels I'll be sure not to forget this, for I've been mightily given to *Belching*. Say Eructing, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and leave off Belching. Well, quoth *Sancho*, be it as you say, Eruct ; I'll be sure to remember.

In the next place, *Sancho*, said the Knight, do not overlard your common Discourse with that glut of Proverbs, which you mix in it continually ; for though Proverbs are properly concise and Pithy Sentences, yet as thou bring'st 'em in, in such a huddle, by the Head and Shoulders, thou makest 'em look like so many Absurdities. Alas! Sir, quoth *Sancho*, this is a Disease that Heaven alone can cure : for I've more Proverbs than will fill a Book, and when I talk, they crowd so thick and fast to my Mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first ; so that my Tongue is forc'd to let 'em out as fast, first come first serv'd, though nothing to my purpose. But henceforwards I'll set a Watch on my Mouth, and let none fly out, but such as shall besit the Gravity of my Place. For in a rich Man's House the Cloath is soon laid ; where there's Plenty the Guests can't be empty. A Blot's no Blot till 'tis hit. He's safe who stands under the Bells ; you can't eat your Cake and have your Cake ; and Store's no Sore.

Go on, go on, Friend, said *Don Quixote*, thread, tack, stitch on, heap Proverb on Proverb, out with 'em Man, Spew 'em out ! there's no body coming. My Mother whips me, and I whip the Gig.

Gigg. I warn thee to forbear foisting in a Rope of Proverbs every where, and thou blunder'st out a whole Litany of old Saws, as much to the purpose as *the last Year's Snow*: Observe me, *Sancho*, I condemn not the use of Proverbs: But 'tis most certain that such a Confusion and Hodge-podge of 'em as thou throw'st out and dragg'st in by the Hair together, make Conversation fulsome and poor.

When thou do'st ride, cast not thy Body all on the Crupper, nor hold thy Legs stiff down, and straddling from the Horses Belly; nor yet so loose as if thou wert still on *Dapple*; for the Air and Gracefulness of sitting a Horse, distinguishes sometimes a Gentleman from a Groom. Sleep with Moderation; for he that rises not with the Sun, loses so much Day, and remember this, *Sancho*, that Diligence is the Mother of good Fortune. Sloth, on the contrary, could never effect a good Desire.

The Advice which I shall conclude with, I would have thee be sure to fix in thy Memory, though it relate not to the OEconomy of thy Person; for I am perswaded, it will redound as much to thy Advantage as any I have yet given thee: And this it is.

Never undertake to Dispute, or decide any Controversies, concerning the preheminance of Families, since in the Comparison one must be better than the other; for he that is lessen'd by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferrest will not think himself oblig'd to thee.

As for thy Dress, wear close Breeches and Hose, a long Waste-coat, and a Cloak a little longer, yet I don't advise thee to wear wide-knee'd Breeches or Trunk'd Hose; for they become neither Swords-men nor Men of Business.

This is all the Advice, Friend *Sancho*, that I have to give thee at present. If thou takest care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more, according as the Occasions and Emergencies require.

Sir, said *Sancho*, I see very well that all you've told me is mighty good, wholesom, and to the purpose : But what am I the better, if I cannot keep it in my Head ? I grant you, I shan't easily forget that about paring my Nails, and Marrying again, if I should have the luck to bury my Wife. But for all that other Gallimaufry, and heap of Stuff, I can no more remember one syllable of it than the shapes of last Years Clouds. Therefore let me have it in Black and White, I beseech you. 'Tis true I can neither write nor read, but I'll give it to my Father Confessor, that he may beat and hammer it into my Noddle, as occasion serves. O Heaven, cry'd *Don Quixote*, how Infamously it looks in a Governour not to be able to write or read ! I must needs tell thee *Sancho*, that for a Man to be so Illiterate, or to be Left-handed, implies that either his Parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of so perverse a Nature, that he could not receive the Impressions of Learning or any thing that is good. Poor Soul, I pity thee ! That is indeed a very great defect. I would have thee at least learn to write thy Name. Oh ! as for that quoth *Sancho*, I can do well enough. I can set my Name ; for when I serv'd Offices in our Parish, I learn'd to scrawl a sort of Letters, such as they mark Bundles of Stuff with, which they told me spelt my Name. Besides, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and so another shall Sign for me ; for there's a Remedy for all things but Death. And since I've the Power, I'll do what I list ; for as the saying is,  
he

he whose Father is his Judge may do what he will. And as I am a Governour, I hope I am somewhat higher than a Judge. New Lords new Laws. Ay, ay, let them come an they will and play at Bo-peeper. Let 'em back-bite me to my Face, I'll bite-back the Biters. Let 'em come for Wooll, and I'll send 'em home shorn. Whom God loves, his House happy proves. The Rich Man's Follies pass for wise Sayings in this World. So I being Rich, d'you see, and a Governour, and free-hearted too into the Bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no Faults at all. 'Tis so, daub your self with Honey, and you'll never want Flies. What a Man has, so much he's sure of, said my old Grannam and who shall hang the Bell about the Cat's Neck?

Confound thee, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for an eternal Proverb-voiding Swag-belly. Threescore-thousand *Belzebubs* take thee, and thy damn'd nauseous Rubbish. Thou hast been this hour hanging them together, like so many Ropes of Onions, and poisoning and racking me with 'em. I dare say these wicked Proverbs will one day bring thee to the Gallows, they'll provoke thy Islanders to pull thee down, or at least make 'em shun thee like a common Nuisance. Tell me, thou Essence of Ignorance, where dost thou rake 'em up? and how does thy Cods-head apply 'em? For it makes me sweat, as if I were delving or threshing, to speak but one and apply it properly.

Udsprecious! my good Master, quoth *Sancho*, what a small matter puts you into a pelting Chase! why the Devil should you grudge me the use of my own Goods and Chattels? I have no other Estate. Proverbs on Proverbs are all my Stock. And now I have four ready to pop out as pat to

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the purpose as Matrimony to a young Widow. But Mum for that. Now Silence is my Name. No, reply'd *Don Quixote*, rather Prate-roast and Sauce-box we should call thee; for thou art all Tittle-tattle and obstinacy. Yet methinks I'd fain hear these four notable Proverbs that come so pat to the purpose. I thank Heaven I have a pretty good Memory, and yet I can't for my Soul call one to mind. Why Sir, quoth *Sancho*, what Proverbs would you have better than these? Between two Cheek-Teeth never clap thy Thumbs. And when a Man says get out of my House, what would you with my Wife? There's no answer to be made. And again, whether the Pitcher hit the Stone, or the Stone the Pitcher, it's bad for the Pitcher. All these fit to a hair, Sir. That is, let no body meddle with his Governor, or his Betters, or he'll rue for it, as sure as a Gun; as he must expect who runs his Finger between two Cheek-Teeth, (and tho' they were not Cheek-teeth, if they be but Teeth that's enough.) In the next place, let the Governor say what he will, there's no gainsaying him; 'tis as much as when one says, get out of my House, what would you with my Wife? And as for the Stone and the Pitcher, a Blind Man may see through it. And so he that sees a Mote in another Man's Eye, should do well to take the Beam out of his own; that People mayn't say, the Pot calls the Kettle black-arse, and the dead Woman's afraid of her that's flea'd. Besides, your Worship knows, that a Fool knows more in his own House than a Wise body in another Man's. That's a mistake, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for the Fool knows nothing, neither in his own House nor in another Man's; for no substantial Knowledge can be erected on so bad a Foundati-

on as Folly. But let's break off this Discourse, if thou do'st not discharge the part of a good Governor, thine will be the Fault, though the shame and discredit will be mine. However, this is my Comfort ; I've done my Duty in giving thee the best and most wholesome Advice I could : And so Heaven prosper and direct thee in thy Government, and disappoint my fears of thy turning all things upside down in that poor Island ; which I might indeed prevent by giving the Duke a more perfect Insight into thee, and discovering to him, that all that Gorbelly'd paunch-gutted little Corps of thine is nothing but a bundle of Proverbs and a sack full of Knavery.

Look you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if you think me not fit for this Government, I'll think no more on't, alas ! the least snip of my Souls's nails (as a body may say) is dearer to me than my whole Body : And I hope I can live plain *Sancho* still, upon a Luncheon of Bread and a Clove of Garlick, as contented as Governor *Sancho* upon Capons and Partridges. Death and Sleep makes us all alike, Rich and Poor, High and Low. Do but call to mind who first put this whim of Government into my Noddle, you'll find 'twas your own self ; for as for me, I know no more what belongs to Islands and Governors than a blind Buzzard.

So, if you fancy the Devil will have me for being a Governor, let me be plain *Sancho* still, and go to Heaven, rather than my Lord Governor, and go to Hell.

These last Words of thine, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, in my Opinion prove thee worthy to Govern a thousand Islands. Thou hast naturally a good Disposition, without which all Knowledge

ledge is insufficient. Recommend thy self to the Divine Providence, and be sure never to depart from uprightness of Intention. I mean, have still a firm Purpose and Design to be thoroughly inform'd in all the Business that shall come before thee; and act upon sure Grounds; for Heaven always favours good Desires. And so, let's go to Dinner, for I believe now the Duke and Dutchess expect us.

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C H A P.

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C H A P. LXIII.

*How Sancho Panſa was carried to his Government, and of the ſtrange Adventure that beſel Don Quixote in the Caſtle.*

WE have it from the Traditional Account of this Hiſtory, that there is a manifeſt difference between the Tranſlation, and the *Arabick* in the beginning of this Chapter; *Cid Hamet* having in the Original taken an Occaſion of criticizing on himſelf, for undertaking ſo dry and limited a Subject, which muſt confine him to the bare Hiſtory of *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, and debar him the Liberty of Launching into Episodes and Digreſſions that might be of more Weight and Entertainment. To have his Fancy, his Hand and Pen bound up to a ſingle Deſign, and his Sentiments confin'd to the Mouths of ſo few Perſons, he urg'd as an inſupportable Toil, and of ſmall Credit to the Undertaker. So that to avoid this Inconveniency, he has introduc'd into the firſt Part, ſome Novels, as *The Curious Impertinent*, and that of the *Captive*, which were in a manner diſtinct from the Deſign; though the reſt of the Stories, which he brought in there, fall naturally enough with *Don Quixote's* Affairs, and ſeem of neceſſity to claim a Place in the Work.

Work. It was his Opinion likewise, as he has told us, that the Adventures of *Don Quixote* requiring so great a share of the Reader's Attention, his Novels must expect but an indifferent Reception, or, at most, but a cursory View, not sufficient to discover their artificial Contexture, which must have been very Obvious, had they been Publish'd by themselves, without the Interludes of *Don Quixote's* Madness, or *Sancho's* Impertinence. He has therefore in this second Part, avoided all distinct and independant Stories, introducing only such as have the appearance of Episodes, yet flow naturally from the design of the Story, and these but seldom, and with as much brevity as they can be express'd. Therefore since he has ty'd himself up to such narrow Bounds, and confin'd his Understanding and Parts, otherwise capable of the most copious Subjects, to the pure matter of this present Undertaking, he begs it may add a Value to his Work; and that he may be Commended, not so much for what he has Writ, as for what he has forborn to Write; and then he proceeds in his History, as follows.

After Dinner, *Don Quixote* gave *Sancho* in Writing the Copy of his Verbal Instructions, ordering him to get some-body to Read 'em to him. But the Squire had no sooner got 'em, but he dropt the Paper, which fell into the Duke's Hands, who communicating the same to the Dutcheß, they found a fresh Occasion of admiring the mixture of *Don Quixote's* good Sense and Extravagance: And so, carrying on the Humour, they sent *Sancho* that Afternoon with a suitable Equipage to the Place he was to Govern, which, where-ever it lay, was to be an Island to him.

It happen'd that the management of this Affair was committed to a Steward of the Duke's, a Man of a Facetious Humour, and who had not only Wit to start a pleasant Design, but Discretion to carry it on, two Qualifications which make an agreeable Consort when they meet; nothing being truly agreeable without good Sense. He had already Personated the Countess *Trifaldi* very successfully, and, with his Master's Instructions, in relation to his Behaviour towards *Sancho*, cou'd not but discharge his Trust to a Wonder. Now it fell out, that *Sancho* no sooner cast his Eyes on the Steward, but he fancy'd he saw the very Face of *Trifaldi*, and turning to his Master, The Devil fetch me, Sir, quoth he, if you don't own that this same Steward of the Duke's here, has the very Phiz of that my Lady *Trifaldi*. *Don Quixote* look'd very earnestly on the Steward, and having perus'd him from Top to Toe; *Sancho*, said he, thou need'st not give thy self to the Devil to confirm this Matter: I see their Faces are the very same, yet for all that the Steward and the Disconsolate Lady cannot be the same Person; for that would imply a very great Contradiction, and might involve us into more abstruse and difficult doubts than we have Conveniency now to discuss, or examine. Believe me, Friend, our Devotion cannot be too earnest, that we may be deliver'd from the Power of these cursed Inchantments. Adad! Sir, quoth *Sancho*, you may think I'm in Jest; but I heard him open just now, and I thought the very Tongue of Madam *Sorrowful* buzz'd about my Ears. But Mum's the Word: I say nothing, tho' I shall watch his Waters, mayhaps, to find out whether I am right or wrong. Well, do so, said *Don Quixote*, and fail not

not to acquaint me with all the Discoveries thou can'st make in this Affair, and other Occurrences in thy Government.

At last *Sancho* set out, with a Numerous Train. He was dress'd like a Man of the Long Robe, and wore over his other Cloaths a wide sad-colour'd Coat or Gown of water'd Camlet, and a Cap of the same Stuff. He was Mounted on a He Mule, and rid short after the Gennet-Fashion. Behind him, by the Duke's Order, was led his *Dapple*, Bridl'd and Saddl'd like a Horse of State, in gaudy Trappings of Silk. Which so delighted *Sancho*, that every now and then he turn'd his Head about, to look upon him, and thought himself so happy, that now he would not have chang'd Fortunes with the Emperor of *Germany*. He Kiss'd the Duke and the Dutchess's Hands at Parting, and receiv'd his Master's Benediction, while the *Don* Wept, and *Sancho* Blubber'd abundantly.

Now, Reader, let the Noble Governour depart in Peace, and speed him well. His Administration in his Government, may perhaps make you Laugh to some Purpose, when it comes in Play. But in the mean time, let us observe the Fortune of his Master the same Night; for tho' it don't make you Laugh outright, it may chance to make ye draw in your Lips, and shew your Teeth, like a Monkey. For 'tis the Property of his Adventures to create always either Surprise or Merriment.

'Tis reported then, that immediately upon *Sancho's* Departure, *Don Quixote* found the want of his Presence, and had it been in his Power, he would have revok'd his Authority, and depriv'd him of his Commission. The Dutchess perceiving his Disquiet, and desiring to under-  
stand

stand the Cause of his Melancholy, told him, that if it was *Sancho's* Absence that made him uneasy, she had Squires enough, and Damsels in her House, that shou'd supply his Place in any service he wou'd be Pleas'd to Command 'em. 'Tis true, Madam, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I am somewhat concern'd for the Absence of *Sancho*; but there is a more material Cause of my present uneasiness; and I must beg to be excus'd, if among the many Obligations Your Grace is pleas'd to confer on me, I decline all, but the good Intention that has offer'd 'em. All I have further to crave, is, your Grace's Permission to be alone in my Apartment, and to be my own Servant. Your Pardon, Sir, reply'd the Dutches, I can't consent you should be alone: I have four Damsels, Blooming as so many Roses, that shall attend you. They will be no Roses to me, return'd *Don Quixote*, but so many Prickles to my Conscience, and if they come into my Chamber, they must fly in at the Window. If your Grace would Crown the many Favours you have heap'd on this Worthless Person, I beseech you, leave him to himself, and the Service of his own Hands. No Desires, Madam, must enter my Doors; for the VValls of my Chamber have always been a Bulwark to my Chastity; and I shall not Infringe my Rule for all the Bounty you can lavish on me. In fine, rather than think of being undress'd by any Mortal, I would lie rough the whole Night. Enough, enough, Noble Sir, said the Dutches; I desist, and will give Orders, that not so much as the Buzzing of a Fly, much less the Impertinence of a Damsel, shall disturb your Privacy. I am far from Imposing any thing, Sir, that should urge *Don Quixote* to a Transgression  
in

in Point of Decency; for if I conjecture right, among the many Vertues that adorn him, his Modesty is the most distinguishable. Dress therefore, and undress by your self, how you please, when you will, and no body shall molest you: Nay, that you may not be oblig'd to open your Doors upon the account of any natural Necessity, Care shall be taken that you may find in your Room whatever you may have occasion for in the Night. And may the great *Dulcinea del Toboso* live a Thousand Ages, and her Fame be diffus'd all over the habitable Globe; since she has merited the Love of so Valorous, and so Chaste and Loyal a Knight. And may the Indulgent Heavens incline the Heart of our Governour, *Sancho Panza* to put a speedy end to his Discipline, that the Beauties of so great a Lady may be restor'd to the View of the admiring World. Madam, return'd *Don Quixote*, your Grace has spoken like your self; so excellent a Lady cou'd utter nothing but what denotes the goodness and generosity of her Mind; and certainly 'twill be *Dulcinea's* peculiar Happiness to have been Prais'd by you, for 'twill raise her Character more to have had your Grace for her Panegyrist, than if the best Orators in the World had labour'd to set it forth. Sir, said the Dutchesse, waving this Discourse, 'tis Supper-time, and my Lord expects us: Come then, let's to Supper, that you may go to Bed betimes; for you must needs be weary still with the long Journey you took to *Candaya* yesterday. Indeed, Madam, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I feel no manner of Weariness; for I can safely swear to your Grace, that I never rid an easier Beast, nor a better Goer than *Clavileno*. For my part, I can't imagine what cou'd induce *Malambruno* to part with so swift and gentle a Horse, nay, and

and to burn him too in such a manner. 'Tis to be suppos'd, said the Dutchess, that being sorry for the harm he had done; not only to the Countess *Trifaldi* and her Attendants, but many others, and repenting of the bad Deeds, which, as a Wizard, and a Necromancer, he doubtless had committed, he had a mind to destroy all the Instruments of his Wicked Profession, and accordingly he burn'd *Glavileno* as the chief of 'em, that Engine having serv'd him to rove all over the World: Or perhaps he did not think any Man worthy of bestriding him after the great *Don Quixote*, and so with his Destruction, and the Inscription which he has caus'd to be set up, he has Eterniz'd your Valour.

*Don Quixote* return'd his Thanks to the Dutchess, and after Supper retir'd to his Chamber, not suffering any Body to attend him, so much he fear'd to meet some Temptation that might endanger the Fidelity which he had Consecrated to his *Dulcinea*, keeping always the Eyes of his Mind fix'd on the Constancy of *Amadis*, the Flower and Mirror of Knight-Errantry. He therefore shut the Door of his Chamber after him, and undress'd himself by the light of two Wax-Candles. But oh the misfortune that befel him, unworthy such a Person! As he was straining to pull off his Hose, there fell—not any thing that might disgrace his decent Cleanliness, but about four and twenty Stitches of one of his Stockings, which made it look like a Lattice-Window. The good Knight was extremely afflicted, and wou'd have given then an Ounce of Silver for a Dram of green Silk; green Silk, I say, because his Stockings were green.

Here *Benengeli* could not forbear exclaiming; O Poverty! Poverty! What could induce that great

Great Cordova Poet to call thee a Holy Thankless Gift! Even I that am a Moor, have learnt by the Converse I have had with Christians, that Holiness consists in Charity, in Humility, in Faith, in Obedience, and in Poverty: But surely he who can be contented when Poor, had need to be strengthen'd by God's peculiar Grace unless the Poverty which is Included among these Vertues, be only that poorness in Spirit, which teaches us to use the things of this World as if we had 'em not. But thou, second Poverty, fatal Indigence, of which I now am speaking, why dost thou intrude upon Gentlemen, and affect well-born Souls more than other People? Why dost thou reduce them to Cobble their Shooes? And wear some Silk, some Hair, and some Glass-Buttons on the same tatter'd Waste-coat, as it were only to betray variety of Wretchedness? VVhy must their Ruffs be of such a dismal Hue, in Rags, dirty, rumpl'd and ill starch'd? (and by this you may see how ancient is the use of Starch and Ruffs) How miserable is a poor Gentleman, who, to keep up his Honour, starves his Person, fares sordidly, or fasts unseen within his solitary, narrow Apartment, then putting the best Face he can upon the Matter, comes out picking his Teeth, tho' 'tis but an honourable Hypocrisy, and tho' he has eaten nothing that requires that nice Exercise: Unhappy he, whose Honour is in continual Alarms, who thinks that at a Mile's Distance every one discovers the Patch in his Shoe, the Sweat of his Forehead soak'd thro' his old rusty Hat, the bareness of his Cloaths, and the very Hunger of his Famish'd Stomach.

All these melancholy Reflections were renew'd on *Dan Quixote's* Mind by the rent in his Stocking

locking. However, for his Consolation he be-  
ought himself that *Sancho* had left him a pair of  
ht Boots, which he design'd to put on the  
xt day.

In short, to Bed he went, with a pensive hea-  
Mind, the thoughts of *Sancho's* absence, and  
irreparable dammage that his Stockin had re-  
ved, made him uneasie: He would have darn'd  
though it had been with Silk of another Co-  
r, one of the greatest Tokens of Want a poor  
ntleman can give, during the course of his te-  
us Misery.

At last he put out the Lights; but 'twas sultry  
t, and he could not compose himself to Rest.  
tting up therefore, he open'd the Shutter a  
le of a barr'd Window that look'd into a fine  
rden, and was presently sensible that some  
ple were walking and talking there: He list-  
d, and as they rais'd their Voices, he easily  
rheard their Discourse.

No more, dear *Emereneia*, said one to the other:  
not press me to sing, you know that from the  
st moment this Stranger came to the Castle, and  
unhappy Eyes gaz'd on him, I have been too  
versant with Tears and Sorrow, to sing or  
sh Songs. Alas! all Musick jars when the  
ul's out of Tune. Besides, you know the least  
ng wakens my Lady, and I would not for  
World she should find us here. But grant  
might not wake, what will my Singing sig-  
y if this new *Aeneas*, who is come to our Ha-  
tion to make me wretched, should be asleep,  
not hear the sound of my Complaints? Pray,  
dear *Altisidora*, said the other, do not make  
rself uneasie with those Thoughts; for with-  
doubt the Dutches is fast asleep; and every  
dy in the House but we and the Lord of thy  
Desires,

Desires, who keeps thy Soul awake, is enjoying Repose ; he is certainly awake, I heard him open his Window just now ; then sing, my poor grovelling Creature, sing, and joyn the melting Melodick of thy Lute to the soft Accents of thy Voice. If my Lady happens to hear us, we'll pretend she came out for a little Air. The heat within doors will be our excuse. Alas ! my dear, reply'd *Altisidora*, 'tis not that frights me most. I would not have my Song betray my Thoughts ; for those that do not know the mighty force of Love will be apt to take me for a light and indiscreet Creature——But yet since it must be so, I'll venture Better shame on the Face, than sorrow in the Heart ! This said, she began to touch her Lute so sweetly, that *Don Quixote* was ravish'd. At the same time an infinite number of Adventures of this nature, such as he had read of in his idle Books of Knight-Errantry, Windows, Grates, Gardens, Serenades, amorous Meetings, Parleys and Fopperies, all crowded into his Imagination ; and he presently fancy'd, that one of the Dutchess's Damsels was fall'n in Love with him, and struggled with her Modesty to conceal her Passion. He began to be apprehensive of the danger to which his Fidelity was exposed, but yet firmly determin'd to withstand the powerful Allurement, and so recommending himself with a great deal of Fervency to his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he resolv'd to hear the Melodick ; and to let the Serenading Ladies know he was awake, he feign'd a kind of a Sneeze, which did not a little please 'em ; for 'twas the only thing they wanted, to be assur'd their Jest was not lost. With that, *Altisidora* having tun'd her Lute afresh after a Flourish, began the following Ballad.

## The Mock Serenade.

**W**Ake, Sir Knight, now Love's Invading,  
Sleep in Holland-Sheets no more :  
When a Nymph is Serenading,  
'Tis an errant shame to snore.

Hear a Damsel, tall and tender,  
Hoaning in most rueful Guise,  
With Heart almost burn'd to Cinder,  
By the Sun-beams of thy Eyes.

To free Damsels from disaster,  
Is, they say, your daily Care :  
Can you then deny a Plaister  
To a Wounded Virgin here?

Tell me, Doughty Youth, who Curs'd thee  
With such Humours and ill Luck ?  
Was't some sullen Bear dry-nurs'd thee,  
Or She-Dragon gave the suck?

Dulcinea, that Virago,  
Well may brag of such a Kid :  
Now her Name is up, and may go  
From Toledo to Madrid.

Wou'd she but her Prize surrender,  
(Fudge how on thy Face I doat !)  
In exchange I'd gladly send her  
My best Gown and Petticoat.

Happy

Happy I, wou'd Fortune Doom thee  
 But to have me near thy Bed,  
 Stroke thee, Pat thee, Curry-Comb thee,  
 And hunt o'er thy solid Head.

But I ask too much sincerely,  
 And I doubt I ne'er must do't,  
 I'd but kist your Toe, and fairly  
 Get the Length thus of your Foot.

How I'd Rig thee, and what Riches  
 Should be heap'd upon thy Bones!  
 Caps and Socks, and Cloaks, and Breeches,  
 Matchless Pearls, and Precious Stones.

Do not from above, like Nero,  
 See me burn, and slight my Woe!  
 But to quench my Fires, my Hero,  
 Cast a pitying Eye below.

I'm a Virgin-Pullet truly;  
 One more tender ne'er was seen:  
 A meer Chicken fledg'd but newly;  
 Hang me, if I'm yet fifteen.

Wind and Limb, all's Tight about me:  
 My Hair dangles to my Feet.  
 I am straight too, if you doubt me.  
 Trust your Eyes, come down and see't.

I've a Bob Nose has no Fellow,  
 And a Sparrow's Mouth as rare,  
 Teeth like bright Topazes Yellow;  
 Yet I'm deem'd a Beauty here.

*You know what a rare Musician,  
(if you hearken) courts your Choice :  
I dare say my Disposition  
Is as taking as my Voice.*

*These, and such like Charms I've Plenty :  
I'm a Damsel of this Place :  
Let Altisidora tempt ye ;  
Or she's in a Woeful Case.*

Here the Courting Damsel ended her Song, and the Courted Knight began his Expostulation. VVhy (said he, with a Sigh heav'd from the bottom of his Heart) VVhy must I be so unhappy a Knight, that no Damsel can gaze on me without falling in Love ? VVhy must the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* be so unfortunate, as not to be permitted the single Enjoyment of my transcendent Fidelity ? Queens, why do you envy her ? Empreesses, why do you Persecute her ? Damsels of Fifteen, why do you attempt to deprive her of her Right ? Leave ! Oh leave the unfortunate Fair ! Let her Triumph, Glory, and Rejoice in the quiet Possession of the Heart which Love has allotted her, and the absolute Sway which she bears over my yielding Soul. Away, unwelcome crowd of Loving Impertinents ; *Dulcinea* alone can soften my Manly Temper, and mold me as she pleases. For her I am all Sweetness, for you I'm Bitterness it self. There is to me no Beauty, no Prudence, no Modesty, no Gayety, no Nobility among your Sex, but in *Dulcinea* alone. All other Women seem to me Deform'd, filly, wanton, and base-born, when compar'd with her. Nature brought me forth only that

I might be devoted to her Service. Let *Altisidora* Weep or Sing: Let the Lady despair on whose account I receiv'd so many Blows in the Disastrous Castle of the Enchanted Moor; still I am *Dulcinea's*, and hers alone, dead or alive, dutiful, unspotted, and unchang'd, in spite of all the Necromatick Powers in the World. This said, he hastily clapp'd to the Window, and flung himself into his Bed, with as high an Indignation, as if he had receiv'd some great Affront. There let us leave him a while, in regard the great *Sancho Panza* calls upon us to see him give a beginning to his famous Government.

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C H A P. LXV

*How the Great Sancho Panfa took Possession of his Island, and in what manner he began to Govern.*

O Thou perpetual Surveyor of the *Antipodes*, bright Luminary of the World, and Eye of Heaven, sweet promoter of the Bottle; here *Timbrus* call'd, there *Phæbus*, in one place an Archer, in another a Physician! Parent of Poesy, and Inventer of Musick, perpetual mover of the Universe, who, though thou seem'st sometimes to set, art always rising! Oh Sun, by whose assistance Man begets Man, on thee I call for help! Inspire me, I beseech thee, warm and illumine my gloomy Imagination, that my Narration may keep pace with the great *Sancho Panfa's* Actions throughout his Government; for, without thy powerful Influence, I feel my self benumm'd, dispirited and confus'd—Now I proceed.

*Sancho*, with all his Attendants, came to a Town that had about a thousand Inhabitants, and was one of the best where the Duke had any Power: They gave him to understand that the name of the Place was the Island of *Barataria*, or the cheap Island, either because the chief Town was called *Barataria*, or because the Government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the

Gates, (for it was Wall'd) the chief Officers and Inhabitants in their Formalities came out to receive him, the Bells rung, and all the People gave general demonstrations of their Joy. The new Governour was then carry'd in mighty Pomp to the great Church, to give Heaven thanks, and after some ridiculous Ceremonies they deliver'd him the Keys of the Gates, and receiv'd him as perpetual Governor of the Island of *Barataria*. In the mean time, the Garb, the Port, the huge Beard, and the short and thick Shape of the new Governor made every one who knew nothing of the Jest wonder, and even those who were privy to the Plot, who were many, were not a little surpriz'd.

In short, from the Church they carry'd him to the Court of Justice; where when they had plac'd him in his Seat, My Lord Governor, said the Duke's Steward to him, 'tis an ancient Custom here, that he that takes Possession of this famous Island must answer to some Difficult and intricate Question that is propounded to him; and by the return he makes, the People feel the Pulse of his Understanding, and by an estimate of his Abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or be sorry for his coming.

All the while the Steward was speaking, *Sancho* was staring on an Inscription in large Characters on the Wall over against his Seat; and as he could not read, he ask'd what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the Wall? Sir, said they, 'Tis an account of the Day when your Lordship took possession of this Island: And the Inscription runs thus. *This Day, being such a day of the Month, in such a Year, the Lord Don Sancho Panfa took Possession of this Island, which may he long enjoy.* And who is he, ask'd *Sancho*, whom they call

call Don Sancho Panza? Your Lordship, answer'd the Steward; for we know of no other Panza in this Island but your self who now sits in this Chair. Well, Friend, said Sancho, pray take notice, That Don does not belong to me, neither was it born by any of my Family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my Name: My Father was call'd Sancho, my Grand-father Sancho; and all of us have been Panza's, without any Don or Dona before our Name. Now do I already guess, your Dons are thick as Stones in this Island. But 'tis enough that Heaven knows my meaning; if my Government happens but to last four Days to an end, it shall go hard but I'll clear the Island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as so many Flesh-flies. Come, now for your Question, good Mr. Steward, and I'll answer it as well as I can, whether the Town be sorry or pleas'd.

At the same instant two Men came into the Court, the one dress'd like a Country-Fellow, the other look'd like a Tailor, with a pair of Sheers in his hand. An't please you, my Lord, cry'd the Tailor, and this Farmer here are come before your Worship. This honest Man came to my Shop yesterday; for saving your Presence I am a Tailor, an't like your Worship, and Heaven be prais'd free of my Company. Whereof, my Lord, he shew'd me a piece of Cloath; Sir, quoth he, is there enough to make me a-Cloak? Whereof I measur'd the Stuff, and answer'd him, an't like your Worship, and so it would. Now as I imagine, d'ye see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagin'd right enough) that I had a mind to-Cabbage some of his Cloath; measuring, as the saying is, another Man's Corn by his own Bushel, and judging hard of us honest Tailors. Whereof, quoth

he, look whether there be enough for two Cloaks? Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereof the Old Knave (an't like your Worship) going on to the same Tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three? And I said, so it would. Whereof he having no more Conscience than to ask me if it would make five, I was resolv'd to humour my Customer, and said it might. So we struck a Bargain. Whereof now the Man is come for his Cloaks, and when I ask him my Money, he'll have me give him his Cloath again, or pay him for't. Is this true, honest Man, said *Sancho* to the Farmer? Yes, an't please you, answer'd the Fellow; but pray let him shew the five Cloaks he has made me. VVith all my heart, cry'd the Tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his own Cloak he held up five little tiny Cloaks hanging upon his four Fingers and Thumb, as upon so many Pins. There, quoth he; you see the five Cloaks this good Gaffer asks for; and as I'm an honest Taylor, may I never whip a stitch more, if I have wrong'd him of the least snip of his Cloath, and let any VVork-man be Judge. The sight of the Cloaks and the oddness of the Cause set the whole Court a laughing. Only *Sancho* sate gravely considering a while, and then, Methinks, said he, this Suit here need not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of Equity; and therefore the Judgment of the Court is, That the Tailor shall lose his Making, and the Country-Man his Cloath, and that the Cloaks be given to the poor Prisoners, and so let there be an end of the Business.

If this Sentence rais'd the admiration of the whole Court, the next, no less provok'd their Laughter. For after the Governour's Order was executed, two old Men appear'd before him, one of 'em with a large Cane in his Hand, which he us'd as a Staff. My Lord, said the other who had none, some time ago I lent this Man ten Gold-Crowns to do him a kindness; which Money he was to repay me on Demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconveniency to him to repay me, than he labour'd under when he borrow'd it: However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have ask'd him for my due; nay, I have been forc'd to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but deny'd he ow'd me any thing, and said, that if I lent him so much Money, he certainly return'd it. Now, because I have no witnesses of the Loan, nor he of the pretended Payment, I beseech your Lordship to put him to his Oath; and if he will swear he has paid me, I'll freely forgive him before God and the World. What say you to this, old Gentleman with the Staff, ask'd *Sancho*? Sir, answer'd the old Man, I own he lent me the Gold; and since he requires my Oath; I beg you'll be pleas'd to hold down your Rod of Justice, that I may swear upon't, how I have honestly and truly return'd him his Money. Thereupon the Governour held down his Rod, and in the mean time the Defendant gave his Cane to the Plaintiff to hold as if it hinder'd him, while he was to make a Cross, and swear over the Judge's Rod: This done, he swore with the usual Form, That 'twas true the other had lent him the ten Crowns; but that he had really return'd him the same Sum into his own Hands; and that because he suppos'd

the Plaintiff had forgot it, he was continually asking him for it. The great Governor hearing this, ask'd the Creditor what he had to reply? He made answer, that since his Adversary had sworn it, he was satisfy'd; for he believ'd him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgot that he had been repaid. Then the Defendant took his Cane again, and having made a low Obeisance to the Judge, was immediately leaving the Court. Which when *Sancho* perceiv'd, reflecting on the passage of the Cane, and admiring the Creditor's Patience, after he had study'd a while, with his Head leaning over his Stomach, and his Forefinger on his Nose, on a sudden he order'd the old Man with the Staff to be call'd back. When he was return'd, honest Man, said *Sancho*, let me see that Cane a little; I have a use for't. With all my heart, answer'd the other; Sir, here it is; and with that he gave it him. *Sancho* took it; and giving it the other old Man, There, said he, go your ways, and Heaven be with you; for now you're paid. How so, my Lord, cry'd the old Man? Do you judge this Cane to be worth ten Gold-Crowns? Certainly, said the Governor, or else I am the greatest Dunce in the World. And now ye shall see whether I have not a head-piece fit to Govern a whole Kingdom upon a shift. This said, he order'd the Cane to be broken in open Court, which was no sooner done, but out dropp'd the ten Crowns. All the Spectators were amaz'd, and began to look on their Governour as a second *Solomon*. They ask'd him how he could conjecture that the ten Crowns were in the Cane? he told 'em, that, having observ'd how the Defendant gave it to the Plaintiff to hold while he took his Oath, and then swore he had truly re-

turn'd

turn'd him the Money in his own Hands, after which he took his Cane again from the Plaitiff; this consider'd, it came into his head, that the Money was lodg'd within the Reed. From whence may be learn'd, that though sometimes those that Govern are destitute of Sense, yet it often pleases God to direct 'em in their Judgments. Besides, he had heard the Curate of his Parish tell of such another Business; and he had so special a Memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole Island. At last the two old Men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace, and the Beholders were astonish'd: Infomuch that the Person, who was Commission'd to Register *Sancho's* Words and Actions, and observe his Behaviour, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the Character of a wise Man, instead of that of a Fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

No sooner was this Tryal over, but in came a Woman, haling along a Man that look'd like a good substantial Grazier. Justice, my Lord Governour, Justice, cry'd she aloud; and if I cannot have it on Earth, I'll have it from Heaven! Sweet Lord Governour, this wicked Fellow met me in the middle of a Field, and has had the full use of my Body; he has handled me like a Dish-clout. Woe's me, he has robb'd me of that which I had kept these three and twenty years. Wretch that I am, I had guarded it safe from Natives and Foreigners, Christians and Infidels! I have been always as tough as Cork; no Salamander ever kept it self more entire in Fire, nor no Wooll among the Briers, than did poor I, till this lewd-Man with his nasty Fists handled me at this

rate. Woman, Woman, quoth *Sancho*, no Reflections yet; whether your Gallant's Hands were nasty or clean, that's not to the Purpose. Then turning to the Grazier, Well, Friend, said he, what have you to say to this Woman's Complaint? My Lord, (answer'd the Man, looking as if he had been frighted out of his wits) I am a poor Drover, a Hog-man, an't like your worship, and this Morning I was going home from this Market, where I had sold (under correction be it spoken) four Hogs, and what with the Duties and the sharpening Tricks of the Officers, I hardly clear'd any thing by the Beasts. Now as I was trudging home, whom should I pick up by the way but this Hedge-Madam here, and as hungry Dogs will eat dirty Pudding, the Devil, who has a Finger in every Pye, being Powerful, forc'd us to Yoke together. I gave her that which would have contented any reasonable VWoman; but she was not satisfied, and wanted more Money; and would never leave me, till she had dragg'd me hither. She'll tell ye I Ravish'd her; but, by the Oath I've taken, or mean to take, she lies like a Drab as she is, and this is every tittle true. Fellow, quoth *Sancho*, hast thou any Silver about thee? Yes, an't like your VVorship, answer'd the Drover, I have some twenty Ducats in Silver in a Leathern Purse here in my Bosome. Give it the Plaintiff, Money and all, quoth *Sancho*. The Man with a trembling Hand did as he was commanded: The VWoman took it, and dropp'd a thousand Curtsies to the Company, wishing on her Knees as many Blessings to the good Governour, who took such special care of poor Fatherless and Motherless Children, and abus'd Virgins; and then she nimbly tripp'd out of Court, holding the Purse fast in both her Hands; though  
first

first she took care to peep into it, to see whether the Silver were there. Scarce was she gone, when *Sancho*, turning to the Fellow, who stood with the Tears in his Eyes, and look'd as if he had parted with his Blood as well as his Money: Friend, said he, run and overtake the VVoman, and take the Purse from her, whether she will or no, and bring it hither. The Drover was neither so deaf nor so mad as to be twice bid; away he flew like Lightning after his Money. The whole Court was in mighty expectation, and could not tell what would be the end of the Matter. But a while after the Man and the VVoman came back, he pulling, and she tugging; she with her Petticoat ruck'd up, and the Purse in her Bosom, and he using all the strength he had to get it from her. But it was to no purpose; for the Woman defended her Prize so well, that all his Manhood little availed. Justice, cry'd she, for Heaven's sake, Justice, Gentlemen! Look you, my Lord, see this impudent Ruffian, that on the King's High-way, nay, in the Face of the Court, would rob me of my Purse, the very Purse you condemn'd him to give me. And has he got it from you, ask'd the Governour? Got it, quoth the VVoman! I'll lose Life before I'll lose my Purse. I were a pretty Baby then, to let him wipe my Nose thus! No, you must set other Dogs upon me than this sorry sneaking mangy VVhelp; Pincers, Hammers, Mallets, and Chisels shan't wrench it out of my Clutches; no, not the Claws of a Lion; they shall sooner have my Soul than my Money: She says the Truth, my Lord, said the Fellow, for I am quite spent: The Jade is too strong for me; I cannot grapple with her. *Sancho* then call'd to the Female. Here, quoth he, Honesty! Brave She-Dragon, let me

see

see the Purse. The VVoman deliver'd it to him; and then he return'd it to the the Man; Hark you Mistress, said he to her, had you shew'd your self, as stout and valiant to defend your Body, (nay, but half so much) as you've done to defend your Purse, the strength of *Hercules* could not have forc'd you. Hence, Impudence, get out of my sight. Away in God's Name, or rather with a Pox to you; and do not offer to stay in this Island, nor within six Leagues of it, on pain of two hundred Lashes. Out, as fast as you can, you tricking, brazen-fac'd, brimstone, Hedge-Drab, away. The VVench was in a terrible fright, and sneak'd away, hanging down her Head as shamefully as if she had been catch'd in the Deed of Darknes. Now Friend, (said the Governour to the Man) get you home with your Money, and Heaven be with you. But another time, if you han't a mind to come off worse, be sure you don't yoke with such Cattle. The Drover thank'd him as indifferently as he could, and away he went; and all the People admired afresh their new Governour's Judgment and Sentences. An account of which was taken by him that was appointed to be his Historiographer, and forthwith transmitted to the Duke, who expected it with Impatience. Now let us leave honest *Sancho* here; for his Master with great earnestness requires our attendance, *Altisidora's* Serenade having strangely discompos'd his Mind.

C H A P. LXVI.

*Of the dreadful Alarms given to Don Quixote by the Bells and Cats, daring the Course of Altifidora's Amours.*

**W**E left the great *Don Quixote* profoundly buried in the Thoughts into which the enamour'd *Altifidora's* Serenade had plung'd him. He threw himself into his Bed; but the Cares and Anxieties which he brought thither with him, like so many Fleas, allow'd him no Repose, and the misfortune of his torn Stocking added to his Affliction. But as time is swift, and no Bolts nor Chains can bar his rapid Progress, posting away on the wings of the Hours, the Morning soon revolv'd. At the return of Light, *Don Quixote*, more early than the Sun, forsook his Downy Bed, put on his Shamoy-Apparel, and drawing on his walking-Boots, conceal'd in one of 'em the Disaster of his Hose; he threw his Scarlet Cloak over his Shoulder, and clapp'd on his Valiant Head his Cap of Green Velvet edg'd with Silver-Lace. Over his right Shoulder he hung his Belt, the sustainer of his trusty executing Sword. About his Wrist he wore the Rosary which he always carry'd about him; and thus accoutred, with a great deal of State and Majesty, he mov'd towards the Anti-Chamber, where the Duke and the Dutchess were ready dress'd, and in a manner expecting his coming. As he went through

a Gallery, he met *Altisidora* and her Companion, who waited for him in the Passage; and no sooner did *Altisidora* espy him, but she dissembled a swooning Fit, and immediately dropp'd into the Arms of her Friend, who presently began to unlace her Stays. Which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he approach'd, and turning to the Damsel, I know the meaning of all this, said he, and whence these Accidents proceed. You know more than I do, answer'd the assisting Damsel: But this I am sure of, that hitherto there's not a Damsel in this House, that has enjoy'd her Health better than *Altisidora*; I never knew her make the least complaint before. A Vengeance seize all the Knights Errant in the World, if they are all so ungrateful. Pray my Lord *Don Quixote* retire, for this poor young Creature will not come to her self, as long as you are by. Madam, answered the Knight, I beg that a Lute may be left in my Chamber this Evening, that I may assuage this Lady's Grief as well as I can; for in the beginning of an Amour, a speedy and free Discovery of our Aversion or Pre-engagement is the most effectual Cure. This said, he left 'em, that he might not be found alone with them by those that might happen to go by. He was scarce gone, but *Altisidora's* Counterfeiting Fit was over, and turning to her Companion, By all means, said she, let him have a Lute; for without doubt the Knight has a mind to give us some Musick, and we shall have sport enough. Then they went and acquainted the Dutches with their Proceedings, and *Don Quixote's* desiring a Lute; whereupon, being overjoy'd at the occasion, she Plotted with the Duke and her Women a new Contrivance to have a little harmless sport with the Don. After this, they expected with a pleasing Impatience the

the return of Night, which stole upon them as fast as had done the Day, which the Duke and Dutchess pass'd in agreeable Converse with *Don Quixote*. The same Day she really sent away a Page of hers, who had personated *Dulcinea* in the Wood, to *Teresa Panca*, with her Husband's Letter, and the bundle of Cloaths which he had left behind, charging him to bring her back a faithful account of every Particular between 'em.

At last, it being eleven a Clock at Night, *Don Quixote* retir'd to his Apartment, and finding a Lute there, he tun'd it, open'd the Window, and perceiving there was some-body walking in the Garden, he ran over the strings of the Instrument, and having tun'd it again as nicely as he could, he cough'd, and clear'd his Throat, and then with a Voice somewhat hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sung the following Song, which he had compos'd himself that very day.

## The A D V I C E.

**L**ove, a strong designing Foe,  
Careless Hearts with ease deceives;  
Can that Breast resist his blow,  
Which your Sloth unguarded leaves?

If you're idle, you're destroy'd,  
All his Art on you he tries;  
But be watchful and employ'd,  
Straight the baffled Tempter flies.

Maids, for Modest Grace admir'd,  
If they wou'd their Fortune's raise,  
Must in Silence live retir'd:  
'Tis their Vertue speaks their Praise.

Prudent

*Prudent Men in this agree,  
 Whether Arms or Courts they use ;  
 They may trifle with the Free,  
 But for Wives the Vertuous chuse.*

*Wanton Loves, which in their Way  
 Roving Travellers put on ;  
 In the Morn are fresh and gay,  
 In the Evening cold and gone.*

*Loves that come with eager haste,  
 Still with equal haste depart ;  
 For an Image ill impress'd,  
 Soon is vanish'd from the Heart.*

*On a Picture fair and true  
 Who wou'd paint another Face ?  
 Sure no Beauty can subdue,  
 While a greater holds the place !*

*The Divine Tobosan Fair,  
 Dulcinea, claims me whole ;  
 Nothing can her Image tear,  
 'Tis one substance with my Soul.*

*Then let Fortune smile or frown,  
 Nothing shall my Faith remove ;  
 Constant Truth, the Lover's Crown,  
 Can work Miracles in Love.*

No sooner had D. Q. made an end of his Song, to which the Duke, Dutches, *Altisidora*, and almost all the People in the Castle listen'd all the while; but on a sudden from an open Gallery that was directly over the Knight's Window, they let down a Rope, with at least a hundred little tinkling

ing Bells hanging about it. After that came down a great number of Cats, pour'd out of a huge Sack, all of 'em with smaller Bells ty'd to their Tails. The jangling of the Bells, and the meawing of the Cats made such a dismal Noise, that the very Contrivers of the Jest themselves were scar'd for the present, and *Don Quixote* was strangely amaz'd and all dismay'd. At the same time, as ill luck would have it, two or three frighted Cats leap'd in through the Bars of his Chamber Window, and running up and down the Room like so many evil Spirits, one would have thought a whole Legion of Devils had been flying about the Chamber. They put out the Candles that stood lighted there, and endeavoured to get out. Mean while the Rope with the bigger Bells about it was pull'd up and down, and those who knew nothing of the Contrivance were greatly Surprized. At last, *Don Quixote*, recovering from his Astonishment, drew his Sword, and fenc'd and laid about him at the Window, crying aloud, Avant, ye wicked Inchanters, hence Infernal Scoundrels ! for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and all your damn'd Devices cannot work their ends against me. And then running after the Cats that frisk'd about the Room, he began to thrust and cut at them furiously, while they strove to get out. At last they made their escape at the Window, all but one of 'em, who finding himself hard put it, flew in his Face, and laying hold on his Nose with his Claws and Teeth; put him to such Pain, that the Don began to Roar out as loud he he could. Thereupon the Duke and the Dutcheß, imagining the cause of his out-cry, ran to his assistance immediately; and having opened the Door of his Chamber with a Master-Key, found the poor Knight struggling hard

hard with the Cat, that would not quit its hold. By the light of the Candles which they had with them they saw the unequal Combat: The Duke offer'd to interpose, and take off the Animal; but *Don Quixote* would not permit him. Let nobody take him off, cry'd he; let me alone hand to hand with this Devil, this Sorcerer, this Necromancer! I'll make him know what it is to deal with *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. But the Cat, notwithstanding his Threats, growl'd on, and still held fast; till at length the Duke got its Claws unhook'd from the Knight's Fleth, and flung the Beast out at Window. *Don Quixote's* Face was hideously scratch'd, and his Nose in no very good condition: Yet nothing vex'd him so much as that they had rescu'd out of his Hands that villainous Necromancer. Immediately some Ointment was sent for, and *Altisidora* her self, with her own Lilly-white Hands apply'd some Plaisters to his Sores, and whispering him in the Ear, as she was dressing him, cruel hard-hearted Knight, said she, all these Disasters are befallen thee, as a just Punishment for thy obdurate Stubbornness and Disdain. May thy Squire *Sancho* forget to whip himself, that thy Darling *Dulcinea* may never be deliver'd from her Incantment, nor thou ever be bless'd with her Embraces, at least so long as I thy neglected Adorer live. *Don Quixote* made no Answer at all to this, only he heav'd up a profound Sigh, and then went to take his Repose, after he had return'd the Duke and Dutcheß Thanks, not so much for their assistance against that rascally crew of catterwauling and jangling Inchanters, for he defy'd 'em all, but for their Kindness and good Intent. Then the Duke and the Dutcheß left him, not a  
little

little troubled at the Miscarriage of their Jest, which they did not think would have proved so fatal to the Knight, as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his Chamber five days. During which time there happen'd to him another Adventure more pleasant than the last; which however cannot be now related; for the Historian must return to *Sancho Panza*, who was very busie, and no less pleasant in his Government.

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## C H A P. LXVII.

*A further Account of Sancho Panfa's Behaviour in his Government.*

THE History informs us, that *Sancho* was conducted from the Court of Justice to a sumptuous Palace ; where, in a spacious Room he found the Cloath laid, and a most neat and magnificent Entertainment prepar'd. As soon as he enter'd, the Wind-Musick play'd, and four Pages waited on him, in order to the washing of his Hands ; which he did with a great deal of Gravity. And now the Instruments ceasing, *Sancho* sat down at the upper end of the Table ; for there was no Seat but there, and the Cloath was only laid for one. A certain Personage, who afterwards appear'd to be a Physician, came and stood at his Elbow, with a Whalebone Wand in his Hand. Then they took off a curious white Cloath that lay over the Dishes on the Table, and discover'd great variety of Fruit, and other Eatables. One that look'd like a Student, said Grace ; a Page put a Lac'd Bib under *Sancho's* Chin ; and another, who did the Office of Steward, set a Dish of Fruit before him. But he had hardly put one bit into his Mouth before the Physician touch'd the Dish with his Wand, and then it was taken away by a Page in the Instant. Immediately another with Meat was clapp'd in the Place ; but

*Sancho*

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 453

*Sancho* no sooner offer'd to to taste of it, but the Doctor with the Wand Conjur'd it away as fast as the Fruit. *Sancho* was amaz'd at this sudden Removal, and looking about him on the Company, ask'd them whether they us'd to tantalize People at that rate, feeding their Eyes, and starving their Bellies? My Lord Governour, answer'd the Physician, you are to Eat here no otherwise than according to the Use and Custom of other Islands where there are Governours. I am a Doctor of Physick, my Lord, and have a Salary allow'd me in this Island, for taking Charge of the Governour's Health, and I am more careful of it than of my own; studying Night and Day his Constitution, that I may the better know what to Prescribe when he falls Sick. Now the chief thing I do, is to attend him always at his Meals, to let him Eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his Eating what I imagine to be Prejudicial to his Health, and offensive to his Stomach. Therefore I now order'd the Fruit to be taken away, because 'tis exceeding moist, and the other Dish, because 'tis as much too hot, and over-season'd with Spices, which are apt to encrease Thirst, and he that Drinks much, destroys and consumes the Radical Moisture, which is the Fuel of Life. So then, quoth *Sancho*, this Dish of Roasted Partridges here can do me no manner of harm. Hold, said the Physician, the Lord Governour shall not Eat of 'em, while I live to prevent it. Why so, cry'd *Sancho*? Because, answer'd the Doctor, our great Master *Hippocrates*, the North-Star, and Luminary of Physick, says in one of his Aphorisms, *Omnis Saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*: That is, all Repletion is bad, but that of Partridges is worst of all. If it be so, said *Sancho*, let  
Mr.

Mr. Doctor see which of all these Dishes on the Table will do me most good, and least harm, and let me Eat my Belly-ful of that, without having it whisk'd away with his Wand. For, by my Hopes, and the Pleasures of Government, as I live, I am ready to die with Hunger; and not to allow me to Eat any Victuals (let Mr. Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my Life, and not to lengthen it. Very true, my Lord, reply'd the Physician, however, I am of Opinion, you ought not to Eat of these Rabbers, as being a tough and acute kind of Food; nor would I have you taste of that Veal: Indeed if it were neither roasted nor stew'd, something might be said; but as it is, it must not be. Well then, said *Sancho*, what think you of that

huge Dish yonder that smoaks so?  
*\* 'Tis what we* I take it to be an *\* Olla Podrida*;  
*corruptly call* and that being a Hodge-podge of so  
*an Olio, all* many sorts of Victuals, sure I can't  
*sorts of Meat* but light upon something there  
*Stew'd toge-* that will nick me, and be both  
*ther.* Wholesome and Toothsome. *Alas!*

cry'd the Doctor, far be such an ill Thought from us; no Diet in the World yields a worse Nutriment than those Mish-mashes do. No, leave that Luxurious Compound to your Rich Monks and Prebendaries, your Masters of Colleges, and lusty Feeders at Country-Weddings. But let 'em not In-cumber the Tables of Governours, where nothing but delicate unmix'd Viands in their Prime ought to make a Figure. The reason is, that Simple Medicines are generally allow'd to be better than Compounds; for in a Composition there may happen a Mistake by the unequal proportion of the Ingredients; but Simples are not sub-

et to that Accident. Therefore what I wou'd  
advise at present, as a fit Diet for the Gover-  
nour, for the Preservation and Support of his  
Health, is a Hundred of small Wafers, and a  
few thin Slices of Marmalade to strengthen  
his Stomach, and help Digestion. *Sancho* hearing  
this, lean'd back upon his Chair, and looking  
earnestly in the Doctor's Face, very seriously  
ask'd him what his Name was, and where he  
had studied? My Lord, answer'd he I am call'd  
Doctor *Pedro Rezio de Agüero*. The Name of the  
Place where I was Born, is *Tirteafuero*, and lies  
between *Caraquel* and *Almodobar del Campo*, on  
the right-hand; and I took my Degree of  
Doctor in the University of *Osuna*. Hark you,  
said *Sancho*, in a mighty Chafe, Mr. Dr. *Pedro*  
*Rezio de Agüero*, a Native of *Tirteafuero*. that lies  
between *Caraquel* and *Almodobar del Campo*, on  
the right-hand, and who took your Degree  
of Doctor at the University of *Osuna*, and so  
forth, Be gone! Avoid the Room this Moment,  
or by the Life of *Pharaoh*, I'll get me a good  
Judgel, and beginning with your Carcass, will  
be-labour and Rib-roast all the Physick-mon-  
sters in the Island, that I'll not leave there one  
of the Tribe, of those, I mean, that are Ignorant  
Quacks; for as for Learned and Wise Physicians,  
I'll make much of 'em, and Honour 'em like so  
many Angels. Once more, *Pedro Rezio*, I say,  
get out of my Presence. Avaunt! Or I'll take  
the Chair I sit upon, and I'll Comb your Head  
with it to some Purpose; and let me be call'd to  
Account about it when I give up my Office,  
I don't care, I'll clear my self by saying, I did  
the World good Service, in ridding it of a bad  
Physician, the Plague of a Common-wealth.  
Body of me! let me Eat, or let 'em take their  
Go-

Government again; for an Office that won't afford a Man his Victuals is not worth two Horse-Beans. The Physician was terrify'd, seeing the Governour in such a Heat, and wou'd that Moment have slunk out of the Room, had not the sound of a Post-Horn in the Street been heard that Moment; whereupon the Steward immediately looking out at the Window, turn'd back, and said, there was an Express come from the Duke, doubtless with some Dispatch of Importance.

Presently the Messenger enter'd Sweating, with Haste and Concern in his Looks, and pulling a Packet out of his Bosom, deliver'd it to the Governour. *Sancho* gave it to the Steward, and order'd him to read the Direction, which was this; To *Don Sancho Pansa*, Governour of the Island of *Barataria*; to be deliver'd into his own Hands, or those of his Secretary. Who is my Secretary, cry'd *Sancho*? 'Tis I, my Lord, (answer'd one that was by) for I can Write and Read, and I am a *Biscayner*. That's enough to make that set up for a Secretary to the Emperor himself, said *Sancho*. Open the Letter then, and see what it says. The new Secretary did so, and having Perus'd the Dispatch by himself, told the Governour, that 'twas a Business that was to be told only in Private: *Sancho* order'd every one to leave the Room, except the Steward and the Carver, and then the Secretary read what follows.

*I have*

I have receiv'd Information, My Lord Don Sancho Panfa, that some of our Enemies intend to attack your Island with great Fury one of these Nights: You ought therefore to be watchful, and stand upon your Guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I have also had Intelligence from faithful Spies, that there are four Men got into the Town in Disguise, to murder you; your Abilities being regarded as a great obstacle to the Enemy's Designs. Look about you, take heed how you admit Strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing that is laid before you. I will take care to send you Assistance, if you stand in need of it: And in every thing I rely on your Prudence. From our Castle, the 16th of August, at 4 in the Morning.

Your Friend,

The Duke.

Sancho was astonish'd at the News, and those that were with him seem'd no less concerned. But at last, turning to the Steward, I'll tell you, said he, what is first to be done in this Case, and that with all speed; clap me that same Doctor Rexio in a Dungeon; for if any body has a mind to kill me, it must be he; and that with a lingering Death, the worst of Deaths, Hunger-starving. However, said the Carver, I am of Opinion, that your Honour ought not to Eat any of the things that stand here before ye; for they were sent in by some of the Convents, and 'tis a common saying, *That the Devil lurks behind the Cross.* Which no body can deny, quoth Sancho; and therefore let me have for the present but a Luncheon of Bread, and some four pound of Raisins; there can be no Poison in that: For, in short, I cannot live without eating; and if we must be

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in a readines against these Battels, we had need be well Victuall'd, for 'tis the Belly keeps up the Heart, and not the Heart the Belly. Mean while, Secretary, do you send my Lord Duke an Answer, and tell him, his Order shall be fulfill'd in every part without fail. Remember me kindly to my Lady Dutcheſs, and beg of her not to forget to send one on purpose with my Letter and Bundle to *Tereſa Panſa* my Wife, which I ſhall take as a ſpecial Favour, and I will be mindful to ſerve her to the beſt of my Power; and when your Hand's in, you may crowd in my Service to my Maſter *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that he may ſee I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful. The reſt I leave to you; put in what you will, and do your Part like a good Secretary and a ſtanch *Biſcayner*. Now take away here, and bring me ſomething to Eat; and then you ſhall ſee I am able to deal with all the Spies, Wizzards and Cut-throat Dogs, that dare to meddle with me and my Iſland.

At that time a Page entring the Room, My Lord, ſaid he, there's a Country-man without deſires to ſpeak with your Lordſhip about Buſineſs of great Conſequence. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, cry'd *Sancho*, that one muſt ſtill be Plagu'd with theſe Men of Buſineſs! Is it poſſible they ſhould be ſuch Sots as not to underſtand, this is not a time for Buſineſs? Do they fancy, that we Governors, and Retailers of Juſtice, are made of Iron and Marble, and have no need of Reſt and Reſreſhment, like other Creatures of Fleſh and Blood. Well, before Heaven, and o' my Conſcience, if my Goveenment does but laſt, as I ſhrewdly gueſs it will not, I'll get one of theſe Men of Buſineſs ſwing'd with a good Cat-a-nine-tails. Well, for once let the Fellow come in—But firſt take heed he be'nt one of the Spies, or Ruſſ-

an-Rogues that would Murder me. As for that, said the Page, I dare say he had no hand in the Plot, poor Soul, he looks as if he could not help it, there's no more harm in him to see to, than in a piece of good Bread. There's no need to fear, said the Steward, since we are all here by you, But hark you quoth *Sancho*, now Dr. *Rezio's* gone, might not I eat something that has some Substance in it, though it were but a Crust and an Onion? At Night, answer'd the Carver, your Honour shall have no cause to complain; Supper shall make amends for the want of your Dinner, Heaven grant it may, said *Sancho*.

Now the Countryman came in, and by his looks seem'd to be a good harmless silly Soul. As soon as he enter'd the Room, Which is my Lord Governor, quoth he? Who but he that sits in the Chair, answer'd the Secretary! I humble my self to his Worship's Presence, quoth the Fellow; and with that, falling on his Knees, he begg'd to kiss his Hand: Which *Sancho* refus'd, but bid him rise, and tell him what he had to say. The Countryman then got up, my Lord, quoth he, I am a Husbandman of *Miguel-Turra*, a Town some two Leagues from *Ciudad-real*. Here's another *Tirte a fuera*, quoth *Sancho*; Well, go on friend; I know the Place full well; 'tis not far from our Town. An't please you, said the Countryman, my Business is this. I was Marry'd, by Heaven's Mercy, in the Face of our Holy Mother the Roman Catholick Church; and I have two Boys that take thir Learning at the College; the youngest studies to be a Batchelor, and the eldest to be a Master of Arts. I am a Widower, because my Wife is Dead; she dy'd, an't please you, or to speak more truly, she was kill'd, as a body may say, by a damn'd Doctor, that gave her

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her a Purge when she was with Child. Had been Heaven's blessed Will that she had been brought to Bed of a Boy, I would have sent him to study to have been a Doctor, that he might have had no cause to envy his Brothers. So the quoth *Sancho*, had not your Wife died, or had they not made her die, you had not then been a Widower. Very true, answer'd the Man. We are much the nearer, cry'd *Sancho*; Go on, honest Friend, and prithee dispatch; for 'tis rather time to take an Afternoons-Nap than to talk of Business. Now, Sir, I must tell you, continued the Farmer, that that Son of mine, the Batchelor of Art that is to be, fell in Love with a Maide of our Town, *Clara Perlerino* by Name, the Daughter of *Andrew Perlerino*, a mighty rich Farmer, and *Perlerino* is not their right Name neither; but because the whole Generation of 'em is troubled with the Palsie, they used to be call'd by the Name of that Ailing, and so they have signified the Name, d'ye see, and go by that of *Perlerino*, and truly it fits the young Woman rarely, for she is a precious Pearl for Beauty, especially if you stand on her right side and view her; she looks like a Flower in the Fields, On the left indeed she does not look altogether so well; for there she wants an Eye, which she lost by the Small Pox, that has digg'd a many Pits somewhat deep all over her Face; but those that wish her well say, that's nothing, and that those Pits are but so many Graves to bury Lovers Hearts. She looks so cleanly, that because she will not have her Nose drop upon her Lips, she carries it cock'd up, and her Nostrils are turn'd up on each side, as if they shunn'd her Mouth, that is somewhat of the worst, and for all that she looks exceeding well; and were it not for some ten or a dozen of her

Teeth and Grinders which she wants, she might  
 set up for one of the cleverest Lasses in the  
 country. As for her Lips, I don't know what  
 I say to you of 'em, for they are so thin and  
 slender, that were it the fashion to wind Lips  
 they do Silk, one might make a Skain of hers.  
 Besides, they are not of the ordinary hue of  
 common Lips: No, they are of the most won-  
 derful Colour that ever was seen, as being speck-  
 led with Blue, Green, and Orange-Tawny. I  
 hope my Lord-Governor will pardon me, for  
 telling thus on the Picture and several rare  
 features of her that is one day to be my Daugh-  
 ter, seeing 'tis meerly out of my hearty Love  
 and Affection for the Girl. Prithce Paint on  
 as long as thou wilt, said *Sancho*; I am migh-  
 tily taken with this kind of Painting, and if I  
 but Din'd, I would not desire a better Desert  
 than thy Original. Both my self and that are  
 in your Service, quoth the Fellow, or at least, we  
 will be in time, if we are not now. But alas!  
 that is nothing; could I set before your  
 eyes her pretty Carriage, and her Shape, you  
 would admire. But that's not to be done; for  
 she is so crooked and crumpled up together, that  
 her Knees and her Chin meet, and yet any one  
 may perceive that if she could but stand upright,  
 her Head would touch the very Cieling: and  
 she would have given her Hand to my Son the  
 Bachelor in the way of Matrimony before now,  
 that she's not able to stretch it forth, the Si-  
 ders being quite shrunk up: however, the broad  
 gutter'd Nails add no small grace to it, and  
 let you know what a well-made Hand she

So far, so good, said *Sancho*; but let us suppose you have drawn her from Head to Foot: What is it you'd be at now? Come to the Point, Friend, without so many windings and turnings, and going round about the Bush. Sir, said the Farmer, I would desire your Honour to do me the Honour, to do me the kindness to give me a Letter of Accommodation to the Father of my Daughter-in-Law, beseeching him to be pleas'd to let the Marriage be fulfill'd; seeing we are not unlike, neither in Estate nor in Bodily Concerns. For to tell you the truth, my Lord Governor, my Son is bewitch'd, and there is not a Day pass'd over his Head but the foul Fiends torment him three or four times; and having once had the ill luck to fall into the Fire, the skin of his Face is shrivell'd up like a piece of Parchment, and his Eyes are somewhat sore and full of Rheum. But when all is said, he has the Temper of an Angel, and were he not apt to thump and belabour himself now and then in his Fits, you would take him to be a Saint.

Have you any thing else to ask, honest Man, said *Sancho*? only one thing more, quoth the Farmer; but I am somewhat afraid to speak it. Yet I cannot find in my heart to let it rot within me, and therefore, fall back fall edge, I must out with it. I would desire your Worship to bestow on me some three hundred or six hundred Ducats towards my Batchelor's Portion, I mean to help him to begin the World, and furnish him a House; for, in short, they will live by themselves, without being subject to the Impertinencies of a Father-in-Law. Well, said *Sancho*, see if you would have any thing else; if you would, don't let Fear or Bashfulness be your hinderance! Out with it, Man. No truly, quoth

the Farmer; and he had hardly spoke the Words, when the Governour starting up, and laying hold of his Chair, You brazen-fac'd silly impudent Country-Booby, cry'd he, get out of my Presence this moment, or, by the Blood of the *Pan-fa's*, I'll crack your Jolter-head with this Chair, you whoreson Raggamuffin, Painter of the Devil's Triggremate. Dost thou come at this time of Day to ask me for six hundred Ducats? where should I have them, mangy Clod-pate? And if I had 'em, why should I give you, you old doating Scoundrel? What a-pox care I for *Miguel Turra*, or all the Generation of the *Perlerinos*. Avoid the Room, I say, or by the Life of the Duke, I'll be as good as my Word, and will ding out thy Cookoo-Brains. Thou art no Native of *Miguel-Turra*, but some Imp of the Devil, sent on his Master's Errand to tempt my Patience. 'Tis not a Day and a half that I have been Governor, and thou would'st have six hundred Ducats already, Dunderhead-Sot.

The Steward made signs to the Farmer to withdraw, and he went out accordingly, hanging down his head, and to all appearance very much afraid lest the Governor should make good his angry Threats; for the cunning Knave knew very well how to act his Part. But let us leave *Sancho* in his angry Mood, and let there be Peace and Quietness, while we return to *Don Quixote*, whom we left with his Face covered over with Plaisters, the Scratches which he had got when the Cat so clapperclaw'd him, having oblig'd him to no less than eight Days retirement; during which time there happen'd that to him, which *Cid Hamet* promises to relate with the same Punctuality and Veracity with which he delivers the Particulars of this History, how trivial soever they be.

## CHAP. XLVIII.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez the Dutcheſs's Woman ; as alſo other Paſſages worthy to be Recorded, and remember'd for ever.*

**D**ON Quixote thus unhappily hurt, was extremely ſullen and Melancholy, his Face wrapp'd up and mark'd, not by the Hand of a Superiour Being, but the Paws of a Cat, a miſfortune incident to Knight-Errantry. He was ſix Days without appearing in Publick ; and one Night, when he was thus confin'd to his Apartment, he lay awake, reflecting on his Miſfortunes, and *Altiſidora's* Importunities, he perceiv'd that ſome body was opening his Chamber-Door with a Key, and preſently imagin'd that the Amorous Damsel was coming to make an Attempt on his Chaſtity, and expoſe him to the Danger of forfeiting that Loyalty which he had Vow'd to his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. Prepoſſeſs'd with that Conceit, No, (ſaid he, loud enough to be heard) the greateſt Beauty in the Univerſe ſhall never remove the dear Idea of the Charming Fair, that is Engrav'd and Stamp'd in the very Center of my Heart, and the moſt ſecret Recesses of my Breſt. No, thou only Miſtreſs of my Soul, whether transform'd into a  
rank

rank Country Wench, or into one of the Nymphs of the Golden *Tagus*, that Weave Silk and Gold in the Loom: Whether *Merlin* or *Montefinos* detain thee where they please, be where thou wilt, thou still art mine; and wherever I shall be, I must and will be thine. Just as he ended his Speech, the Door open'd. Up he got in the Bed, wrapp'd from Head to Foot in a Yellow Sattin Quilt, with a Woollen Cap on his Head, his Face and his Mustachio's bound up; his Face, to heal its Scratches, and his Mustachio's, to keep them from hanging down: In which Posture, he look'd like the strangest Apparition that can be imagin'd. He fix'd his Eyes towards the Door, and when he expected to have seen the yielding and doleful *Altisidora*, he beheld a most Reverend Matron approaching in a White Vail, so long that it cover'd her from Head to Foot. Betwixt her Left-hand Fingers she carried half a Candle lighted, and held her Right-hand before her Face to keep the Blaze of the Taper from her Eyes, which were hidden by a huge pair of Spectacles. All the way she trod very softly, and mov'd a very slow Pace. *Don Quixote* thus mounted, watch'd her Motions, and observing her Garb and her Silence, took her for some Witch or Inchantress, that came in that Dress to practice her Wicked Sorceries upon him; and began to make the sign of the Cross as fast as he cou'd. The Vision advanc'd all the while, and being got to the middle of the Chamber, lifted up its Eyes, and saw *Don Quixote* thus making a Thousand Crosses on his Breast. But if he was astonish'd at the sight of such a Figure, she was no less afrighted at his: so that as soon as she spy'd him thus wrapp'd up in Yellow, so lank, be-patch'd, and muffled up, Bless me, cry'd she,

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what's this ! with the sudden Fright, she dropp'd her Candle, and now being in the Dark, as she was running out, the length of her Coats made her stumble, and down she fell in the middle of the Chamber. *Don Quixote* at the same time was in great Anxiety. Phantome, cry'd he, or whatever thou art, I conjure thee to tell me who thou art, and what thou requir'st of me ? If thou art a Soul in Torment, tell me, and I will endeavour thy Ease to the utmost of my Power ; for I am a Catholick Christian, and love to do good to all Mankind ; for which reason I took upon me the Order of Knight-Errantry, whose Extensive Duties engage me to relieve even the Souls in Purgatory. The poor Old Woman hearing her self thus conjur'd, judg'd of *Don Quixote's* Fears by her own, and therefore with a low and doleful Voice, My Lord *Don Quixote*, said she, (if you are he) I am neither a Phantome nor a Ghost, nor a Soul in Purgatory, as I suppose you fancy ; but *Donna Rodriguez*, my Lady Dutchess's Matron of Honour, who come to you about a certain grievance, of the nature of those which you use to redress. Tell me, *Donna Rodriguez*, said *Don Quixote*, are not you come to manage some Love-Intrigue ? If you are, take it from me, you'll lose your Labour : Tis all in vain, thanks to the Peerless Beauty of my Lady *Dulcinea del Tobosa*. In a word, Madam, provided you come not on some such Embassy, you may go light your Candle, and return, and we will talk of any thing you please ; but remember I bar all dangerous Insinuations, all amorous Inticements. What ! I Procure for others, cry'd the Matron ! I find you don't know me, Sir. I am not so stale yet, to be reduc'd to such poor Employments. I have good Flesh still about me, Heaven be prais'd.

ed, and all my Teeth in my Head, except some few which the Rheums, so brief in this Country of *Arragon*, hve robb'd me of. But stay a little, I'll go light my Candle, and then I'll tell you my Misfortunes, for 'tis you that set to rights every thing in the World. This said, away she went, without staying for an Answer.

*Don Quixote* expected her a while quietly, but his working Brain soon started a Thousand Chimeras concerning this new Adventure; and he fancied he did ill in giving Way, tho' but to a Thought of endangering his Faith to his Mistress. Who knows, said he to himself, but that the Devil is now endeavouring to circumvent me with an old Governante, tho' it has not been in his Power to do it with Countesses, Marchionesses, Dutcheses, Queens, nor Empresses. I have often heard say, and that by Persons of great Judgment, that, if he can, he will rather delude a Man with an ugly Object, than with one that's Beautiful. Who knows but this solitude, this occasion, the stillness of the Night, may rouse my sleeping Desires, and cause me in my latter Age to fall, where I never stumbled before? In such cases, 'tis better to fly than to stay to face the Danger. But why do I argue so foolishly? Sure 'tis impossible that an Antiquated Waiting-Matron, in a long White Vail, like a Winding-sheet, with a pair of Spectacles over her Nose, should create or waken an unchaste Thought in the most abandon'd Libertine in the World. Is there any one of these *Duena's* or Governante's that has good Flesh? Is there one of those Implements of Antichambers that is not impertinent, affected, and intolerable? Avaunt then, all ye idle Crowd of Wrinkled Female-Wait-

Waiters, unfit for any humane Recreation ! How is that Lady to be commended, who, they tell us, set up only a couple of Mawkins in her Chamber, exactly representing two Waiting-Matrons, with their Work before 'em ! The State and Decorum of her Room was as well kept with those Statues as it wou'd have been with real *Duenda*. So saying, he started from the Bed to lock the Door, and shut out *Donna Rodriguez* ; but in that very Moment she happen'd to come in with a Wax-Candle lighted ; at what time spying the Knight near her, wrapp'd in his Quilt, his Face bound up, and a Woollen Cap on his Head, she was frighted again, and started two or three steps back. Sir Knight, said she, is my Honour safe ; for I don't think it looks handsomely in you to come out of your Bed ? I ought to ask you the same Question, Madam, said *Don Quixote* ; and therefore tell me whether I shall be safe from being assaulted and ravish'd ? Whom are you afraid of, Sir Knight, cry'd she ? Of you, reply'd *Don Quixote* : for, in short, I am not made of Marble, nor you of Brass ; neither is it now the Noon of Day, but that of Night, and a little later too if I am not mistaken ; besides we are in a place more close and private, than the Cave must have been where the false and presumptuous *Aeneas* enjoy'd the Beautiful and Tender-hearted *Dido*. However, give me your Hand, Madam ; for I desire no greater Security than that of my own Continency and Circumspection. This said, he kiss'd his own Right-hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same Ceremony.

Here *Cid Hamet* (making a Parenthesis) swears by *Mahomet*, he would have given the best Court  
of

of two that he had, only to have seen the Knight and the Matron walk thus Hand in Hand from the Chamber-door to the Bed-side. To make short, *Don Quixote* went to Bed again, and *Donna Rodriguez* sat down in a Chair at some distance, without taking off her Spectacles, or setting down the Candle. *Don Quixote* crowded up together, and cover'd himself close, all but the Face, and after they had both remain'd a while in Silence, the first that broke it was the Knight. Now, Madam, said he, you may freely unburden your Heart, sure of Attention to your Complaints, from Chaste Ears, and Assistance in your Distress from a compassionate Heart. I believe no less, said the Matron, and promis'd my self no less charitable an Answer from a Person of so graceful and Pleasing a Presence. The Case then is, Noble Sir, that tho' you see me sitting in this Chair, in the middle of *Arragon*, in the Habit of an insignificant unhappy Governante, I am of *Asturias de Oviedo*, and of one of the best Families in that Province. But my hard Fortune, and the neglect of my Parents, who fell to Decay too soon, I can't tell how, brought me to *Madrid*; where, because they cou'd do no better, for fear of the worst, they plac'd me with a Court-Lady, to be her Chamber-Maid. And tho' I say it, for all manner of Plain-Work, I never was outdone by any one in all my Life. My Father and Mother left me at Service, and return'd home; and some few Years after, they both Dy'd, and went to Heaven, I hope; for they were very good and Religious Catholics. Then was I left an Orphan, and wholly reduc'd to the sorrowful Condition of such Court-Servants, wretched Wages, and a slender Allowance. About the same time the Gentleman-Usher

fell

fell in Love with me before I dreamt of any such thing, Heaven knows. He was somewhat stricken in Years, had a fine Beard, ~~was~~ a Personable Man, and what's more, as good a Gentleman as the King for he was of the Mountains. We did not carry Matters so close in our Love, but it came to my Lady's Ears; and so to hinder Peoples Tongues without any more ado, she caus'd us to be Marry'd in the Face of our Holy Mother the Catholick Church; which Matrimony produc'd a Daughter, that made an end of my good Fortune, if I had any. Not that I dy'd in Childbed, for I went my full time, and was safely Deliver'd; but because my Husband (rest his Soul) dy'd a while after of a Fright; and had I but time to tell you how it happen'd, I dare say you wou'd wonder. Here she began to Weep piteously. Good Sir, cry'd she, I must beg your Pardon; for I can't contain myself. As often as I think of my poor Husband, I cant forbear shedding of Tears. Bless me, how he look'd, and with what Stateliness he would Ride, with my Lady behind him, on a stout Mule as black as Jet (for Coaches and Chairs were not us'd then as they are now a-days; but the Ladies rode behind their Gentlemen-Ushers.) And now my Tongue's in, I can't help telling you the whole Story, that you may see what a fine well-bred Man my dear Husband was, and how nice in every Punctilio.

One Day, at *Madrid*, as he came into *St. James's-Street*, which is somewhat narrow, with my Lady behind me, he met a Judge of the Court, with two Officers before him: Whereupon, as soon as he saw him, to shew his Respect, my Husband turn'd about his Mule, as if had design'd

sign'd to have Waited on him. But my Lady whispering him in the Ear, VVhat d'you mean, said she, Blockhead ? Don't you know your VVay ? The Judge on his side was no less civil, and stopping his Horse, Sir, said he, pray keep your way ; you must not go with me, it becomes me rather to wait on my Lady *Casilda*, (for that was the Lady's Name.) However my Husband with his Hat in his Hand, persisted in his civil Intentions. But at last, my Lady being very angry with him for it, took a great Pin, or rather, as I am apt to believe, a Bodkin out of her Case, and run it into his Back ; upon which my Husband suddenly starting, and crying out, fell out of the Saddle, and pull'd down my Lady after him. Immediately two of her Footmen ran to help her, and the Judge and his Officers did the like. The Gate of *Guadalajara* was presently in a Hubbub (the idle People about the Gate I mean.) In short, my Lady return'd home a foot, and my Husband went to a Surgeon, complaining that he was Prick'd through the Bowels. And now this Civility of his was talk'd of every where, insomuch that the very Boys in the Streets flock'd about him ; for which reason, and because he was somewhat short-sighted, my Lady dismiss'd him her service ; which he took so to Heart, poor Man, that I dare say it cost him his Life soon after. Now was I left a poor helpless VVidow, and with a Daughter to keep, who still encreas'd in Beauty as she grew up, like the Foam of the Sea. At length, having the Name of an excellent VVork-woman at my Needle, my Lady Dutcheß, who was newly Marry'd to his Grace, took me to live with her here in *Arragon*, and my Daughter as well as my self. In time the Girl grew up, and be-

became the most accomplish'd Creature in the World. She Sings like a Lark, Dances like a Fairy, trips like a wild Buck, Writes and Reads like a School-master, and casts Accompts like an Usurer. I say nothing of her Neatness; but certainly the purest Spring-water that runs is not more cleanly, and then for her Age, she is now, if I mistake not, just sixteen Years five Months, and three Days old. Now who shou'd happen to fall in Love with this Daughter of mine but a mighty rich Farmer's Son, that lives in one of my Lord Duke's Villages not far off, and indeed, I can't tell how he manag'd Matters, but he ply'd her so close, that upon a Promise of Marriage he Wheadled her into a Consent, and, in short, got his Will of her, and now refuses to make his Word good. The Duke is no Stranger to the Business; for I have made my Complaint to him about it many and many times, and begg'd of him to enjoyn the Young Man to Wed my Daughter; but he turns his Deaf Ear to me, and can't endure I shou'd speak to him of it, because the young Knave's Father is Rich, and lends the Duke Money, and is Bound for him upon all Occasions, so that he would by no means disoblige him.

Therefore, Sir, I apply my self to your Worship, and beseech you to see my Daughter righted, either by Entreaties, or by Force; seeing every body says, you were sent into this World to redress Grievances, and assist those in Adversity. Be pleas'd to cast an Eye of Pity on my Daughter's Orphan-state, her Beauty, her Youth, and all her other good Parts; for, o' my Conscience, of all the Damsels my Lady has, there is not one can come up to her by a Mile; no, not she that's cry'd up as the airiest and finest of 'em, all whom  
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they call *Altisidora*: I am sure she is not to be nam'd the same Day: For, let me tell you, Sir, all is not Gold that Glisters: This same *Altisidora* after all, is a hoity toity, that has more Vanity than Beauty, and less Modesty than Confidence. Besides, she is none of the Soundest neither, for her Breath is so strong, that no body can endure to stand near her for a Moment. Nay, my Lady Dutchess too — but I must say no more, for as they say, Walls have Ears. What of my Lady Dutchess, said *Don Quixote*? By all that's dear to you, *Donna Rodriguez*, tell me, I conjure you. Your Entreaties, said the Matron, are too strong a Charm to be resisted, Dear Sir, and I must tell you the Truth. Do you observe, Sir, that Beauty of my Lady's, that Softness, that clearness of Complexion, smooth and shining like a Polish'd Sword. Those Cheeks, all Milk and Vermilion, fair, like the Moon, and glorious as the Sun; that Air when she Treads, as if she disdain'd to touch the Ground, and in short, that Look of Health that enlivens all her Charms? Let me tell you Sir, she may thank Heaven for't in the first place, and next to that, two Issues in both her Leggs, which she keeps open to carry off the ill Humours in which the Physicians say her Body abounds. Holy Virgin, cry'd *Don Quixote*! Is it possible the Dutchess shou'd have such Drains! I shou'd not have believ'd it from any body but you, though Bare-foot-Friers had Sworn it. But yet certainly from so much Perfection, no ill Humours can flow, but rather Liquid Amber. Well, I am now perswaded that such Sluces may be of Importance to Health.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* said those Words, when at one Bounce the Chamber-door flew open

pen ; whereupon *Donna Rodriguez* was seiz'd with such a terrible Fright, that she let fall her Candle, and while they were thus in the Dark, the poor Matron felt some body hold her by the Throat, and squeeze her Weasand so hard, that it was not in her Power to cry out. And another having pull'd up her Coats, laid her on so unmercifully upon her bare Buttocks with a Slipper or some such thing, that it would have mov'd any one but those that did it, to Pity. *Don Quixote* was not without Compassion, yet he did not think fit to stir from the Bed, but lay snug and silent all the while, not knowing what the meaning of this Bustle might be, fearing lest the Tempest that pour'd on the Matron's Posteriors might also light upon his own ; and not without reason ; for indeed, after the mute Executioners had well Curried the Old Gentlewoman (who durst not cry out) they came to *Don Quixote*, and turning up the Bed-Cloaths, pinch'd him so hard and so long, that in his own Defence, he cou'd not forbear laying about him with his Fists as well as he cou'd, till at last, after the Scuffle had lasted about half an Hour, the Invisible Phantomes Vanish'd. *Donna Rodriguez* set her Coats to rights, and lamenting her hard Fortune, left the Room, without speaking a Word to the Knight. As for him, he remain'd where he was, sadly pinch'd and tir'd, and very Moody and Thoughtful, not knowing who this Wicked Inchanter shou'd be, that had us'd him in that manner. But we shall know that in its proper time. Now let us leave him, and return to *Sancho Panza*, who calls upon us, as the Order of our History requires.

C H A P. XLIX.

*What happen'd to Sancho Panfa, as he  
went the Rounds in his Island.*

**W**E left our mighty Governor much out of Humour, and in a pelting Chafe, with that saucy Knave of a Country-man, who, according to the Instructions he had receiv'd from the Steward, and the Steward from the Duke, had Banter'd his Worship with this impertinent Description. Yet as much a Dunce and a Fool as he was, he made his Party good with them all. As he was, he made his Party good with them all. At last, addressing himself to those about him, among whom was Doctor Pedro Rezio, who had ventur'd into the Room again after the Consult about the Duke's Letter was over; Now, said he, do I find in good earnest that Judges and Governors must be made of Brass, or ought to be made of Brass, that they may be Proof against the Importunities of those that pretend Business, who at all Hours, and at all Seasons would be Heard and Dispatch'd, without any regard to any body but themselves, let what will come of the rest, so their turn is served. Now if a poor Judge does not Hear and Dispatch them presently, either because he is other ways busie and cannot, or because they don't come at a proper Season, then do they Grumble, and give him their Blessing backwards, rake up the Ashes of his Fore-fathers, and would gnaw his very Bones. But

But with your Leave, Hair-brain'd Mr. Busy-body, Rattle-headed Mr. To-and-agen you are too hasty, pray have a little Patience, and wait a fit time to make your Motion. Don't come at Dinner-time, or when a Man is going to Sleep, for we Judges are Flesh and Blood, and must allow Nature what she naturally requires; unless it be poor I, who am not to allow mine any Food, God wot, thanks to my Friend the learned Doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here present, who is for starving me to Death, and then swears 'tis for my Health. Heaven grant him such a Living, I pray, and to all the gang of Physick-mongers as he is, to all all such damn'd Leaches I mean; for the good Physicians deserve Palms and Laurels.

All that knew *Sancho* wonder'd to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that Offices and Places of Trust inspired some Men with Understanding, as they Stupify'd and Confounded others. However, Doctor Pedro Rezio aguero de Tirteafuera promis'd him he should Sup that Night, though he Trespas'd against all the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. This pacify'd the Governor for the present, and made him wait with a mighty impatience for the Evening, and Supper. To his thinking the hour was so long a coming, that he fancy'd Time stood still, but yet at last the wish'd-for moment came, and they serv'd him up some minc'd Beef with Onions, and some Calves-feet somewhat overgrown. The hungry Governor presently fell to with more eagerness and appetite than if they had given him *Milan* Godwits, *Roman* Pheasants, *Sorrentum* Veal, *Moron* Partridges, or *Lavajos* Gossins. And after he had pretty well taken down the sharp edge of his Stomach, turning to the Physician, Look you, quoth he, Mr. Doctor, hereafter never trouble your self to get  
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me Dainties or fine Tit-bits to humour my Stomach ; that would but take it quite off the hinges ; by reason it has been used to nothing but good Beef, Bacon, Pork, Goats-flesh, Turnips and Onions ; and if you ply me with your Kickshaws, your nice Peck, and Courtiers Fare, 'twill but make my Stomach queasie and untoward, and I shall be so squeamish as to loath them one time or other. However, I shall not take it amiss, if the Steward will now and then set before me one of those what d' call'ems, those *Ollas Podridas's*, or Mingle-mangles, where all sorts of good things are rotten-stew'd, and as it were lost in one another ; and the more they are thus rotten, and like their Name, the better the Smack ; and there you may make a Jumblement of what you will, so it be eatable, and I shall remember him, and make him amends one of these days. But let nobody put Tricks upon Travellers, and make a Fool of me ; for either we are, or we are not. Let's be Merry and Wise, and live and eat lovingly together in peace and quietness, for where God sends his Light he sends it to all, I'll Govern this Island fair and square, without underhand-dealings or taking of Bribes ; but take notice I won't bate an Inch of my Right ; and therefore let every one carry an even hand, and mind their hits, or else I'd have them to know the Devil will be in the Air, there's Rods in Piss for 'em. They that urge me too far shall rue for it with a wannion ; for, make your self Honey, and the flies will eat you. Indeed, my Lord Governour, said the Steward, your Lordship is much in the right in all you have said ; and I dare engage for all the Inhabitants of this Island, that they will obey and observe your Commands with Diligence, Love and Punctuality ; for your gentle

the way of Governing in the beginning of your Administration does not give them the least opportunity to act, or but to design any thing to your Lordship's Disadvantage. I believe as much answered *Sancho*, and they would be silly Wretches, should they offer to do or think otherwise. Let me tell you too, 'tis my pleasure you take care of me and my *Dapple*, that we may both have our Food as we ought, which is the most material business. Next, let us think of going the Rounds, when 'tis time for me to it; for I intend to clear this Island of all Filth and Rubbish, of all Rogues and Vagrants, idle Lusks and sturdy Beggars. For I would have you to know, my good Friends, that your Slothful, Lazy, Lewd People in a Commonwealth are like Drones in a Bee-hive, that waste and devour the Honey which the labouring Bees gather. I design to encourage Husbandmen, preserve the Privileges of the Gentry, reward Vertuous Persons, and above all things reverence Religion, and have regard to the honour of Religious Men. What think you of this my good Friends? do I talk to the Purpose, or are my Brains addle? You speak so well, my Lord Governor, answer'd the Steward, that I stand in Admiration to hear a Man so unletter'd as you are (for I believe your Lordship can't read at all) utter so many notable Things, and in every Word a Sentence; far from what they who sent you hither, and they who are here present ever expect from your Understanding. But every day produces some new Wonder, Jest is turn'd into Earnest, and those who design'd to laugh at others, happen to be laugh'd at themselves.

It being now Night, and the Governor having supp'd, with Doctor *Rezio's* leave, he prepar'd to walk the Rounds, and set forward, attended by the

the Steward, the Secretary, the Gentleman-Waiter, the Historiographer who was to Register his Acts, several Sergeants and other Limbs of the Law, so many in Number that they made a little Battalion, in the middle of which the Great *Sancho* march'd with his Staff of Authority in his hand, in a notable manner. They had not walk'd far in the Town, before they heard the clashing of Swords, which made 'em hasten to the Place whence the Noise came, Being come thither they found only two Men a Fighting, who gave over, perceiving the Officers. What, (cry'd one of them at the same time) Do they suffer Folks to be robb'd in this Town in Defiance to Heaven and the King? Do they let Men be stripp'd in the middle of the Street? Hold, honest Man, said *Sancho*, have a little patience, and let me know the Occasion of this Fray, for I am the Governor. My Lord, said the other Party, I'll tell you in few Words. Your Lordship must know that this Gentleman just now at a Gaming-Ordinary over the Way, won above a thousand Reals, Heaven knows how. I stood by all the while, and gave Judgment for him in more than one doubtful Cast, tho' I could not well tell how to do it in Conscience. He carried off his Winnings, and when I expected he would have given me a piece or two, as it is a Claim among us Gentlemen of this Town, who frequent Ordinaries, from those that Play high and win, for preventing Quarrels, being at their *Backs*, and giving Judgment right or wrong, nevertheless he went away without giving me any thing. I ran after him, not very well pleas'd with his proceeding, yet very civilly desir'd him to consider I was his Friend, that he knew me to be a Gentleman, though fallen to Decay, that had nothing to live upon, my Friends having brought

brought me up to no Employment; and therefore I entreated him to be so kind as to give me eight Reals: But the stingy Soul, a greater Thief than *Cacus*, and a worse Sharper than *Andradilla*, would give me but sneaking four Reals. And now, my Lord, you may see how little Shame and Conscience there's in him. But faith, had not your Lordship come just in the nick, I would have made him bring up his Winnings, and taught him the difference between a Rook and a Jack-daw. What say you to this, cry'd *Sancho* to the other? The other made Answer, that he could not deny what his Antagonist had said, that he would give him but four Reals, because he had given him Money several times before; and Beggars should not be chusers, but be thankful for what is given them, without haggling with those that have won, unless they know 'em to be common Cheats, and the Money not won fairly; and that to shew he was a fair Gamester, and no Sharper, as the other said, there needed no better proof than his refusal to give him any thing; since the Sharpers are always in Fee with these Bully-Rocks who know 'em, and wink at their Cheats. That's true, said the Steward: Now what would your Lordship have us to do with these Men. I'll tell you, said *Sancho*. First, you that are the Winner, whether by fair Play or by foul, give you Bully-hack here a hundred Reals, immediately, and thirty more for the poor Prisoners: And you that have nothing to live on, and were brought up to no Employment, and go sharpening up and down from place to place, pray take your hundred Reals, and be sure by to-morrow to go out of this Island, and not to set foot in it again these ten Years and a Day, unless you have a mind to make an end of your Banishment

in another World; for if I find you here I will make you swing on a Gibbet, with the help of the Hangman; away, and let no body offer to reply, or I'll lay him by the Heels. Thereupon the one disburs'd, and the other receiv'd, the first went home, and the last went out of the Island; and then the Governor going on, either I shall want of my Will, said he, or I'll put down these disorderly Gaming-Houses; for I have a fancy they are highly prejudicial. As for this House in Question, said one of the Officers, I suppose it will be a hard matter to put it down, for it belongs to a Person of Quality, who loses a great deal more by Play at the Year's end than he gets by his Cards. You may shew your Authority against other gaming-houses of less Note that do more Mischiefe, and harbour more dangerous People than the Houses of Gentlemen and Persons of Quality, where your notorious Sharpers dare not use their slights of hand. And since Gaming is a Vice that is become a common Practice, 'tis better to Play in good Gentlemen's Houses, than in those of under-Officers, where they shall draw you in a poor bubble, and after they have kept him playing all the Night long, send him away stripp'd naked to the Skin. Well, all in good time, said *Sancho*: I know there's a great deal to be said in this Matter. At the same time one of the Officers came holding a Youth, and having brought him before the Governor, an't Please your Worship, said he, this young Man was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceiv'd it was the Rounds he sheer'd off, and set a running as fast as his Legs would carry him, a sign he's no better than he should be. Thereupon I ran after him, but had not he happen'd to fall, I had never come up with him. What made you run away, friend,

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said *Sancho*? Sir, answer'd the young Man, 'twas only to avoid all the Questions one is commonly teiz'd with by the Watch. What Business d'you follow, ask'd *Sancho*? I am a Weaver by Trade, an't like your Worship, answer'd the other. A Weaver of what, ask'd the Governor? Of Steel Heads for Lances, with your Worship's good Leave, said t'other. Oh hoh, cry'd *Sancho*, you are an arch Wag I find, and pretend to pass your Jest upon us: Very well. And pray whether are you a going at this time of Night? To take the Air, an't like your Worship, answer'd the other. Good, said *Sancho*, and where do they take the Air in this Island? Where it blows, said the Youth. A very proper Answer, cry'd *Sancho*. You are a very pretty impudent Fellow, that's the truth on't. But pray make account that I am the Air, or the Wind, which you please, and that I blow in your Poop, and drive you to the Roundhouse. —Here——take him, and carry him away thither to rights: I'll take care the Youngster shall sleep out of the Air to Night; he might catch cold else by lying abroad. Before *George*, said the Young-man, you shall as soon make me a King as make me sleep out of the Air to Night. Why, you young Slip-string, said *Sancho*, is it not in my power to commit thee to Prison, and fetch thee out again as often as 'tis my Will and Pleasure. For all your Power, answer'd the Fellow, you shan't make me sleep in Prison. Say you so, cry'd *Sancho*! Here, away with him to Prison, and let him see to his Cost, who is mistaken, he or I; and lest the Jaylor should be greas'd in the Fist to let him out, I'll fine him two thousand Ducats if he let thee stir a foot out of Prison. All that's a Jest said the other; For I defy all Mankind to make me sleep

this Night in a Prison. Tell me, Devil incarnate, said *Sancho*, hast thou some Angel to take off the Irons, I'll have thee clapp'd in, and get thee out? Well, now, my good Lord Governor, (said the young Man very prettily) let us talk Reason and come to the Point. Suppose your Lordship should send me to Jail, and get me laid by the heels in the Dungeon, shackl'd and manacl'd, and lay a heavy Penalty on the Jaylor, in case he let me out; and suppose your Orders be strictly obey'd; yet for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but will keep awake all Night without so much as shutting my Eyes, pray can you with all the Power you have, make me sleep whether I will or no? No certainly, said the Secretary, and the young Man has made out his meaning. Well, said *Sancho*, but I hope you mean to keep your self awake, only as one would chuse to sleep if he lists himself, and not to thwart my Will. I mean nothing else indeed, my Lord, said the Lad. Why then go home and sleep, quoth *Sancho*, and Heaven send thee good rest. I'll not be thy hind'rance. But have a care another time of sporting with Justice; for you may meet with some Man in an Office that may chance to break your Head while you are breaking your Jest. The Youth went his Way, and the Governor continued his Round.

A while after came two of the Officers, bringing a Person along with them. My Lord Governor, said one of 'em, we have brought here one that's dress'd like a Man, yet is no Man, an't please you; but a Female, and no ugly one either. Thereupon they lifted up to her Eyes two or three Lanthorns, and by their Light discover'd the Face of a Woman about sixteen years of Age, beautiful to Admiration, with her Hair

put up in a Net-work Purse of Gold and green Silk. They examin'd her Dress from Head to Foot, and found that her Stockings were of Canton-Silk, and her Garters of white Taffeta Fring'd with Gold and Pearls. Her Breeches were of Gold Tissue, upon a green Ground, and her Coat of the same stuff; under which she wore a Doublet of very fine stuff-gold and white. Her Shoes were white, and made like Mens. She had no Sword, but only a very rich Dagger, and several costly Rings on her Fingers. In a Word the young Creature seem'd very lovely to 'em all, but not one of 'em knew her. Those of the Company who liv'd in the Town could not imagine who she was; and those who were privy to all the Tricks that were to be put upon *Sancho* were more at a loss than the rest, well knowing that this Adventure was not of their own contriving; which made 'em be in great expectation of the Event. *Sancho* was surpriz'd at her Beauty, and ask'd her who she was, whither she was going, and upon what account she had put on such a Dress? Sir, said she, (fixing her Eyes on the Ground with a decent Bashfulness) I cannot tell you before so many People what I have so much reason to wish may be kept secret. On this one thing I do assure you, that I am no Thrice nor evil-minded Person; but an unhappy Maid whom the force of Jealousie has constrain'd to transgress the Laws of Maiden Decency. The Steward hearing this, My Lord Governor, said he, be pleased to order your Attendants to retire, that the Gentlewoman may more freely tell her Mind. The Governor did accordingly, and the Company remov'd at a distance, except the Steward, the Gentleman-waiter, and the Secretary; and then the young Lady thus proceeded

I am the Daughter of *Pedro Perez Mazorca*, Farmer of the Wool in this Town, who comes very often to my Father's House. This will hardly pass, Madam, said the Steward; for I know *Pedro Perez* very well, and I am sure he has neither Sons nor Daughters. Besides, you tell us he's your Father, and at the same time that he comes very often to your Father's House. I observ'd as much, said *Sancho*. Indeed, Gentlemen, said she, I am now so troubled in Mind, that I know not what I say. But the Truth is, I am the Daughter of *Diego de la Llana*, whom I suppose you all know. Now this may pass, said the Steward, for I know *Diego de la Llana*, who is a very considerable Gentleman, has a good Estate, and a Son and a Daughter. But since his Wife dy'd, no Body in this Town can say he ever saw that Daughter, for he keeps her so close that he hardly suffers the Sun to look on her; though indeed the common Report is, that she is an extraordinary Beauty. You say very true, Sir, reply'd the young Lady; and I am that very Daughter; as for my Beauty, if Fame has given a wrong Character of it, you will now be undeceiv'd, since you have seen my Face; and with this she burst out into Tears. The Secretary perceiving this, whisper'd the Gentleman-Waiter in the Ear: Sure, said he, some extraordinary matter must have happen'd to this poor young Lady, since it could oblige one of her Quality to come out of Doors in this Disguise, and at this unseasonable Hour. That's without question, answer'd the other; for her Tears too confirm the Suspicion. *Sancho* comforted her with the best Reasons he could think on: and bid her not be afraid, but tell 'em what had befall'n her; for they would all really do whatever lay in their Powers to make her easie.

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You must know, Gentlemen, said she, that 'tis now ten Years that my Father has kept me close, ever since my Mother dy'd. We have a small Chappel richly adorn'd, in the House, where we hear Mass; and in all that time I have seen nothing but the Sun by Day, and the Moon and Stars by Night; neither do I know what Streets, Squares, Market-places and Churches are; no nor Men, except my Father, my Brother, and that *Pedro Perez* the Wool-Farmer, whom I at first would have pass'd upon you for my Father, that I might conceal the right. This Confinement (not being allowed to stir abroad, though but to go to Church) has made me uneasie this great while, and made me long to see the World, or at least the Town where I was born, which I thought no unlawful or unseemly desire. When I heard 'em talk of Bull-Feasts, Prizes, acting of Plays, and other Publick Sports, I ask'd my Brother, who is a year younger than I, what they meant by those things, and a World of others, which I have not seen; and he inform'd me as well as he could: But that made me but the more eager to be satisfy'd by my own Eyes. In short, I begg'd of my Brother—I wish I never had done it—and here she relaps'd into Tears. The Steward perceiving it, come Madam, said he, pray proceed, and make an end of telling us what has happen'd to you; for your Words and your Tears keep us all in suspense. I have but few Words more to add, answer'd she, but many more Tears to shed; for they are commonly the Fruit of such imprudent Desires.

That Gentleman of the Duke's, who acted the Part of *Sancho's* Sewer, or Gentleman-Waiter, and was smitten with the young Ladies Charms, could not forbear lifting up his Lanthorn to get

another Look ; and as he view'd her with a Lover's Eyes , the Tears that trickled down her Cheeks seem'd to him so many Pearls, or some of the Heavenly Dew on a fair drooping Flower, precious as Oriental Gems. This made him wish that the misfortune might not be so great as her Sighs and Tears bespoke it. As for the Governor, he stood fretting to hear her hang so long upon her Story ; and therefore bid her make an end, and keep 'em no longer thus, for it was late, and they had a great deal of Ground to walk over yet. Thereupon with broken Sobs and half-fetch'd Sighs, Sir, said she, all my Misfortune is only, that I desir'd my Brother to lend me some of his Cloaths, and that he would take me out some Night or other to see all the Town while our Father was asleep. Importun'd by my Intreaties, he consented, and having lent me his Cloaths, he put on mine, which fit him as if they had been made for him ; for he has no Beard at all, and makes a mighty handsome Woman. So this very Night about an hour ago we got out, and being guided by my Father's Foot-boy and our own unruly Desires, we took a Ramble over the whole Town ; and as we were going home we peceiv'd a great number of People coming our way ; whereupon, said my Brother, Sister, this is certainly the VVatch ; follow me, and let us not only run, but fly as fast as we can, for if we should be known, 'twould be the worse for us. VVith that he fell a Running as fast as if he had had wings to his Feet. I fell a running too, but was so frighted that I fell down before I had gone half a dozen Steps ; and then a Man overtook me, and brought me before you, and this Crowd of People, by whom, to my shame, I am taken for an ill Creature, a bold indiscreet Night-

walker. And has nothing befall'n you but this, cry'd *Sancho*? You talk'd at first of some Jealousie that had set you a gadding. Nothing else indeed, answer'd the Damsel; though I pretended Jealousie; I ventur'd out on no other Account but a little to see the World, and that too no further than the Streets of this Town. All this was afterwards confirm'd by her Brother, who now was brought by some of the Watch, one of whom had at last overtaken him, after he had left his Sister. He had nothing on but a very rich Petticoat and a Blue Damask Manteau with a Gold Galloon; his Head without any Ornament but his own Hair, that hung down in natural Curls like so many Rings of Gold. The Governor, the Steward, and the Gentleman-waiter took him aside, and after they had examin'd him apart, why he had put on that Dress, he gave the same answer his Sister had done, and with no less Bashfulness and Concern; much to the satisfaction of the Gentleman-waiter, who was much smitten with the young Lady's Charms.

As for the Governor, after he had heard the whole Matter, Truly, Gentlefolks, said he, here's a little piece of Childish Folly. And to give an Account of this wild Frolick, and slip of Youth, there needed not all these sighs and tears, nor these hems and haui's, and long Excuses. Could not you without any more ado, as well have said, our Names are so and so, and we stole out of our Father's House for an hour or two only, to ramble about the Town, and satisfy a little Curiosity; and there had been an end of the Story, without all this bitter weeping and wailing? You say very well, said the young Damsel, but you may imagine that in the Trouble and Fright I was in, I could not behave my self as I should have done. Well, said *Sancho*, there's no harm done; go along with

with us, and we'll see you home at your Father's, perhaps you may'nt yet be miss'd. But have a care how you gad abroad to see Fashions another time. Don't be too venturesome. An honest Maid should be still at home, as if she had one Leg broken. A Hen and a Woman are lost by Rambling; and she that longs to see, longs also to be seen. I need say no more.

The young Gentleman thank'd the Governor for his Civility, and then went home under his Conduct. Being come to the House, the young Spark threw a little Stone against one of the Iron-barr'd Windows; and presently a Maid-Servant who sat up for 'em came down, open'd the Door, and let him and his Sister in.

The Governor with his Company then continu'd his Rounds, talking all the way they went of the genteel Carriage and Beauty of the Brother and Sister, and the great desire these poor Children had to see the World by Night.

As for the Gentleman-Waiter, he was so passionately in Love, that he resolv'd to go the next day, and demand her of her Father in Marriage, not doubting but the Old Gentleman would comply with him, as he was one of the Duke's Principal Servants. On the other side, *Sancho* had a great Mind to strike a Match between the young Man and his Daughter *Sanchica*; and he resolv'd to bring it about as soon as possible; believing no Man's Son could think himself too good for a Governor's Daughter. At last his Round ended for that Night, and his Government two or three days after; which also put an end to all his great Designs and Expectations, as shall be seen hereafter.

## C H A P. L.

*Who the Enchanters and Executioners were that Whipp'd the Duena, and Pinch'd and Scratch'd Don Quixote; with the Success of the Page that carried Sancho's Letter to his Wife Teresa Panfa.*

**C**old Hamet, the most punctual Enquirer into the minutest Particles of this Authentick History, relates, that when Donna Rodriguez was going out of her Chamber to Don Quixote's Apartment, another Old Waiting-woman that lay with her perceiv'd it: And as one of the chief Pleasures of all those Female Implements consists in enquiring, prying, and running their Noses into every thing, she presently watch'd her Fellow-Servant's Motions, and follow'd her so cautiously, that the good Woman did not discover it. Now Donna Rodriguez was no sooner got into the Knight's Chamber, but the other, lest she shou'd forfeit her Character of a true tattling Waiting-woman, flew to tell the Dutchess in her Ear, that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's Chamber. The Dutchess told the Duke, and having got his Leave to take Altisidora with her, and go to satisfy her Curiosity about this Night-Visit, they very silently crept along in the Dark, till they came to Don Quixote's Door, and as they stood listening there, overheard very easily

filly every Word they said within. So that when the Dutchess heard her leaky Woman set the Secret of her Imperfections adrift, she was not able to contain, nor was *Altifidora* less Provok'd. Full of Rage, and greedy of Revenge, they rush'd into the Chamber, and beat the *Duena*, and claw'd the Knight, as has been related. For those affronting Expressions that are levell'd against the Beauty of Women, or the good Opinion of themselves, raise their Anger and Indignation to the highest Degree, and incense them to a desire of Revenge.

The Dutchess diverted the Duke with an account of what had pass'd, and having a mighty Mind to continue the Merriment which *Don Quixote's* Extravagancies afforded 'em, the Page that acted the Part of *Dulcinea* when 'twas propos'd to end her Inchantment, was dispatch'd away to *Teresa Panfa*, with a Letter from her Husband, (for *Sancho*, having his Head full of his Government, had quite forgot to do it) and at the same time the Dutchess sent another from herself, with a large costly Rosary of Coral, as a Present.

Now the Story tells us, that the Page was a sharp and ingenious Lad, and being very desirous to please his Lord and Lady, made the best of his way to *Sancho's* Village. When he came near the Place, he saw a Company of Females washing at a Brook, and ask'd 'em, whether they cou'd inform him, if there liv'd not in that Town a Woman whose Name was *Teresa Panfa*, Wife to one *Sancho Panfa*, Squire to a Knight call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*? He had no sooner ask'd the Question, but a young Wench that was Washing among the rest, stood up. That *Teresa Panfa* is my Mother, quoth she; That

Gaffer

Gaffer *Sancho* is my nown Father, and that same Knight our Master. Well then, Damsel, said the Page, pray go along with me, and bring me to your Mother; for I have a Letter and a Token here for her from your Father. That I will withall my Heart, Sir, said the Girl, who seem'd to be about fourteen Years of Age, little more or less; and with that leaving the Cloaths she was Washing to one of her Companions, without staying to dress her Head or put on her Shooes, away she sprung before the Page's Horse, bare-legg'd, and with her Hair about her Ears Come along, an't please you, quoth she, our House is hard by; 'tis but just as you come into the Town, and my Mother's at Home, but brim full of Sorrow, poor Soul, for she has not heard from my Father I don't know how long. Well, said the Page, I bring those Tydings that will cheer her Heart, I warrant her. At last, what with Leaping, Running, and Jumping, the Girl being come to the House, Mother, Mother, (cry'd she as loud as she cou'd, before she went in) come out, Mother, come out here's a Gentleman has brought Letters and Tokens from my Father. At that Summons, out came the Mother, spinning a Lock of coarse Flax, with a Russel Petticoat about her, so short that it look'd as if it had been cut off at the Placket; a Wastecoate of the same, and her Smock hanging loose about it. Take her otherwise, she was none of the oldest, but look'd somewhat turn'd of Forty, strong built, Sinewy, Hale, Vigorous, and in good Case. What's the matter, Girl (quoth she, seeing her Daughters with the Page) What Gentleman is that? A Servant of your Ladyship's, my Lady *Teresa* *Dansa*, answer'd the Page; and at the same time alight-

alighting, and throwing himself at her Feet with the most humble Submission. My Noble Lady *Donna Teresa*, said he, permit me the Honour to Kiss your Ladyship's Hand, as you are the only Legitimate Wife of my Lord *Don Sancho Panza*, proper Governour of the Island of *Barataria*. Alack a day, good Sir, quoth *Teresa*, what d'you do? By no means. I am none of your Court-Dames, but a poor silly Country Body, the Daughter of a Plough Jobber, the VVife indeed of a Squire Errant, but no Governour, I beseech ye. Your Ladyship, reply'd the Page, is the most worthy Wife of a Thrice-Worthy Governour; and for Proof of what I say, be pleas'd to receive this Letter, and this Present, With that he took out of his Pocket a Rosary of Coral Beads set in Gold, and putting it about her Neck, This Letter, said he, is from his Honour the Governour, and another that I have for you, together with these Beads, from her Grace the Lady Dutcheffs, that sent me to your Ladyship.

*Teresa* stood amaz'd, and her Daughter was transported. Now I'll be Hang'd, quoth the young Baggage, if our Master, *Don Quixote* be not at the bottom of this. Ay, this is his doing. He has given my Father that same Government or Earldom he has promis'd him so many times. You say right, answer'd the Page: 'Tis for the Lord *Don Quixote*'s sake that the Lord *Sancho* is now Governour of the Island of *Barataria*, as the Letter will inform you. Good Mr. Gentleman, quoth *Teresa*, read it me, an't like your Worship; for tho' I can Spin, I can't Read a jot: Nor I neither e'fackins, cry'd *Sanchica*. But do but stay a little, and I'll go fetch one that shall; either the Batchelour *Samson Carrasco*, or our Parson

son himself, who'll come with all their Hearts, to hear News of my Father. You may spare your self the Trouble, said the Page; for though I cannot Spin, yet I can Read; and I'll read it to ye. With that he read the Letter, which is now omitted, because it has been inserted before. That done, he pull'd out another from the Dutcheffs, which runs as follows.

*Friend Teresa,*

**Y**Our Husband Sancho's good Parts, his Wit and Honesty, oblig'd me to desire the Duke my Husband to bestow on him the Government of one of his Islands. I am inform'd he is as sharp as a Hawk in his Office; for which I am very glad, as well as my Lord Duke, and return Heaven many Thanks, that I have not been deceiv'd in making Choice of him for that Preferment. For you must know, Senorat Teresa, 'tis a difficult thing to meet with a good Governour in this World; and may Heaven make me as good as Sancho proves in his Government.

I have sent you, my Dear Friend, a string of Coral Beads, set in Gold; I could wish they were Oriental Pearls for your Sake; but a small Token may not hinder a great one. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and when we have Convers'd together, who knows what may come to pass? Commend me to your Daughter Sanchica, and bid her from me to be in a Readiness; for I design to Marry her greatly when she least thinks of it.

I understand you have fine large Acorns in your Town; pray send me a Dozen or two of 'em, I shall set a greater Value upon 'em, as coming from your Hands. And pray let me have a good long Letter, to let me know how you do; and if you have  
occasion

occasion for any thing, 'tis but ask and have ;  
 shall even know your Meaning by your Gaping. So  
 Heaven Preserve you.

From this Castle.

Your Loving Friend,

The Dutcheſs.

Bless me quoth *Teresa*, when she had heard  
 the Letter, What a good Lady's this ! Not a bit  
 of Pride in her ! Heaven grant me to be buried  
 with such Ladies , and not with such proud  
 Madams as we have in our Town, who, because  
 they are Gentlefolks forsooth, think the Wind  
 must not blow upon 'em, but come flaunting to  
 Church, as Stately as if they were Queens. It  
 seems they think it scorn to look on a poor  
 Country Woman : But look you here's a good  
 Lady, who, tho' she be Dutcheſs, calls me her  
 Friend, and uses me as if I were as high as  
 herself. Well, may I see her as high as the high-  
 est Steeple in the whole Country ! As for the A-  
 corns she writes for, Master o' mine, I'll send her  
 good Ladyship a whole Peck, and such swing-  
 ing Acorns, that every body shall come to ad-  
 mire 'em, far and near. And now, *Sanchica*, see  
 that the Gentleman be made VVelcome, and want  
 for nothing. Take care of his Horse. Run to  
 the Stable, get some Eggs, cut some Bacon ; he  
 shall Fare like a Prince : The rare News he has  
 brought us, and his good Looks deserve no less.  
 Mean while I'll among my Neighbours ; I can't  
 hold. I must run and tell 'em the News; our good  
 Curate too shall know it, and Master *Nicho-*  
*las* the Barber ; for they have all along been  
 thy

thy Father's Friends. Ay, do, Mother, said the Daughter; but hark you, you must give me half the Beads; for I dare say the great Lady knows better things than to give 'em all to you. 'Tis all thy own, Child, cry'd the Mother; but let me wear it a few days about my Neck; for thou can'st not think how it rejoices the very Heart of me. You will rejoice more presently, said the Page, when you see what I have got in my Portmantle; a fine Suit of Green Cloath, which the Governour wore but one day a Hunting, and has here sent to my Lady *Sanctica*. Oh the Lord love him, cry'd *Sanctica*, and the fine Gentleman that brings it me.

Presently, away run *Teresa* with the Beads about her Neck, and the Letters in her Hand, all the while playing with her Fingers on the Papers, as if they had been a Timbrel; and meeting by chance the Curate and the Batchelor *Carrajo*, she fell a Dancing and Frisking about; Faith and Troth, cry'd she we are all made now. Not one small Body in all our Kindred. VVe have got a poor thing call'd a Government. And now let the Proudest of 'em all toss up her Nose at me, and I'll give her as good as she brings I'll make her know her distance. How now, *Teresa*, said the Curate? VVhat Mad Fit is this? VVhat Papers are those in your Hand? No Mad Fit at all, answer'd *Teresa*; but these are Letters from Dutchessees and Governours, and these Beads about my Neck are right Coral, the *Ave-Mary's* I mean, and the *Pater-Noster's* are of beaten Gold, and here's Madam Governess. Verily, said the Curate, there's no understanding you, *Teresa*; we don't know what you mean. There's that will clear the Riddle, quoth *Teresa*, and with that she gave 'em the Letters. Thereupon the

the Curate having read 'em aloud. that *Sampson Carrasco* might also be inform'd, they both stood and look'd on one another, and were more at a loss than before. The Batchelor ask'd her who brought the Letter? *Teresa* told them they might go home with her and see; 'twas a sweet handsome young Man, as fine as any thing; and that he had brought her another Present worth twice as much. The Curate took the String of Beads from her Neck, and view'd it several times over, and finding that it was a thing of Value, he cou'd not conceive the meaning of all this. By the Habit that I wear, cry'd he, I cannot tell what to think of this Business. In the first place, I am convinc'd that these Beads are right Coral and Gold; and in the next, here's a Dutcheß sends to beg a dozen or two of Acorns. Crack that Nut if you can, said *Sampson Carrasco*. But come, let's go see the Messenger, and probably he'll clear our Doubts.

Thereupon going with *Teresa*, they found the Page sitting a little Corn for his Horse, and *Sancho* cutting a Rasher of Bacon to be Fry'd with Eggs for his Dinner. They both lik'd the Page's Mein and his Garb, and after the usual Compliments, *Sampson* desir'd him to tell 'em some News of *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho Pansa*; ; for tho' they had read a Letter from the latter to his VVife, and another from the Dutcheß, they were no better than Riddles to 'em, nor could they imagine how *Sancho* shou'd come by a Government, especially of an Island, well knowing that all the Islands in the *Mediterranean*, or the greatest part of them, were the King's.

Gentlemen, answer'd the Page, 'tis a certain Truth, that Signior *Sancho Pansa* is a Governour, but

but whether it be of an Island not, I do not pretend to determine: But this I can assure you, that he commands in a Town that has above a Thousand Inhabitants. And as for my Lady Dutcheſs's ſending to a Country-woman for a few Acorns, that's no ſuch VVonder; for ſhe is ſo free from Pride, that I have known her ſend to borrow a Comb of one of her Neighbours. You muſt know, our Ladies of *Arragon*, tho' they are as Noble as thoſe of *Caſtile*, do not ſtand ſo much upon Formalities and Punctilio's; neither do they take ſo much State upon 'em; but treat People with more Familiarity.

VVhile they were thus Diſcourſing, in came *Sanchica* Skipping, with her Lap full of Eggs; and turning to the Page, Pray Sir, quoth ſhe by chance does my Father wear Trunk-Breeches now he's a Governour? Truly, ſaid the Page, I never minded it, but without doubt he does. Oh Gemini, cry'd the young VVench, what wou'd not I give to ſee my Father in his Trunk Hoſe? Is it not a ſtrange thing, that ever ſince I can remember my ſelf, I have wiſh'd to ſee my Father in Trunk-Breeches. You'll ſee him as you'd have him, ſaid the Page, if your Ladyſhip does but live. Odsfiſh, if his Government holds but two Months, you'll ſee him go with an Umbrella over his Head.

The Curate and the Batchelor plainly perceiv'd that the Page did but Laugh at the Mother and the Daughter; but yet the coſtly String of Beads, and the Hunting Suit, which by this time *Tereſa* had let 'em ſee, confounded 'em again. In the mean while they cou'd not-forbear Smiling at *Sanchica*'s odd Fancy, and much leſs at what her Mother ſaid. Good Maſter Curate, quoth ſhe, do ſo much as enquire whether any

of

of our Neighbours are going to *Madrid*, or *Toledo*. I'd have 'em buy me a hugeous Farthingale, of the best cut Courtly Fashion, and the very finest that can be got for Money; for by my Holy Dame, I mean to Credit my Husband's Government the best I can; and if they vex me I'll hie me to that same Court, and ride in my Coach too as well as the best of 'em; for she that is a Governour's Lady may very well afford to have one. O rare, Mother, cry'd *Sancho*, wou'd 'twere to Night before to Morrow. May hap, when they saw me sitting in our Coach by my Lady Mother, they would jeer and flout, Look, look, would they say, yonder's Goody Trollop, the Plough-jobber's Bearn! How she flaunts it, and goes ye lolling in her Coach like a little Pope *Joan*. But what would I care? Let 'em trudge and rail on on Foot, and in the Dirt, while I ride by in my Coach, with my Feet out of the Mire. Shame and ill-Luck go along with all your little back-biting Scrubs. Let 'em Laugh that Win; the curs'd Fox thrives the better. Am I not in the right, Mother? Ay, marry art thou, Child, quoth *Teresa*; and indeed my good Honey *Sancho* has often told me, all these good things and many more wou'd come to pass; and thou shalt see, Daughter, I'll never rest till I get to be a Countess. Ods-lidlikins now we're in, 'tis but a coming to come. There must be a beginning in all things, and as I have heard it said by thy Father, who's also the Father of Proverbs, When a Cow's given thee, run and take her with the Halter. When they give thee a Government, take it, when an Earldom, catch it; and when they Whistle to thee with a good Gift, snap at it. That which is good to give is good to take, Girl.

'Twere

'Twere a pretty fancy, now, to lie Snoring a-Bed, and when Good-Luck knocks, not to rise to open the Door. Ay, quoth *Sancho*, what is't to me, tho' they shou'd say all they've a Mind to say. When they see me so tearing fine, and so woundy great, let 'em spit their Venom, and say, Set a Begger a Horse-back, and so forth. Who wou'd not think, said the Curate, hearing this, but that the whole race of the *Panfa's* came into the World with their Paunches stuff'd with Proverbs. I never knew one of the Name but threw 'em out at all times, let the Discourse be what it wou'd. I think so too, said the Page; for his Honour the Governour blunders 'em out at every Word, many times indeed wide from the Purpose; however, always to the Satisfaction of the Company, and with high Applause from my Lord and my Lady. Then Sir, you assure us still, said *Carraſco*, that *Sancho* is really a Governour, and that a Dutcheſs sends these Presents and Letters upon his account; for tho' we see the Things, and read the Letters, we can scarce prevail with our selves to believe; but are apt to run into our Friend *Don Quixote's* Opinion, and look on all this as the effect of some Inchantment: So that I cou'd find in my Heart to feel and try whether you are a Visionary Messenger, or a Creature of Flesh and Blood. For my part, Gentlemen, answer'd the Page, all I can tell ye, is, that I am really the Messenger I appear to be, that the Lord *Sancho Panfa* is actually a Governour, and that the Duke and the Dutcheſs to whom I belong, are able to give, and have given him that Government, where I am credibly inform'd he behaves himself most worthily. Now if there be any Inchantment in the matter, I leave you  
to

to examine that ; for by the Life of my Parents, one of the greatest Oaths I can utter, for they are both alive, and I love 'em dearly, I know no more of the Business. That may be, said the Batchelor, but yet *dubitat Augustinus*. You may doubt if you please, reply'd the Page ; but I have told you the Truth ; which will always prevail over Falshood, and rise uppermost, as Oil does over Water. But if you will *operibus credere & non verbis* ; let one of ye go along with me, and you shall see with your Eyes what you will not believe by the help of your Ears. I'll go with all my Heart, quoth *Sanchica* ; take me up behind ye, Sir ; I've a huge Mind to see my Farher. The Daughters of Governours, said the Page, must not Travel thus unattended, but in Coaches or Litters, and with a handsome Train of Servants. Cud's my Dignity, quoth *Sanchica*, I can go a Journey as well on an Ass as in one of your Coaches. I am none of your tendr squeamish Things, not I. Peace, Chicken, quoth the Mother, thou dost not know what thou say'st, the Gentleman is in the right. There are Times and Times. When 'twas plain *Sancho*, 'twas plain *Sanchica* ; but now he's a Governour, thou'rt a Lady. I can't well tell whether I am right or no. My Lady *Teresa* says more than she is aware of, said the Page. But now, continu'd he, give me a Mouthful to Eat as soon as you will, for I must go back this Afternoon. Be pleas'd then, Sir, said the Curate, to go with me, and parrake of a slender Meal at my House ; for my Neighbour *Teresa* is more willing than able to Entertain so good a Guest. The Page excus'd himself a while, but at last comply'd, being perswaded 'twou'd be much for the better ; and the

the Curate on his side was glad of his Company, to have an opportunity to inform himself at large about *Don Quixote*, and his Proceedings. The Batchelor proffer'd *Teresa* to Write her Answers to her Letters; but as she look'd upon him to be somewhat Waggish, she wou'd not permit him to be of her Counsell; so she gave a Rowl, and a couple of Eggs, to a young Acolite of the Church, who cou'd Write, and he wrote two Letters for her; one to her Husband, and the other to the Dutcheß, all of her own Indicting, and perhaps not the worst in this famous History, as hereafter may be seen.

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C' H A P.

C H A P. LI.

*A Continuation of Sancho Panfa's Government, with other Passages, such as they are.*

THE Morning of that Day arose, which succeeded the Governour's Rounding Night, the remainder of which the Gentleman-Waiter spent, not in Sleep, but in the pleasing Thoughts of the Lovely Face, and Charming Graces of the disguis'd Virgin; on the other side, the Steward bestow'd that time in Writing to his Lord and Lady what *Sancho* did and said; wondering no less at his Actions than at his Expressions, both which display'd a strange Intermixture of Discretion and Simplicity.

At last the Lord Governour was pleas'd to rise; and, by Doctor *Pedro Rexio's* Order, they brought him for his Breakfast a little Conserve, and a Draught of Fair Water, which he wou'd have exchang'd with all his Heart for a good Luncheon of Bread, and a Bunch of Grapes. But seeing he cou'd not help himself, he was forc'd to make the best of a Bad Market, and seem to be content, tho' full sore against his Will and Appetite; for the Doctor made him believe, that to Eat but little, and that which was Dainty, enliven'd the Spirits, and sharpen'd the Wit, and consequently such a sort of Diet



Diet was most proper for Persons in Authority and weighty Employments, wherein there is less need of the strength of the Body than of that of the Mind. This Sophistry serv'd to Familiarise *Sancho*, who, half dead with Hunger, Curs'd in his Heart both the Government and him that had given it him. However, Hungry as he was, by the strength of his slender Breakfast, he fail'd not to give Audience that Day; and the first that came before him was a Stranger, who put the following Case to to him; the Steward and the rest of the Attendants being present.

My Lord, said he, a famous River divides in two the Territories of one and the same Lord——I beg your Honour to lend me your Attention, for 'tis a Case of great Importance, and some Difficulty——Upon this River there is a Bridge; at one end of which there stands a Gallows, and a kind of a Court of Justice, where four Judges use to Sit, for the Execution of a certain Law made by the Lord of the Land and River, which runs thus,

- ‘ Whoever intends to pass from one end of
- ‘ this Bridge to the other, must first upon his
- ‘ Oath declare whither he goes, and what his Bu-
- ‘ ness is. If he swear Truth, he may go; but
- ‘ if he swear false, he shall be Hang'd, and dye
- ‘ without Remission upon the Gibbet at the end
- ‘ of the Bridge.

After due Promulgation of this Law, many People, notwithstanding its Severity, adventur'd to go over this Bridge, and as it appear'd they swore Truth, the Judges permitted them to Pass unmolested. It happen'd one Day that a cer-

certain Passenger being Sworn, Declar'd that by the Oath he had taken, he was come to Dye upon that Gallows, and that that was all his Business.

This put the Judges to a Nonplus; for, said they, If we let this Man pass freely, he is For-sworn, and according to the Letter of the Law he ought to Dye: If we Hang him, he has Sworn Truth, seeing he Swore he was to Dye on that Gibbet; and then by the same Law we should let him pass.

Now your Lordship's Judgment is desir'd, what the Judges ought to do with this Man? For they are still at a stand, not knowing what to determine in this Case; and having been inform'd of your sharp Wit, and great Capacity in resolving difficult Questions, they sent me to Beseech your Lordship in their Names, to give your Opinion in so Intricate and Knotty a Case.

To deal plainly with you, answer'd *Sancho*, Those Honourable Judges that sent you hither, might as well have spar'd you the Labour; for I have more of the dullness of a Brute, than of the sharpness of some Men. However, let me hear your Question once more, that I may thoroughly understand it, and perhaps I may at last hit the Nail o'the Head. The Man repeated the Question again and again; and when he had done, To my thinking, said *Sancho*, this Question may be presently answer'd; as thus: The Man swore he came to Dye on the Gibbet, and if he Dies there, he Swore Truth, and according to the Law he ought to be free, and go over the Bridge. On the other side, if you don't Hang him, he Swore False, and by the same Law he ought to be Hang'd. 'Tis as your Lordship

H h h h

says,

says, reply'd the Stranger, you have stated the Case right. Why then, said *Sancho*, ev'n let that part of the Man that Swore true, freely pass; and hang the other part of the Man that swore false, and so will the Law be fulfill'd. But then, my Lord, reply'd the Stranger, the Man must be divided into two Parts, which if we do, he certainly Dies, and the Intent of the Law, which must be observ'd, is not put in Execution.

Well, hark you me, honest Man, said *Sancho*; This same Passenger you talk of, either I am a Cod-head, or there is as much Reason to put him to Death, as to let him live and pass the Bridge; for if the Truth saves him, the Lye casts him as well. Now the Case standing thus, I would have you tell those Gentlemen that sent you to me, since there's as much Reason to bring him off, as to Condemn him, that they e'en let him go free; for 'tis always more commendable to do good than hurt. And this I wou'd give you under my own hand, if I could Write. Nor do I speak this of my own Head; but I remember one Precept, among many others that my Master *Don Quixote* gave me the Night before I went to Govern this Island; which was, that when the Scale of Justice is even, or a Case is doubtful, we shou'd prefer Mercy before Rigour; and it has pleas'd God I should call it to Mind so luckily in this Instance. For my part, said the Steward, this Judgment seems to me so Equitable, that I do not believe *Lycurgus* himself, who gave Laws to the *Lacedemonians*, could ever have decided the Matter better than the great *Sancho* has done.

And now, Sir, sure there's enough done for this Morning; be pleas'd to Adjourn the Court, and

and I'll give Order that the Governour may Dine to his Heart's Content. Well said, cry'd *Sancho*, that's all I want, and then a clear Stage, and no Favour. Feed me well, and then ply me with Cases and Questions thick and three-fold; you shall see me untwist 'em, and lay 'em open as clear as the Sun.

The Steward was as good as his Word, believing it wou'd be a Burthen to his Conscience to Familh so Wise a Governour; besides he intended the next Night to put into Practice the last Trick, which he had Commission to pass upon him.

Now *Sancho* having Plentifully Din'd that Day, in spight of all the Aphorisms of Doctor *Tirteafuera*, when the Cloath was remov'd, in came an Express, with a Letter from *Don Quixote* to the Governour. *Sancho* order'd the Secretary to read it to himself, and if there were nothing in it for secret Perusal, then to read it aloud. The Secretary having first run it over accordingly, My Lord, said he, the Letter may not only be publickly read, but deserves to be Engrav'd in Characters of Gold; and thus it is.

*Don Quixote de la Mancha* to *Sancho Panza*,  
Governour of the Island of *Barataria*.

WHEN I expected to have an Account of thy Carelessness and Impertinence, Friend *Sancho*, I was agreeably disappointed with News of thy Wise Behaviour; for which I return particular Thanks to Heaven, that  
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\* can raise the lowest from their Poverty, and  
 \* turn the Fool into a Man of Sense. I hear  
 \* thou Governest with all the Discretion of a  
 \* Man; and that, while thou approv'st thyself  
 \* one, thou retain'st the Humility of the mean-  
 \* est Creatures. But I desire thee to observe, *Sar-*  
 \* *cho*, that 'tis many times very necessary and con-  
 \* venient to thwart the Humility of the Heart  
 \* for the better support of the Authority of a  
 \* Place. For the Ornament of a Person that is  
 \* advanc'd to an Eminent Post, must be answer-  
 \* able to its greatness, and not debas'd to the  
 \* Inclination of his former meanness. Let thy  
 \* Apparel be neat and handsome; even a Stake  
 \* well dress'd, does not look like a Stake.  
 \* I wou'd not have thee wear foppish, gaudy  
 \* things; nor affect the Garb of a Soldier, in  
 \* the Circumstances of a Magistrate; but let  
 \* thy Dress be suitable to thy Degree, and always  
 \* Clean and Decent.

\* To gain the Hearts of thy People, among  
 \* other things, I have two chiefly to recom-  
 \* mend. One is, to be affable, courteous, and  
 \* fair to all the World; I have already told  
 \* thee of that; and the other, to take Care that  
 \* Plenty of Provisions be never wanting, for  
 \* nothing afflicts or urges more the Spirits of  
 \* the Poor, than Scarcity and Hunger.

\* Do not put out many new Orders, and if  
 \* thou dost put out any, see that they be  
 \* wholesome and good, and especially that  
 \* they be strictly observ'd; For, Laws not well  
 \* obey'd, are no better than if they were not  
 \* made, and only shew that the Prince who had  
 \* the Wisdom and Authority to make 'em,  
 \* had not Resolution to see 'em Executed; and  
 \* Laws that only Threaten, and are not kept, be-  
 \* come

come like the Log that was given to the Frogs to be their King, which they fear'd at first, but soon scorn'd and trampled down.

'Be a Father to Virtue, but a Father-in-Law to Vice. Be not always severe, nor always Merciful; chuse a mean between these two Extreams; for in that middle Point is the Center of Discretion.

'Frequent the Prisons, the Shambles, and the publick Markers, for the Governour's Presence is highly necessary in such Places.

'Comfort the Prisoners that expect to be quickly Dispatch'd.

'Be a Terror to the Butchers, that they may be fair in their Weights, and keep Hucksters and Fraudulent Dealers in Awe, for the same Reason.

'Should'st thou unhappily have a natural Inclination to be Covetous, given to Women, or a Glutton, as I hope thou hast not, avoid shewing thy self guilty of those Vices; for when the Town, and those that come near thee have discover'd thy Weakness, they'll be sure to try thee on that side, and tempt thee to thy Everlasting Ruin.

'Read over and over, and seriously consider the Admonitions and Documents I gave thee in Writing before thou went'st to thy Government, and thou wilt find the Benefit of it, in all those Difficulties and Emergencies that so frequently attend the Function of a Governour.

'Write to thy Lord and Lady, and shew thy self grateful; for Ingratitude is the Off-spring of Pride, and one of the worst Corruptions of the Mind; whereas he that is Thankful to his Benefactors, gives a Testimony that he will

' be so to God, who has done, and continually does him so much good.

' My Lady Dutchess dispatch'd a Messenger on purpose to thy Wife *Teresa* with thy Hunting Suit, and another Present. We expect his Return every Moment.

' I have been somewhat out of order, by an Encounter I had lately with something in the Resemblance of Cats, not much to the advantage of my Nose; but all that's nothing; for if there are Negromancers that misuse me, there are others ready to defend me.

' Send me Word whether the Steward that is with thee had any hand in the Business of the Countess of *Trisaldi*, as thou wert once of Opinion; and let me also have an Account of whatever befalls thee, since the Distance between us is so small. I have Thoughts of leaving this Idle Life e'er long; for I was not Born for Luxury and Ease.

' A Business has offer'd, that I believe will make me lose the Duke and the Dutchess's Favour; but though I am heartily sorry for't, that does not alter my Resolution; for, after all, I owe more to my Profession than to Complaisance, and as the Saying is, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I send thee this scrap of Latin, flattering my self that since thou cam'st to be a Governour thou may'st have Learn'd that Language. Farewel, and Heaven keep thee above the Pity of the World.

Thy Friend,

*Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

*Sancho*

*Sancho* gave great Attention to the Letter, and it was highly applauded both for Sence and Integrity, by every body that heard it. After that he rose from Table, and calling the Secretary, went without any further Delay, and Lock'd himself up with him in his Chamber, to Write an Answer to his Master *Don Quixote*. He order'd the Scribe to set down Word for Word what he Dictated, without adding or diminishing the least thing. Which being strictly observ'd, this was the Tenor of the Letter.

*Sancho Pansa to Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

I Am so taken up with Business, that I han't time to scratch my Head, or pare my Nails, which is the reason they are so long, God help me! I tell you this, good dear Sir, that you may not Marvel, why I han't yet let you know whether it goes well or ill with me in this same Government of mine, where I am more hunger-starv'd than when you and I wander'd through Woods and Wildernesses.

My Lord Duke Wrote to me t'other Day, to Inform me of some Spies that were got into this Island to Kill me. But as yet I have discover'd none but a certain Doctor, hir'd by the Islanders to kill all the Governours that come near it. They call him *Dr. Pedro Rezio de Aguero*, and he was Born at *Tirte a fuera*. His Name is enough to make me fear he'll be the Death of me. This same Doctor says himself of himself, he does not Cure Diseases when you have 'em; but when you have 'em

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not;

‘not; he only pretends to keep ‘em from coming. The Physick he uses, is Fasting upon Fasting, till he turns a body to a meer Anatomy, as if to be Wasted to Skin and Bones were not as bad as a Fever. In short, he starves me to Death; so that when I thought, as being a Governour, to have my Belly full of good hot Victuals, and cool Liquor, and to refresh my Body in Holland Sheets, and on a soft Feather-bed, I am come to do Penance like a Hermit; and as I do it unwillingly, I am afraid the Devil will have me at last.

‘All this while I have not yet so much as Finger’d the least Penny of Money, either for Fees, Bribes, or any thing; and how it comes to be no better with me, I can’t for my Soul imagine; for I have heard by the bye, that the Governours who come to this Island are wont to have a very good Gift, or at least a very round Summ lent ‘em by the Town before they enter: And they say too, that this, is the usual Custom, not only here, but in other Places.

Last Night going my Rounds, I met with a mighty handsome Damsel in Boy’s Cloaths, and a Brother of hers in Woman’s Apparel. My Gentleman-Waiter was pleas’d to fall in Love with the Girl, and has agreed with himself to make her his Wife, as he says. As for the Boy, I have pitch’d upon him to be my Son-in-Law. To day we both design to discourse the Father, one *Diego de la Llana*, who’s a Gentleman, and one of the old Christians every Inch of him.

‘I frequent the Markets, as you advis’d me, and Yesterday found one of the Hucksters selling

'selling Hazle-Nuts ; she pretended they were  
'all New, but I found she had mix'd a whole  
'Bushel of old, empty, rotten Nuts among the  
'same quantity of new. With that I adjudg'd  
'em all to be given to the Hospital-Boys,  
'who knew how to pick the good from the bad,  
'and gave Sentence against her, that she should  
'not come into the Market in fifteen Days ;  
'and People said, I did well. What I can tell  
'you, is, that if you'll believe the Folks of this  
'Town, there's not a more Rascally sort of  
'People in the World than these Market-Wo-  
'men ; for they are all a sawcy, foul-mouth'd,  
'Impudent, Hellish Rabble, and I judge 'em to  
'be so, by those I have seen in other Places.  
'I am mighty well pleas'd that my Lady Dutch-  
'ess has Writ to my Wife *Teresa Panfa*, and sent  
'her the Token you mention. It shall go hard  
'but I will requite her Kindness one time or  
'other. Pray give my Service to her, and tell  
'her from me, she has not cast her Gift in a  
'broken Sack, as something more than Words  
'shall shew.

'If I might advise you, and had my Wish,  
'there shou'd be no falling out between your  
'Worship, and my Lord and Lady ; for, if  
'you quarrel with 'em, 'tis I must come to the  
'worst on't : And since you mind me of being  
'grateful, it won't look well in you not to be  
'so to those who have made so much of you  
'at their Castle.

'As for your Adventure with the Cats, I can  
'make nothing of it, only I fancy you are still  
'haunted after the old rate. You'll tell me more  
'when we meet.

'I wou'd fain have sent you a Token, but I  
'do not know what to send, unless it were some

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little

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‘ little Glister-Pipes, which they make here very curiously, and fix most cleverly to the Bladders. But if I stay in my Place, it shall go hard but I’ll get something worth the sending, be it what it will.

‘ If my Wife *Teresa Panfa* Writes to me, pray Pay the Postage, and send me the Letter; for I mightily long to hear how ’tis with her and my House and Children.

‘ So Heaven Preserve you from ill-minded Inchanters, and send me safe and sound out of this Government, which I am much afraid of, as Doctor *Pedro Rezio* Diets me.

*Your Worship’s Servant,*

*Sancho Panfa*, the Governour.

The Secretary made up the Letter, and immediately dispatch’d the Express. Then those who carry’d on the Plot against *Sancho*, combin’d together, and consulted how to remove him from the Government: and *Sancho* pass’d that Afternoon in making several Regulations, for the better Establishment of that which he imagin’d to be an Island. He Publish’d an Order against the Higglers and Fore-stallers of the Markets, and another to Encourage the bringing in of Wines from any Part whatever, provided the Owners declar’d of what Growth they were, that they might be rated according to their Value and Esteem; and that they who shou’d adulterate Wine with Water, or give it a wrong Name, shou’d be Punish’d with Death. He lower’d the Price of all kind of Apparel, and particularly that of Shoes, as thinking it exorbitant

orbitant, He regulated Servants Wages, that were unlimited before, and proportion'd 'em to the Merit of their Service. He laid severe Penalties upon all those that shou'd Sing or Vend Lewd and Immoral Songs and Ballads, either in the open Day, or in the dusk of the Evening; and also forbid all blind People the Singing about Miracles in Rhimes, unless they produc'd Authentick Testimonies of their Truth; for it appear'd to him, that most of those that were Sung by Canting Blind Hawkers of Divinity Pamphlets, were feign'd, and a Disparagement to the true.

He appointed a particular Officer to inspect the Poor, not to Persecute, but to Examine 'em, and know whether they were truly such; for under pretence of Counterfeit-Lameness, and Artificial Sores, many canting Vagabonds impudently rob the true Poor of Charity, to spend it in Riot and Drunkenness.

In short, he made so many wholesome Ordinances, that to this Day they are observ'd in that Place, and call'd, *The Constitutions of the Grand Governour Sancho Panfa.*

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## C H A P. III.

*A Relation of the Adventures of the second Disconsolate Matron, otherwise called Donna Rodriguez.*

**C**Id Hamet relates, that Don Quixote's Scratches being heal'd, he began to think the Life he led in the Castle not suitable to the Order of Knight Errantry which he profess'd; he resolv'd therefore to take Leave of the Duke and Dutchess, and set forwards for *Saragosa*; where, at the approaching Tournament, he hop'd to win the Armour, the usual Prize at the Festivals of that kind. Accordingly as he sat at Table with the Lord and Lady of the Castle, he began to acquaint 'em with his Design, when behold two Women entered the great Hall, clad in deep Mourning from Head to Foot. One of 'em approaching Don Quixote, threw her self at his Feet, where lying prostrate, and in a manner kissing them, she fetch'd such deep and doleful Sighs, and made such sorrowful lamentations, that all those who were by, were not a little surpriz'd. And though the Duke and the Dutchess imagin'd it to be some new Device of their Servants against Don Quixote, yet perceiving with what earnestness the Woman sigh'd and lamented, they were in doubt, and knew not what to think, till the compassionate Champion, raising her from the Ground, engag'd her to lift up her Veil, and discover, what they least expected.

expected, the Face of *Donna Rodriguez*, the elder Waiting-Matron of the Family; and the other Mourner prov'd to be her Daughter, whom the rich Farmer's Son had deluded. All those that knew 'em were in great admiration; especially the Duke and the Dutches; for though they knew her Simplicity, and Indiscretion, they did not believe her to be so far gone in Madness. At last the Sorrowful Matron addressing her self to the Duke and Dutches, May it please your Graces, said she, to permit me to direct my Discourse to this Knight, for it concerns me to get out of an unlucky Business, into which the Impudence of a Treacherous Villain has brought us. With that the Duke gave her leave to say what she would, Then applying her self to *Don Quixote*, 'Tis not long, said she, Valorous Knight, since I gave your Worship an Account how Basely and Treacherously a Graceless young Farmer had us'd my dear Child, the poor undone Creature here present; and you then promis'd me to stand up for her, and see her righted; and now I understand you are about to leave this Castle, in quest of the good Adventures Heaven shall send you. And therefore before you are gone nobody knows whither, I have this Boon to beg of your Worship, that you would do so much as Challenge this sturdy Clown, and make him Marry my Daughter, according to his Promise before he was Concern'd with her. For, as for my Lord Duke, 'tis a folly to think he'll ever see me righted, for the reason I told you in private. And so Heaven preserve your Worship, and still be our defence. Worthy Matron (answer'd *Don Quixote*, with a great deal of Gravity and solemn Form) temperate your Tears, or to speak more properly, dry 'em up, and spare your Sighs; for  
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I take upon me to see your Daughter's Wrongs redress'd ; though she had done much better, had not her too great Credulity made her trust the Protestations of Lovers, which generally are readily made, but most uneasily perform'd. Therefore, with my Lord Duke's Permission, I will instantly depart to find out this ungracious Wretch, and as soon as he is found, I will challenge him, and kill him if he persists in his Obstinacy ; for the chief end of my Profession is to pardon the Submissive, and to chastise the Stubborn ; to relieve the Miserable, and destroy the Cruel. Sir Knight, said the Duke, you need not give yourself the trouble of seeking the Fellow, of whom that good Matron complains ; nor need you ask me leave to challenge him ; for I already engage that he shall meet you in Person to answer it here in this Castle, where safe Lists shall be set up for you both, observing all the Laws of Arms that ought to be kept in affairs of this kind, and doing each Party Justice, as all Princes ought to do, that admit of single Combats within their Territories. Upon that Assurance, said *Don Quixote*, with your Grace's leave, I for this time wave my Punctilio's of Gentility, and debasing my self to the meanness of the Offender, qualify him to measure Lances with me ; and so let him be absent or present, I Challenge and Defy him, as a Villain that has deluded this poor Creature, that was a Maid, and now through his Baseness is none, and he shall either perform his Promise of making her his lawful Wife, or Die in the Contest. With that, pulling off his Glove, he flung it down into the middle of the Hall, and the Duke took it up, declaring as he had already done, that he accepted the Challenge in the name of his Vassal ; fixing the time for Combat to be

six days after, and the Place to be the Castle-Court. The Arms to be such as are usual among Knights, as Lance, Shield, Armour of Proof, and all other Pieces, without Fraud, Advantage, or Inchantment, after search made by the Judges of the Field.

But in the first place, added the Duke, 'tis requisite, that this true Matron, and this false Virgin, commit the Justice of their Cause into the hands of their Champion, for otherwise there will be nothing done, and the Challenge is void in course. I do, answer'd the Matron; and so do I, added the Daughter, all agham'd, blubbering, and in a crying tone. The Preliminaries being adjusted, and the Duke having resolv'd with himself what to do in the Matter, the Mourning Petitioners went away, and the Dutcheß order'd they should no longer be look'd upon as her Domesticks, but as Ladies-Errant, that came to demand Justice in her Castle; and accordingly there was a peculiar Apartment appointed for 'em, where they were serv'd as Strangers; to the Amazement of the other Servants, who could not imagine what would be the end of *Donna Rodriguez* and her forsaken Daughter's Ridiculous and Confident Undertaking.

Presently after this, to compleat their Mirth, and as it were for the last Course, in came the Page that had carry'd the Letters and the Presents to *Teresa*, Governor *Sancho's* Wife. The Duke and Dutcheß were over-joy'd to see him return'd, having a great desire to know the success of his Journey. They enquir'd of him accordingly, but he told 'em, that the Account he had to give 'em could not well be deliver'd in Publick, nor in few Words; and therefore he begg'd that their Graces would be pleas'd to take it in private,  
and

and in the mean time entertain themselves with those Letters. With that, taking out two, he deliver'd 'em to her Grace. The Superscription of the one was, *These for my Lady Dutchess of I don't know what Place*: And the Direction on the other thus, *To my Husband Sancho Panfa, Governor of the Island of Barataria, whom Heaven prosper as many and more Years than me.*

The Dutchess sat upon Thorns till she had read her Letter, so having opened it and run it over to her self, finding there was nothing of Secrecy in it, she read it out aloud, that the whole Company might hear what follows.

*Teresa Panfa's Letter to the Dutchess.*

My Lady,

**T**HE Letter your Greatness sent me pleased me hugely; for Faith and Troth 'tis what I heartily long'd for. The string of Coral is a good Thing, and my Husband's Hunting Reparel may come up to it. All our Town takes it mighty kindly, and is very glad, that your Honour has made my Spouse a Governour, though no body will believe it, especially our Curate, Master Nicholas the Barber, and Sampson Corrasco the Batchelor. But what care I, whether they do or no? So it be true, as it is, let every one have their Saying. Though 'tis a folly to lye, I had not believed it neither, but for the Coral and the Suit; for every Body here takes my Husband to be a Dolt, and can't for the Blood of 'em imagine what he can be fit to Govern, unless it be a herd of Goats. Well! Heaven be his guide, and speed him as he sees best for his Children. As for me, my dear Honey Madam, I am resolv'd, with your Worship's good leave, to make Hay while the Sun shines, and go to Court, to loll it along in a Coach, and make a world of my Back-Friends, that Envy me already,

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are their Eyes out. And therefore, good your Honour, pray bid my Husband send me some stock of Money; for 'tis dear living at Court; one can have but little Bread there for Six-pence, and a pound of Flesh is worth thirty Maravedies, which would make one stand amaz'd. And if he is not for my going, let him send me word in time, for my Feet itch to be jogging; for my Gossips and Neighbours tell me, that if I and my Daughter go about the Court as we should, spruce and fine, and at a taring rate, my Husband will be better known by me, than I by him; for many can't chuse but ask what Ladies are those in the Coach? With that, one of my Servants answers, The Wife and Daughter of Sancho Panfa the Governor of the Island of Barataria, and thus shall my Husband be known, and I honour'd far and near; and so have at all, Rome has Pardons.

You can't think how I am troubled that we have gathered no Acorns hereaway this Year; however, I send your Highness about half a Peck, which I have cull'd one by one: I went to the Hill on purpose, and got the biggest I could find; I wish they had been as big as Ostrich Eggs.

Pray let not your High and Mightiness forget to write to me, and I'll be sure to send you an Answer, and let you know how I do, and send you all the News in our Village, where I am waiting and praying the Lord to preserve your Highness, and not to forget me. My Daughter Sanchica, and my Son kiss your Worship's Hands.

She that wishes rather to see you than write to you,

Your Servant Teresa Panfa.

This

This Letter was very entertaining to all the Company, especially to the Duke and Dutcheſs; inſomuch that her Grace ask'd *Don Quixote* whether it would be amiſs to open the Governor's Letter, which ſhe imagin'd was a very good one; The Knight told her, that, to ſatiſſie her Curioſity, he would open it; which being done, he found what follows.

*Tereſa Panſa's Letter to her Husband  
Sancho Panſa.*

I receiv'd thy Letter dear honey *Sancho*, and I Vow and Swear to thee, as I am a Catholick Chriſtian, I was within two fingers breadth of running Mad for Joy. Look you, my Chuck, when I heard thou wert made a Governour, I was ſo transported, I had like to have fallen down dead with meer gladneſs; for thou knoweſt ſudden Joy is ſaid to kill as ſoon as great Sorrow. As for thy Daughter *Sanchica*, ſhe ſcatter'd her Water about, before ſhe was aware, for very Pleaſure. I had the Suit thou ſent'ſt me before my Eyes, and the Lady Dutcheſs's Corals about my Neck, held the Letter in my hands, and had him that brought 'em ſtand by me; and for all that, I thought what I ſaw and felt was but a Dream. For who could have thought a Goat-herd ſhould ever come to be a Governour of Iſlands? But what ſaid my Mother, *Who a great deal would ſee, a great while muſt live.* I ſpeak this, becauſe if I live longer, I mean to ſee more; for I ſhall ne'er be at reſt till I ſee thee a Farmer or Receiver of the Cuſtoms: For though they be Offices that ſend many to the Devil, for all that they bring griſt to

to the Mill. My Lady Dutchess will tell thee, how I long to go to Court. Pray think on't, and let me know thy Mind; for I mean to Credit thee there, by going in a Coach.

Neither the Curate, the Barber, nor the Sexton will believe thou art a Governour, but say 'tis all Juggling or Inchantment, as all thy Master *Don Quixote's* Concerns use to be, and *Sampson* threatens to find thee out, and put this Maggot of a Government out of thy Pate, and *Don Quixote's* Madness out of his Coxcomb. For my Part, I do but laugh at 'em, and look upon my string of Coral, and the Suit, which I am about to fit for thy Daughter.

I sent my Lady the Dutchess some Acorns; I would they were beaten Gold. I prithee send me some strings of Pearl, if they be in fashion in thy Island.

The News here is, that *Berrueca* has Marry'd her Daughter to a sorry Painter that came hither, pretending to paint any thing. The Heads of the Corporation set him to Paint the King's Arms over the Town-Hall: He ask'd 'em two Angels for the Job, which they paid him; so he fell to Work; and was eight Days a daubing, but could make nothing on't at last; and said, he could not hit upon such paultry kind of Work, and so gave 'em their Money again. Yet for all this he Marry'd with the name of a good Work-man. The Truth is, he has left his Pencil upon't, and taken the Spade, and goes to the Field like a Gentleman. *Pedro de Lobo's* Son has taken Orders, and shav'd his Crown, meaning to be a Priest. *Minguilla*, *Mingo Silva's* Grand-Daughter heard of it, and sues him upon a Promise of Marriage: Ill Tongues do not stick to say she has been with Child by him, but

‘ but he stiffly denies it. We have no Olives this Year, nor is there a drop of Vinegar to be got for Love or Money. A Company of Soldiers went through this Place, and carry’d along with them three Wenches from the Town, I don’t tell thee their Names, for mayhaps they will come back, and there will not want some that will Marry them, for better for worse. *Sanchica* makes Bone-lace, and gets her three-half-pence a-day clear, which she saves in a Box with a slit, to go towards buying Household-stuff. But now she’s a Governor’s Daughter she has no need to Work, for thou wilt give her a Portion. The Fountain in the Market is dry’d up. A Thunderbolt fell upon the Pillory. There may they all light : I expect thy Answer to this, concerning my going to Court ; so Heaven send thee long to live, and longer than my self, or rather, neither more nor less, for I would not willingly leave thee behind me in this World.

*Thy Wife, Terefa Panfa.*

These Letters were admir’d, and caus’d a great deal of Laughter and Diversion ; and to compleat the Mirth, at the same time the Express return’d that brought *Sancho’s* Answer to *Don Quixote*, which was likewise Publickly read, and startled all the Hearers, who took the Governor for a Fool ! Afterwards the Dutcheß withdrew, to know of the Page what he had to relate of his Journey to *Sancho’s* Village ; of which he gave her a full account without omitting the least particular. He also brought her the Acorns, and a Cheese, which *Terefa* had given him for a very good one, and better than those of *Trenchon*, and which the Dutcheß gratefully accepted. Now let us leave her, to tell the end of the Government of Great *Sancho Panfa*, the Flower and Mirror of all Governors of Islands. CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

*The Toylsome End and Conclusion of Sancho Panfa's Government.*

**T**O think that the Affairs of this Life are always to remain in the same state, is an erroneous Fancy. The Face of Things rather seems continually to change and roll with a circular Motion. The Infant-Spring, that Nonage of the Year, gives place to the Flowry Season. Summer succeeds the Spring; Autumn the Summer; Winter the Autumn; and then Spring again: So Time proceeds in this perpetual Round; only the Life of Man is ever hastning to its end, swifter than Time it self, without hopes to be renewed, unless in the next, that is unlimited and infinite. This says *Cid Hamet*, the *Mahometan* Philosopher. For even by the Light of Nature, and without that of Faith, many have discovered the swiftmess an Instability of this present Being, and the duration of the Eternal Life which is expected. But this Moral Reflection of our Author is not here to be suppos'd as meant by him in its full extent; for he intended it only to shew the uncertainty of *Sancho's* Fortune, how soon it vanish'd like a Dream, and how from his high Preferment he return'd to his former low Station.

It was now but the seventh Night, after so many Days of his Government, when the careful

ful Governor had betaken himself to his Repose, Sated not with Bread and Wine, but Cloy'd with hearing Causes, pronouncing Sentences, making Statutes, and putting out Orders and Proclamations : Scarce was Sleep, in spite of wakeful Hunger, beginning to close his Eyes, when of a sudden he heard a great noise of Bells, and most dreadful Out-cries, as if the whole Island had been sinking. Presently he started, and sat up in his Bed, and listen'd with great Attention, to try if he could learn how far this Uproar might concern him. But while he was thus hearkening in the Dark, a great number of Drums and Trumpets were heard, and that sound being added to the noise of the Bells and the Cries, gave so dreadful an Alarm, that his Fear and Terror increas'd, and he was in a sad Consternation. Up he leap'd out of his Bed, and put on his Slippers, the ground being damp, and without any thing else in the World on but his Shirt, ran and open'd his Chamber-door, and saw above twenty Men come running along the Galleries with lighted Links in one Hand, and drawn Swords in the other, all crying out, Arm my Lord Governor, Arm ! a World of Enemies are got into the Island, and we are undone, unless your Valour and Conduct relieve us. Thus bawling, and running with great Fury and Disorder, they got to the Door where *Sancho* stood quite scar'd out of his Sences. Arm, Arm, this Moment, my Lord, Arm, cry'd one of 'em, if you have not a mind to be lost with the whole Island. What would ye have me Arm for, quoth *Sancho*? Do I know any thing of Arms or Fighting, think ye? Why don't ye rather send for *Don Quixote*, my Master, he'll dispatch your Enemies in a trice. Alas, as I am a Sinner to Heaven, I understand nothing

of this hasty Service. For shame, my Lord Governor, said another, what a faint-heartedness is this? See! we bring you here Arms Offensive and Defensive; Arm your self, and march to the Market-place. Be our Leader and Captain as you ought, and shew your self a Governor. Why then Arm me with a Vengeance, quoth *Sancho*; with that they brought him two large Shields, which they had provided, and without letting him put on his other Cloaths, they clapp'd 'em over his Shirt, and ty'd the one behind upon his Back, and the other before upon his Breast, having got his Arms through some holes made on purpose. Now the Shields being fasten'd to his Body, as hard as Cords could bind 'em, the poor Governor was Cas'd up and immur'd as strait as an Arrow, without being able so much as to bend his Knees, or stir a step. Then having put a Lance into his hand for him to lean upon, and keep himself up, they desir'd him to march, and lead 'em on, and put Life into 'em all, telling him that they did not doubt of Victory, since they had him for their Commander. March! quoth *Sancho*, how do ye think I am able to do it, squeez'd as I am? These Boards stick so plaguy close to me, I can't so much as bend the Joynts of my Knees. You must e'en carry me in your Arms, and lay me a-cross or strait up at some Passage, and I'll make good that spot of ground, either with this Lance, or my Iron Inclosure. Go to, my Lord Governor, said another, 'tis more your Fear than your Armour that stiffens your Leggs, and hinders you from moving. Move, move, march on, 'tis high time, the Enemy grows stronger, the Alarm and the Danger presses. The poor Governor thus urg'd and upbraided, endeavour'd to go forwards; but the first Motion he made

made, threw him to the ground at his full length, so heavily, that he gave over all his Bones for broken; and there he lay like a huge Tortoise in his Shell, or a Flitch of Bacon, clapp'd between two Boards, or like a Boat overturn'd upon a flat, with the Keel upwards, Nor had those drolling Companions the least Compassion upon him as he lay; quite contrary, having put out their Lights, they made a terrible noise, and clatter'd with their Swords, and trampled to and agen upon the poor Governor's Body, and laid on furiously with their Swords upon his Shields, insomuch, that if he had not shrunk his Head into 'em for shelter, he had been in a woful Condition. Shrugg'd up in his narrow Shell, he was in a grievous fright, and a terrible sweat, praying from the bottom of his heart for deliverance from the cursed Trade of Governing Islands. Some kick'd him, some stumbled and fell upon him, and one among the rest jump'd full upon him, and there stood for some time, as on a Watch-Tower, like a General encouraging his Soldiers, and giving Orders, crying out, There Boys, there! the Enemies Charge most on that side, make good that Breach, secure that Gate, down with those Scalding-Ladders, Fetch Fire-balls, more Grenadoes, Burning Pitch, Rosin, and Kettles of scalding Oyl. Intrench yourselves, get Beds, Quilts, Cushions, and Barricadoe the Streets; in short, he call'd for all the Instruments of Death, and all the Engines us'd for the Defence of a City that is Besieg'd and Storm'd. *Sancho* lay snug, though sadly bruise'd, and while he endur'd all quietly, Oh that it would please the Lord, quoth he to himself, that this Island were but taken, and I might see my self dead or out of this peck of Troubles. At

last Heaven heard his Prayers, and when he least  
 expected it, he heard 'em cry, Victory, Victory !  
 The Enemy's Routed. Now my Lord Governor,  
 rise, come and enjoy the fruits of Conquest, and  
 divide the Spoils taken from the Enemy by the  
 Valour of your Invincible Arms. Help me up,  
 cry'd poor *Sancho* in a doleful Tone ; and when  
 they had set him on his Legs, The Enemy I have  
 Routed, quoth he, let him be nailed to my Fore-  
 head : I'll divide no Spoils of Enemies. But if  
 I have any one Friend here, I only beg he would  
 give me a draught of Wine to comfort me, and  
 help to dry up the Sweat that I am in; for I am all  
 over Water. Thereupon they wip'd him, gave  
 him Wine, and took off his Shields: after that,  
 as he sat upon his Bed, what with his Fright,  
 and what with the toil he had endur'd he fell into  
 a Swoon, insomuch, that those who acted this  
 Scene began to repent they had carry'd it so far.  
 But *Sancho* recovering from his Fit in a little  
 time, they also recovered from their uneasiness.  
 Being come to himself, he ask'd what 'twas a  
 Clock ? They answer'd 'twas now break of day.  
 He said nothing, but, without any Words, be-  
 gan to put on his Cloaths. While this was do-  
 ing, and he continued seriously silent, all the  
 Eyes of the Company were fix'd upon him, won-  
 dring what could be the meaning of his being  
 in such haste to put on his Cloaths. At last he  
 made an end of Dressing himself, and creeping  
 along softly, (for he was too much bruised to go  
 very fast,) he got to the Stable, followed by all  
 the Company, and coming to *Dapple*, he embraced  
 the quiet Animal, gave him a loving kiss on the  
 Fore-head, and with Tears in his Eyes, Come  
 hither, said he, my Friend, thou faithful Com-  
 panion, and Fellow-sharer in my Travels and

Miseries, when thee and I consorted together, and all my cares were but to mend thy Furniture, and feed thy little Carcass, then happy were my Days, my Months, and Years. But since I forsok thee, and clamber'd up the Towers of Ambition and Pride, a thousand Woes, a thousand Torments, and four thousand Tribulations have haunted and worry'd my Soul. While he was talking thus, he was sitting on his Pack-Saddle, no body offering to say any thing to him. This done, with a great deal of difficulty he mounted his Ass, and then addressing himself to the Steward, the Secretary, the Gentleman-waiter, and Doctor *Pedro Rexio*, and many others that stood by, make Way, Gentlemen, said he, and let me return to my former Liberty. Let me go that I may seek my old course of Life, and rise again from that Death that buries me here alive. I was not born to be a Governour, nor to defend Islands nor Cities from Enemies that break in upon 'em. I know better what belongs to Ploughing, Delving, Pruning and Planting of Vineyards, than how to make Laws and defend Countries and Kingdoms. *St. Peter* is very well at *Rome*. That is as good as to say, let every one stick to the Calling he was born to. A Spade does better in my Hand than a Governour's Truncheon, and I had rather fill my Belly with a Mess of Loblolly or plain Porridge, than lie at the Mercy of a Coxcomby Physick monger that starves me to death. I had rather solace my self under the shade of an Oak in Summer, and wrap my Corps up in a double Sheep-skin in the Winter at my Liberty, than lay me down with the Slavery of a Government in fine Holland Sheets, and Case my Hide in Furs and richest Sables. Heaven be with you, Gentlefolks, and pray tell the Duke  
my

my Master from me, that naked I came and naked I go away I have neither won nor lost, which is as much as to say, without a Penny I came to this Government, and without a Penny I leave it; quite contrary to what other Governours of Islands use to do when they leave 'em. Clear the way then, I beseech you, and let me pass; I must get my self wrapp'd up all over in Sear cloath; for I don't think I've a sound Rib left, thanks to the Enemies that have walk'd over my Bones all night long. This must not be, my Lord Governour, said Doctor *Rezio*, for I will give your Honour a Balsamick Drink, that is a Specific against Falls, Dislocations, Contrusions and all manner of Bruises, and that shall presently restore you to your former Health and Strength. And then for your Diet, I promise to take a new Course with you, and to let you eat abundantly of whatsoever you please. 'Tis too late, Mr. Doctor, answer'd *Sancho*; You shall as soon make me turn *Turk* as hinder me from going. No, no, these Tricks shan't pass upon me again Cheat me twice 'tis my fault. Before *George*, you shall as soon make me fly to Heaven without Wings, as get me to stay here, or ever catch me nibbling at a Government again, though it were serv'd up to me between two Dishes. I am of the Blood of the *Pansa's*, and we are all Willful and Positive, like the Devil. If once we say 'tis odd, it shall be odd in spite of all Mankind, tho' it be even. Go to then, Let the *Pisnire* leave behind him in this Stable those Wings that had lifted him up in the Air to be a Prey to Martlets and Sparrows. Fair and Softly. Let me now tread again on plain ground, though I mayn't wear Pink'd Cordovan-Leather-Pumps, I shan't want a good strong pair of Trunchers to my Feet. Every Sheep to

her Mate. Let not the Cobler go beyond his Last; and so let me go, for 'tis late. My Lord Governour, said the Steward, though it grieves us to part with your Honour, your Sense and Christian Behaviour engaging us to covet your Company, yet we would not presume to stop you against your Inclination: But you know that every Governour, before he leaves the Place he has Governed, is bound to give an Account of his Administration. Be pleas'd therefore to do so for the time you have been among us, and then Peace be with you. No Man has Power to call me to an Account, reply'd *Sancho*, unless it be by my Lord Duke's Appointment. Now to him it is that I am going, and to him I'll give a fair and square Account. And indeed, going away naked as I do, there needs no greater sign that I have Govern'd like an Angel. In truth, said Dr. *Rexio*, the great *Sancho* is in the right; and I am of Opinion, we ought to let him go; for certainly the Duke will be very glad to see him. Thereupon they all agree'd to let him pass, offering first to Attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want in his Journey, either for Entertainment or Conveniency. *Sancho* told 'em, that all he desir'd was a little Corn for his Ass, and half a Cheese and half a Loaf for himself; having occasion for no other Provisions in so short a Journey. With that they all embrac'd him, and he embrac'd them all, not without Tears in his Eyes, leaving 'em in Admiration of the good sense which he discovered both in his Discourse and unalterable Resolution.

C H A P. LIV.

*Which treats of Matters that relate to this History and no other.*

**T**HE Duke and Dutcheſs reſolv'd that *Don Quixote's* Challenge againſt their Vaſſal ſhould not be ineffectual; and the young Man being fled into *Flanders*, to avoid having *Donna Rodriguez* to his Mother-in Law, they made choice of a *Gascon* Lacquey, nam'd *Toſilos*, to ſupply his Place, and gave him Inſtructions how to Act his Part. Two days after, the Duke acquainted *Don Quixote* that within four days his Antagoniſt would meet him in the Liſts, Arm'd at all Points like a Knight, to Maintain that the Damſel ly'd through the Throat, and through the Beard, to ſay that he had ever promiſed her Marriage. *Don Quixote* was mightily pleas'd with this News, promiſing himſelf to do Wonders on this Occaſion, and eſteeming it an extraordinary happineſs to have ſuch an opportunity to ſhew before ſuch Noble Spectators how extenſive were his Valour and his Strength. Cheer'd and elevated with theſe hopes, he waited for the end of theſe four days, which his eager Impatience made him think ſo many Ages.

Well, now letting them paſs, as we do other matters, let us a while attend *Sancho*, who, divided betwixt gladneſs and vexation, with joy on

One side, and sorrow on the other, was now on his *Dapple*, making the best of his way to his Master, whose Company he valued more than the Government of all the Islands in the World. He had not gone far from his Island, or City, or Town (or whatever you will please to call it, for he never troubled himself to examine what it was) before he met upon the Road six Pilgrims, with their Staves, of that sort who come out of foreign Parts, and use to beg Alms singing. As they drew near him, they plac'd themselves in a row, and fell a singing all together in their Language something that *Sancho* could not understand, unless it were one word, which plainly signify'd Alms; by which he guess'd that Charity was the Burthen and intent of their Song. Thereupon, being exceeding Charitable, as *Cid Hamet* reports him, he open'd his Waller, and having taken out half a Loaf and half a Cheese, gave 'em that, making signs withal, that he had nothing else to give 'em. They took the Dole with a good will, but yet, not satisfi'd, they cry'd *Guelt, Guelt*. Good People, quoth *Sancho*, I don't understand what you would have. With that, one of 'em pull'd out a Purse that was in his Bosom, and shew'd it to *Sancho*, by which he understood that 'twas Money they wanted. But he, putting his Thumb to his Mouth, and wagging his hand with his four fingers upwards, made a sign that he had not a Cross; and so clapping his heels to *Dapple's* sides, he began to make way through the Pilgrims; but at the same time one of 'em, who had been looking on him very earnestly, laid hold on him, and throwing his Arms about his Middle, Bless me! (cry'd he in very good *Spanish*) What do I see? Is it possible? Do I hold in my Arms my dear Friend, my good Neighbour

your *Sancho Panza*? Yes, sure, it must be he, for I am neither Drunk nor Dreaming. *Sancho* wondering to hear himself call'd by his Name, and to see himself so lovingly hugg'd by the Pilgrim, star'd upon him without speaking a word; but, tho' he look'd seriously in his Face a good while, he could not guess who he was. The Pilgrim observing his Amazement, What, said he, Friend *Sancho*, don't you know your old Acquaintance, your Neighbour *Ricote* the *Morisco*, the Chandler of your Town? Then *Sancho* looking wistly on him again, began to call him to mind, at last he knew him again perfectly, and clipping him about the Neck without alighting, *Ricote*, cry'd he, Who the Devil could ever have known thee transmogrify'd in this Mumming Dress. Prithee who has Frenchify'd thee at this rate? and how durst thou offer to come again into *Spain*? Should'st thou come to be known, adad, I would not be in thy Coat for the World. If thou dost not betray me, said the Pilgrim, I am safe enough, *Sancho*; for no body can know me in this Disguise. But let us get out of the Road, and make to yonder Elm-Grove, my Comrades and I have agreed to take a little Refreshment there, and thou shalt Dine with us. They are honest Souls I'll assure thee. There I shall have an Opportunity to tell thee how I have pass'd my Time since I was forced to leave the Town in Obedience to the King's Edict, which, as thou knowest, so severely threatens those of our unfortunate Nation. *Sancho* consented, and *Ricote* having spoke to the rest of the Pilgrims, they went all together to the Grove, at a good distance from the Road. There they laid by their Staves, and taking off their Pilgrims Weeds remain'd in *Cuerpo*; all of 'em young handsome Fellows, except *Ricote*, who was some-

what stricken in Years. Every one carry'd his Waller, which seem'd well furnish'd, at least with savoury and high-season'd bits, the compul-sories to draw down good Liguor. They sat down on the Ground, and making the green grass their Table-cloth, presently there was a comfortable appearance of Bread, Salt, Knives, Nuts, Cheese, and some Bacon-bones, on which there were still some good pickings left, or which at least might be suck'd. They also had a kind of black meat call'd *Caveer*, made of the Roes of Fish, a cer-tain Charm to keep Thirst awake. They also had good store of Olives, though none of the moist-est; but the chief glory of the Feast, was six Lea-ther Bottles of Wine, every Pilgrim exhibiting one for his share; even honest *Ricote* himself was now transform'd from a *Morisco* to a *German*, and clubb'd his Bottle, his Quota making as good a Figure as the rest. They began to eat like Men that lik'd mighty well their savoury Fare; and as it was very relishing, they went leisurely to work to continue the longer, taking but a little of every one at a time on the point of a Knife. Then all at once they lifted up their Arms, and applying their own Mouths to the Mouths of the Bottles, and turning up their Bottoms in the Air, with their Eyes fix'd on Heaven, like Men in an Extasy, they remain'd in that Posture a good while, transfusing the Blood and Spirit of the Vessels into their Stomachs, and shaking their heads, as in a Rapture, to expresse the pleasure they receiv'd. *Sancho* admir'd all this extreamly; he could not find the least fault with it, quite contrary he was for making good the Proverb, *When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome*; so he desir'd *Ricote* to lend him his Bottle, and taking his aim as well as the rest, and with no less satis-faction,

faction, shew'd 'em he wanted neither Method nor Breath. Four times they caress'd the Bottles in that manner, but there was no doing it the Fifth; for they were quite exhausted, and the Life and Soul of 'em departed, which turn'd their mirth into Sorrow. But while the Wine lasted all was well. Now and then one or other of the Pilgrims would take *Sancho* by the right hand, *Spaniard* and *German* all one now, they cry'd, *Bon Compagno*, Well said, i'faith, answer'd *Sancho*; *Bon Compagno*, good Companion, Blood and Guts. And then he would burst out a laughing for half an hour together, without the least concern for all his late misfortunes, or the loss of his Government; for anxieties use to have but little Power over the time that Men spend in Eating or Drinking. In short, as their Bellies were full, their Bones desir'd to be at rest, and so five of 'em dropp'd asleep, only *Sancho* and *Ricote* who had indeed eat more, but drank less, remain'd awake, and remov'd under the cover of a Beech at a small distance, where while the other slept, *Ricote* in good *Spanish* spoke to *Sancho* to this Purpose.

Thou well knowest, Friend *Sancho Panza*, how the late Edict, that enjoyned all those of my Nation to depart the Kingdom, alarm'd us all; at least me it did; insomuch that the time limited for our going was not yet expired but I thought the Law was ready to be executed upon me and my Children. Accordingly I resolv'd to provide betimes for their Security and mine, as a Man does that knows his Habitation will be taken away from him, and so secures another before he is oblig'd to remove. So I left our Town by my self, and went to seek some Place beforehand, where I might convey my Family without exposing my self to the inconveniency of a hurry,

like the rest that went; for the wisest among us were justly apprehensive that the Proclamations issued out for the Banishment of our *Moerish* Race were not only Threats, as some flatter'd themselves, but would certainly take effect at the expiration of the limited time. I was the rather inclined to believe this, being conscious that our People had very dangerous Designs, so that I could not but think the King was Inspir'd by Heaven to take so brave a Resolution, and expel those Snakes out of the Bosom of the Kingdom: Not that we were all guilty, for there were some sound and real Christians among us; but their Number was so small, that they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise, and it was not safe to keep Enemies within doors. In short, it was necessary we should be Banished, but tho' some might think it a mild and pleasant Fate, to us it seems the most dreadful thing that could befall us; Whereever we are, we bemoan with Tears our Banishment from *Spain*; for, after all, there we were born, and 'tis our native Country. We find no where the Entertainment our Misfortune requires, and even in *Barbary* and all other Parts of *Africk*, where we expected to have met with the best Reception and Relief, we find the greatest Inhumanity and the worst Usage. We did not know our Happiness till we had lost it; and the desire which most of us have to return to *Spain*, is such, that the greatest part of those that speak the Tongue, as I do, who are many, come back hither, , and leave their Wives and Children there in a forlorn Condition; so strong is their Love for their native Place; and now I know by Experience the truth of the Saying; sweet is the love of one's Country. For my part, having left our Town, I went into *France* and

and though we were very well receiv'd there, yet I had a mind to see other Countries ; and so passing through it , I Travell'd into *Italy*, and from thence into *Germany*, where methought one might live with more freedom, the Inhabitants being a good humour'd sociable People that love to live easie with one another, and every body follows his own way ; for there's Liberty of Conscience allow'd in the greatest part of the Country. There after I had taken a Dwelling in a Village near *Augsburgh*, I struck into the Company of these Pilgrims, and got to be one of their Number, finding they were some of those who make it their Custom to go to *Spain*, many of 'em every Year, to visit the places of Devotion, which they look upon as their *Indies*, and best Market and surest means to get Money. They Travel almost the whole Kingdom over, nor is there a Village where they are not sure to get Meat and Drink, and six pence at least in Money. And they manage matters so well, that at the end of their Pilgrimage they commonly go off with above a hundred Crowns clear gains, which they change into Gold, and hide either in the hollow of their Staves, or the Patches of their Cloaths, and either thus, or some other private way convey it usually into their own Country, in spite of all Searches at their going out of the Kingdom. Now *Sancho*, my design in returning hither is to fetch the Treasure that I left bury'd when I went away, which I may do with the less Inconvenience, by reason it lies in a place quite out of the Town. That done, I intend to Write or go over my self from *Valencia* to my Wife and Daughter, who I know are in *Algiers*, and find one Way or other to get 'em over to some Port of *France*, and from thence bring 'em over into *Germany*, where

we will stay, and see how Providence will dispose of us: For I am sure my Wife *Francisca* and my Daughter are good Catholick Christians; and though I can't say I am as much a Believer as they are, yet I have more of the Christian than of the Mahometan, and make it my constant Prayer to the Almighty to open the Eyes of my Understanding, and let me know how to Serve him. What I wonder at, is, that my Wife and Daughter should rather chuse to go for *Barbary* than for *France*, where they might have liv'd like Christians.

Look you, *Ricote*, answer'd *Sancho*, mayhaps that was none of their fault, for to my knowledge *John Tiopieyo*, thy Wive's Brother took 'em along with him, and he belike being a rank *Moor*, would go where he thought best. And I must tell thee further, Friend, that I doubt thou'lt lose thy labour in going to look after thy hidden Treasure; for the Report was hot among us, that thy Brother-in-law and thy Wife had a great many Pearls, and a deal of Gold taken away from 'em, which should have been entred. That may be, reply'd *Ricote*, but I am sure, Friend of mine, they have not met with my hoard. For I never would tell 'em where I had hid it, for fear of the worst. And therefore if thou wilt go along with me, and help me carry off this Money, I will give thee two hundred Crowns, to make thee easier in the World; Thou know'st I can tell 'tis but low with thee. I would do it, answer'd *Sancho*; but I an't at all Covetous. Were I in the least given to it, this Morning I quitted an Employment, which had I but kept, I might have got enough to have made the Walls of my House of beaten Gold; and before six Months had been at an end, I might have eaten my Victuals.

in silver Platters. So that as well for this Reason, as because I fancy it would be a piece of Treason to the King, in abetting his Enemies, I would not go with thee, though thou wouldst lay me down twice as much. And prithee, said *Ricote*, what sort of an Employment is it thou hast left? Why, quoth *Sancho*, I have left the Government of an Island, and such an Island as i'faith you'll scarce meet with the like in haste, within a mile of an Oak. And where is this Island, said *Ricote*? Where, quoth *Sancho*, why, some two Leagues off, and it is call'd the Island of *Barataria*. Prithee don't talk so, reply'd *Ricote*; Islands lie a great way off in the Sea; there are none of 'em on the Main Land. Why not, quoth *Sancho*? I tell thee, friend *Ricote*, I came from thence but this Morning, and yesterday I was there Governing it at my Will and Pleasure like any Dragon; yet for all that I e'en left it; for this same Place of a Governor seem'd to me but a ticklish and perillous kind of an Office. And what didst thou get by thy Government, ask'd *Ricote*? Why, answer'd *Sancho*, I have got thus much knowledge, as to understand that I am not fit to Govern any thing unless it be a Herd of Cattel; and that the Wealth that's got in these kind of Governments costs a Man a deal of Labour and Toil, Watching and Hunger; for in your Islands, Governors must eat next to nothing, especially if they have Physicians to look after their Health. I can make neither Head nor Tail of all this, said *Ricote*; It seems to me all Madness; for who would be such a Simpleton as to give thee Islands to Govern? Was the World quite bare of abler Men, that they could pick out no body else for a Governor? Prithee say no more, Man, but come to thy Senses, and consider whether thou wilt go along with

with me, and help me to carry-off my hidden Wealth, my Treasure, for I may well give it that Name, considering how much there is of it, and I'll make a Man of thee as I have told thee. Hark you me *Ricote*, answer'd *Sancho*, I've already told thee my Mind. Let it suffice that I will not betray thee, and so a God's Name go thy Way, and let me go mine; for full well I wot, *That what's honestly got may be lost, but what's ill got will perish and the Owner too.* Well, *Sancho*, said *Ricote*, I'll press thee no further. Only prithee tell me, wert thou in the Town when my Wife and Daughter went away with my Brother-in-law? Ay marry was I, quoth *Sancho*, by the same Token, thy Daughter look'd so woundy handsome that there was whole Crowding to see her, and every Body said, she was the finest Creatue o' God's Earth. She wept bitterly all the way, poor thing, and embrac'd all her She-Friends and acquaintance, and begg'd all of those that flock'd about her to pray for her, and that in so earnest and pitious a manner, that, she e'en made me shed Tears, though I am none of the greatest Blubberers. Faith and Troth, many there had a good mind to have got her away from her Uncle upon the Road, and have hid her; but the thoughts of the King's Proclamation kept 'em in awe. But he that shew'd himself the most concern'd, was *Don Pedro de Gregorio*, that young rich Heir that you know. They say, he was up to the Ears in Love with her, and he has never been seen in the Town since she went. We all thought he was gone after her to steal her away, but hitherto we have heard no more of the Matter. I have all along had a jealousy, said *Ricote*, that this Gentleman lov'd my Daughter. But I always had too good Opinion of my *Ricota's* Vertue, to be uneasie with his Passion; for thou know'st

know'st *Sancho*, very few, and hardly any of the Old Christians were ever known to Marry with our Women of *Moorish* Race on the account of Love; and so I hope, that my Daughter, who, I believe, minds more the Duties of a Christian than any thing of Love, will but little regard this young Heir's Courtship. Heaven grant she may, quoth *Sancho*, for else 'twould be the worse for 'em both; and now honest Neighbour, I must bid thee god b'y, for I have a mind to be with my Master *Don Quixote* this Evening. Then Heaven be with thee, friend *Sancho*, said *Ricote*: I find my Comrades have fetch'd out their Naps, and 'tis time we should make the best of our way. With that, after a kind Embrace, *Sancho* mounted his Dapple, *Ricote* lean'd on his Staff, and so they parted.

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## C H A P. LV.

*What happen'd to Sancho by the Way, with  
other Matters that will make one stare*

**S***ancho* staid so long with *Ricote*, that the Night overtook him within half a League of the Duke's Castle. It grew Dark; however as it was Summer time, he was not much uneasy, and chose to go out of the Road with a Design to stay there till the Morning. But as ill Luck wou'd have it, while he was seeking some Place where he might rest himself, he and *Dapple* tumbled of a sudden into a very deep Hole, which was among the Ruins of some Old Buildings. As he was falling, he Pray'd with all his Heart, fancying himself all the while sinking down the Bottomless Pit, but he was in no such Danger, for by that time he had descended somewhat lower than Eighteen Feet, *Dapple* made a full stop at the Bottom, and his Rider found himself still on his Back, without the least hurt in the World. Presently *Sancho* began to consider the Condition of his Bones, held his Breath, and felt all about him, and finding himself Sound Wind and Limb, and in a whole Skin, he thought he could never give Heaven sufficient Thanks for his wonderous Preservation; for at first he gave himself over for lost, and broken into a Thousand Pieces. He grop'd with both

*Ilands*

Hands about the Walls of the Pit, to try if it were possible to get out without help ; but he found 'em all so plain, and so steep, that there was not the least hold or footing to get up. This griev'd him to the Soul, and to encrease his Sorrow, *Dapple* began to raise his Voice in a very piteous and doleful manner, which pierc'd his Master's very Heart, nor did the poor Beast make such Moan without Reason, for, to say the Truth, he was but in a Woeful Condition. Woe's me, cry'd *Sancho*, what sudden and unthought Mischances every foot befalls us poor Wretches that live in this miserable World ! Who wou'd have thought that he, who but Yesterday saw himself Seated in the Throne of an Island Governour, and had Servants and Vassals at his Beck, shou'd to day find himself buried in a Pit, without the least Soul to help him, or come to his Relief ! Here we are like to Perish with deadly Hunger I and my Ass, if we dont Die before, he of his Bruises, and I of Grief and Anguish. At least, I shan't be so lucky as was my Master, *Don Quixote*, when he went down into the Cave of the Inchanter *Montesinos*. He found better Fare there than he cou'd have at his own House, the Cloath was laid, and his Bed made, and he saw nothing but pleasant Visions : But I am like to see nothing here but Toads and Snakes. Unhappy Creature that I am ! What have my foolish Designs and Whimsies brought me to ? If ever 'tis Heaven's Blessed Will that my Bones be found, they'll be taken out of this dismal Place, bare, white and smooth. and those of my poor *Dapple* with em, by which, perhaps, it will be known who we are, at least, by those who shall have taken notice that *Sancho Panza* never stirr'd from his Ass, nor his Ass from *Sancho Panza*. Unhappy

happy Creatures that we are, I say again, Had we Dy'd at Home among our Friends, tho' we had miss'd of Relief, we shou'd not have want-ed some Pity to us, and to close our Eyes at the last Gasp. Oh my dear Companion and Friend, said he to his Ass, how ill have I requited thy Faithful Services. Forgive me and Pray to Fortune the best thou can'st, to deliver us out of this Plunge, and I here promise thee to set a Crown of Lawrel on thy Head, that thou may'st be taken for no less than a Poet Laureat, and thy allowance of Provender shall be doubled. Thus *Sancho* bewail'd his Misfortune, and his Ass hearken'd to what he said, but answer'd not a Word, so great was the Grief and Anguish which the poor Creature endur'd at the same time.

At length, after a whole Night's lamenting, and complaining at a miserable rate, the Day came on, and its Light having confirm'd *Sancho* in his Doubts of the Impossibility of getting out of that Place without help, he set up his Throat again, and made a Vigorous Outcry, to try whether any body might not hear him. But alas, all his calling was in vain, for all a-round there was no body within hearing; and then he gave himself over for Dead and Buried. He cast his Eyes on *Dapple*, and seeing him extended on the Ground, and sadly down in the Mouth, he went to him, and try'd to get him on his Legs, which with much a-do, by means of his Assistance, the poor Beast did at last, being hardly able to stand. Then he took a Luncheon of Bread out of his Wallet, that had run the same Fortune with 'em, and giving it to the Ass, who took it not at all amiss, and made no Bones of it, here said *Sancho*, as if a Beast had understood him,  
a fat

That Sorrow is better than a lean. At length he perceiv'd on one side of the Pit a great hole wide enough for a Man to creep through stooping: He drew to it, and having crawl'd thro' on all Four, found that it led into a Vault that enlarg'd it self the further it extended, which he could easily perceive the Sun shining in towards the top of the Concavity. Having made this discovery, he went back to his Ass, and like one that knew what belong'd to Digging, with a spade, began to remove the Earth that was about the Hole, and Labour'd so effectually, that he soon made a Passage for his Companion. Then taking him by the Halter, he led him along air and softly through the Cave, to try if he wou'd not find a Way to get out on the other side. Sometimes he went in the Dark, and sometimes without Light, but never without Fear. Heaven defend me, said he to himself, what a Heart of a Chicken have I ! This now, which to me is a sad Disaster, to my Master, *Don Quixote*, wou'd be a rare Adventure. He wou'd look upon these Caves and Dungeons as lovely Gardens, and glorious Palaces, and hope to be led out of these dark narrow Cells into some fine Meadow ; while I luckless, helpless, heartless Wretch that I am, every step I take, expect to sink into some deeper Pit than this, and go down I don't know whither. Welcome Ill Luck when it comes alone. Thus he went on, Lamenting and Despairing, and thought he had gone somewhat more than half a League, when, at last he perceiv'd a kind of a confus'd Light, which seem'd to be that of Day breaking in at some open Place, and prov'd to poor *Sancho* a Prospect of a Passage into another World.

But

But here *Cid Hamet Benengeli* leaves him while, and returns to *Don Quixote*, who entertain'd and pleas'd himself with the Hope of a speedy Combat between him and the Dishonourer of *Donna Rodriguez's* Daughter, whose Wrongs he design'd to see Redress'd on the appointed Day.

It happen'd one Morning, as he was riding out to prepare and exercise against the time of Battle, as he was practising with *Rosinante*, his Horse in the middle of his Manage pitch'd his Feet near the Brink of a deep Cave; in such a manner, that if *Don Quixote* had not us'd the best of his Skill, he must infallibly have tumbled into it. Having evading that Danger, he was tempted to look into the Cave without alighting, and wheeling about, rode up to it. Now while he was satisfying his Curiosity, and seriously musing, he thought he heard a Noise within, and then, upon list'ning, he could distinguish these Words, *Sancho*, which in a doleful Tone arose out of the Cave. Ho! above there! Is there no good Christian, that hears me, no Charitable Knight or Gentleman that will take Pity of a Sinner Buried alive, a poor Governour without Government. *Quixote* fancy'd he heard *Sancho's* Voice, which did not a little surprize him, and for his better Satisfaction, raising his Voice as much as he could, Who's that below, cry'd he? Who's that complains? Who shou'd it be, to his sorrow, cry'd *Sancho*, but the most wretched Soul alive, *Sancho Panza*, Governour, for his Sins, and his Ill Errantry, of the Island of *Barataria*, formerly Squire to the famous Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. These Words redoubled *Don Quixote's* Admiration, and encreas'd his Amazement; for he presently imagin'd that *Sancho* was Dead,

and that his Soul was there doing Pennance. I confess'd with that Fancy, I Conjure thee, said he, by all that can Conjure thee, as I am a Catholick Christian, to tell me who thou art, and, if thou art a Soul in Pain, let me know what thou would'st have me do for thee; for since my Profession, obliges me to assist and succour all that are afflicted in this World, certainly it will make me relieve and help the needy in the other World, who cannot help themselves. Surely, he answer'd he from below, you that speak to me should be my Master, *Don Quixote*: By the Oath of your Voice it can be no Man else. My Name is *Don Quixote*, reply'd the Knight, and I think it my Duty to assist not only the Living but the Dead in their Necessities. Tell me then who thou art, thou who fill'st me with Astonishment; for if thou art my Squire, *Sancho Panza*, and Dead, if the Devil have not got thee, I have found through Heaven's Mercy thou art in Purgatory, our Holy Mother, the Roman-Catholick Church, has sufficient Suffrages to redeem thee from the Pains thou endur'st, and I my self will solicit her on thy behalf as far as my Estate will go; therefore proceed, and tell me quickly who thou art? Why then, reply'd the Voice, by whatever you'll have me Swear by, I make Oath that I am *Sancho Panza*, your Squire, and that I never was Dead yet in my Life. But only having lost my Government, for Reasons and Causes which I han't Leisure yet to tell you, last Night unluckily I fell into this Cave, where I am still, and *Dapple* with me, that will not let me tell a Lye; for as a further Proof of what I say, he is here. Now what's strange, immediately as if the Ass had understood what his Master said, to back his Evidence, he fell a Braying so obstre-

obstreperously that he made the whole Crying again. A notable Witness, cry'd *Quixote* ! I know this Bray, as if I were the Parent of it, and I own thy Voice, my *Sancho*. I see thou art my real Squire ; stay therefore till I go to the Castle, which is hard by, and fetch more Company to help the out of the Pit in which thy Sins doubtless have thrown thee. Make haste, I beseech you, Sir, quoth *Sancho* and for Heavens sake come again as fast as you can, for I can no longer endure to be here buried alive, and I am e'en Dying with Fear.

*Don Quixote* went with all Speed to the Castle and gave the Duke and Dutchess an Account of *Sancho's* Accident, whilst they did not a little wonder at it, though they conceiv'd he might easily enough fall in at the Mouth of the Cave which had been there time out of Mind. But they were mightily surpriz'd to hear he had abdicated his Government before they had an account of his coming away.

In short, they sent Ropes, and other Conveniences by their Servants to draw him out, and at last with much Trouble and Labour, both he and his *Dapple* were restor'd from that Gloomy Pit, to the full Enjoyment of the Light of the Sun. At the same time a certain Scholar standing by, and seeing him hois'd up ; just so, said he, shou'd all bad Governours leave their Governments ; just as this Wretch is dragg'd out of the profound Abyss, Pale, half-starv'd and Famish'd, and as I fancy, without a Cross in his Pocket. Here you, Goodman Back-biter, reply'd *Sancho*, 'tis now eight or ten Days since I began to Govern the Island that was given me ; and in all that time I never had my Belly-full but once, Physicians have Persecuted me, Enemies have trampled over me, and bruis'd my Bones, and I have

had neither Leisure to take Bribes, not to receive my Fees: Now all this consider'd, In my Opinion I did not deserve to come out in this Fashion? But Man appoints, and God disappoints. Heaven knows best what's best for us all. We must take time as it comes, and our Lot as it falls. Let no Man say, I'll drink no more of this Water; we count our Chickens before they are Hatch'd, and many go out for Wool and come home Shorn. Heaven knows my Mind, and I say no more, tho' I might. Ne'er trouble thyself, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*; nor mind what some will say; for then thou wilt never have done. So thy Conscience be clear, let the World talk at random, as it uses to do. One may as soon tye up the VVinds as the Tongues of Slanderers. If a Governour returns Rich from his Government, they say he has fleec'd and robb'd the People; if Poor, then they call him Idle Fool, and ill Husband. Nothing so sure, then, quoth *Sancho*, but this bout they'll call me a Shallow Fool, but for a Fleecer or a Robber I scorn their Words, I defy all the World. Thus Discourfing as they went, with a Rabble of Boys and Idle People about 'em, they at last got to the Castle, where the Duke and the Dutchess waited in the Galleries for the Knight and the Squire. As for *Sancho*, he wou'd not go up to see the Duke, till he had seen his Ass in the Stable, and provided for him; for he said the poor Beast had but sorry Entertainment in his last Night's Lodging: This done, away he went to wait on his Lord and Lady, and throwing himself on his Knees, My Lord and Lady, said he, I went to Govern your Island of *Barataria*, according to your Will and Pleasure, tho' 'twas your Goodness more than my Desert. Naked I enter'd in-  
to

to it, and Naked I came away, I neither Won nor Lost. Whether I Govern'd well or ill, there are those not far off can tell, and let them tell, if they please, that can tell better than I. I have resolv'd doubtful Cases, determin'd Law-Suits, and all the while ready to Die with Hunger, such was the Desire of Doctor *Pedro Rezio Tirta suera*, that Island Physician, and Mis-governour, ordinary of the Health of Governours. Enemies set upon us in the Night, and after they had put us in great Danger, the People of the Island, when they were deliver'd, and had the Victory by the Strength of my Arm, and may Heaven Prosper 'em as they speak Truth, say I. In short, at that time, I try'd all the Cares and Burthen of this Trade of Governing brings along with it, and I found 'em too heavy for my Shoulders. I was never cut out for a Ruler. and I am too Clumsy to meddle with Edge-Tools, and so before the Government left me, I e'en resolv'd to leave the Government; and accordingly Yesterday Morning I quitted the Island as I found it, with the same Streets, the same Houses, and the same Roofs to them as when I came into it. I have ask'd for nothing by way of Loan, and made no Hoard against a Rainy Day. I design'd indeed to have issued out several wholesome Orders, but did not, for fear they shou'd not be kept, in which case it signifies no more to make 'em than if one made 'em not. So as I said before, I came away from the Island without any Company but my *Dapple*. I fell into a Cave, and went a good way through it, till this Morning by the Light of the Sun, I spy'd the way out, yet not so easy, but that had not Heaven sent my Master, *Don Quixote* to help me, there I might have staid till Doom's-day. And now

my Lord Duke, and my Lady Dutcheſs, here's your Governour *Sancho Panſa* again, who by a ten Days Government has only pick'd up ſo much Experience as to know he would not give a Straw to be Governour, not only of an Iſland, but of the verſal Word. This being allow'd, kiſſing your Worſhip's Feet, doing like the Boys when they Play at *Truſt-fail*, who cry, do you Leap, and then let me Leap; ſo I leap from the Government to my old Maſter's Service again. For after all, tho' with him I often eat my Bread in Bodily Fear, yet ſtill I fill my Belly; and, for my part, ſo I have but that well ſtuff'd, no matter whether it be with Carrots or with Partridge.

Thus *Sancho* concluded his long Speech, and *Don Quixote*, who all the while dreaded he would have ſaid a Thouſand Impertinencies, thank'd Heaven in his Heart, finding him end with ſo few. The Duke Embrac'd *Sancho*, and told him, he was very ſorry he had quitted his Government ſo ſoon, but that he would give him ſome other employment that ſhould be leſs troubleſome, and more profitable. The Dutcheſs was no leſs kind, giving order he ſhould want for nothing, for he ſeem'd ſadly Bruis'd and out of order.

Kkkk

CHAP.

## C H A P. LVI.

*Of the enormous and unaccountable Combat between Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the Lacquey Tosilos, in vindication of the Matron Donna Rodriguez's Daughter.*

**T**HE Duke and the Dutcheſs were not ſorry that the Interlude of *Sancho's* Government had been Play'd, eſpecially when the Steward, who came that very Day, gave 'em full and diſtinct Account of every thing the Governour had done and ſaid, during his Adminiſtration, uſing his very Expreſſions, and repeating almoſt every Word he had ſpoke, concluding with a Deſcription of the Storming the Iſland, and *Sancho's* Fear and Abdication, which prov'd no unacceptable Entertainment.

And now the Hiſtory relates, that the Day appointed for the Combat was come, nor had the Duke forgot to give his Lacquey *Tosilos* all neceſſary Inſtructions how to Vanquiſh *Don Quixote* and yet neither Kill nor Wound him; to which purpoſe he gave order that the Spears or Heads of their Lances ſhould be taken off, making *Don Quixote* ſenſible that Chriſtianity, which he had ſo great a Veneration, did not

admit that such Conflicts should so much endanger the Lives of the Combatants, and that it was enough that he granted him free Lists in his Territories, though it was against the Decree of the Holy Council, which forbids such Challenges : for which reasons he desired him not to push the thing to the utmost Rigour. *Don Quixote* replied, that his Grace had the sole Disposal of all things, and it was only his Duty to Obey.

And now the dreadful Day being come, the Duke caused a spacious Scaffold to be erected for the Judges of the Field of Battel, and for the Matron and her Daughter, the Plaintiffs.

An infinite Number of People flocked from all the Neighbouring Towns and Villages to behold this wonderful new kind of Combat, the like to which had never been seen or so much as heard of in those Parts neither by the Living nor the Dead. The first that made his Entrance at the Barriers, was the Marshal of the Field, who came to survey the Ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul Play, no private Holes, or Contrivance to make one stumble or fall. After that, entered the Matron and her Daughter, who seated themselves in their Places, all in deep Mourning, their Vails close to their Eyes, and over their Breasts, with no small Demonstrations of Sorrow ; presently at one end of the listed Field appeared the Peerless Champion, *Don Quixote de la Mancha* : A while after, at the other enter'd the Grand Lacquey, *Tosilos*, attended with a great Number of Trumpets, and Mounted on a mighty Steed, that shook the very Earth. The Visor of his Helmet was down, and he was Armed Cap-a-pee, in shining Armour of Proof. His Courser was a Flea-bitten Horse, that seemed of *Friesland*

Breed, and had a quantity of Wooll about each Ankle. The Valorous Combatant came on, well tutored by the Duke his Master how to behave himself towards the Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; being warned to spare his Life by all means, and therefore to avoid a shock in his first Career that might otherwise prove fatal, should he Encounter him directly: *Tosilos* fetched a Compass about the Barrier, and at last made a stop right against the two Women, casting a leering Eye upon her that had demanded him in Marriage. Then the Marshal of the Field called to *Don Quixote*, and in the Presence of *Tosilos* asked the Mother and the Daughter whether they consented that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* should Vindicate their Right, and whether they would stand or fall by the Fortune of their Champion? They said they did, and allowed of whatever he should do in their behalf, as good and valid. The Duke and Dutcheß by this time were seated in a Gallery that was over the Barriers, which were surrounded by a vast Throng of Spectators, all waiting to see the unmerciful and unparal-  
 lellled Conflict. The Conditions of the Combat were these, That if *Don Quixote* were the Conqueror, his Opponent should Marry *Donna Rodriguez's* Daughter; but if the Knight were overcome, then the Victor should be discharged from his Promise, and not bound to give her any other Satisfaction. Then the Marshal of the Field placed each of them on the Spot whence they should Start, dividing equally between them the advantage of the Ground, that neither of them might have the Sun in his Eyes. And now the Drums beat, and the Clangor of the Trumpets resounded through the Air; the Earth shook under

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 557

der 'em, and the Hearts of the Numerous Spectators were in Suspence, some fearing, others expecting the good or bad Issue of the Battel. *Don Quixote* recommending himself with all his Soul to Heaven and his Lady *Dulcinea del Tobo* stood expecting when the precise Signal for the Onset should be given.---- But our Lacquey's Mind was otherwise employ'd, and all his Thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It seems, as he stood looking on his Female Enemy, she appear'd to him the most beautiful Woman he had ever seen in his whole Life; which being perceiv'd by the little blind Archer, to whom the World gives the Name of Love, he took his Advantage, and fond of improving his Triumphs, though it were but over the Soul of a Lacquey, he came up to him softly, and without being perceiv'd by any one, he shot an Arrow two Yards long into the poor Footman's Side, so smartly that his Heart was pierc'd through and through. A thing which the mischievous Boy cou'd easily do; for Love is invisible, and has free Ingress or Egress where he pleases, at a most unaccountable rate. You must know then, that when the Signal for the onset was given, our Lacquey was in an Extasie, Transported with the Thoughts of the Beauty of his lovely Enemy, insomuch that he took no manner of Notice of the Trumpet's Sound; quite contrary to *Don Quixote*, who no sooner heard it, but clapping Spurs to his Horse, he began to make towards his Enemy with *Rosinante's* best speed. At the same time his good Squire *Sancho Panza* seeing him start, Heaven be thy Guide, cry'd he aloud, thou Cream and Flower of Chivalry-Errant, Heaven give thee the Victory, since thou hast right on thy side. *Tosilos* saw

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*Don Quixote* coming towards him, yet instead of taking his Career to Encounter him; without leaving the Place, he call'd as loud as he cou'd to the Marshal of the Field, who thereupon rode up to him to see what he would have. Sir, said *Tosilos*, Is not this Duel to be Fought that I may Marry yonder young Lady, or let it alone? Yes, answer'd the Marshal. Why then, said the Lacquey, I feel a Burden upon my Conscience, and am sensible I should have a great deal to answer for, shou'd I proceed any further in this Combat; and therefore I yield my self vanquish'd, and desire I may Marry the Lady this Moment. The Marshal of the Field was surpriz'd, and, as he was privy to the Duke's contrivance of that Business, the Lacquey's unexpected Submission put him to such a Nonplus, that he knew not what to answer. On the other side, *Don Quixote* stopt in the middle of his Career, seeing his Adversary did not put himself in a Posture of Defence. The Duke cou'd not imagine why the Business of the Field was at a stand, but the Marshal having inform'd him, he was amaz'd, and in a great Passion. In the mean time, *Tosilos* approaching *Donna Rodriguez*, Madam, cry'd he, I am willing to Marry your Daughter, there's no need of Law-Suits, nor of Combats in the Matter, I had rather make an end of it Peaceably, and without the hazard of Body and Soul. Way then, said the Valorous *Don Quixote*, hearing this, since 'tis so I am discharg'd of my Promise; let them e'en Marry a God's Name, and Heaven bless 'em, and give 'em Joy. At the same time the Duke coming down within the Lists, and applying himself to *Tosilos*, Tell me Knight, said he, is it true, that you yield without Fighting, and that at the In-

sti-

ffigation of your timerous Conscience, you are resolv'd to Marry this Damsel? Yes, an't please your Grace, answer'd *Tosilos*. Marry, and I think 'tis the Wisest Course, quoth *Sancho*; for what says the Proverb, what the Mouse would get, give the Cat, and keep thy self out of trouble. In the mean while *Tosilos* began to unlace his Helmet, and call'd out that somebody might help him off with it quickly, as being so choak'd with his Armour, that he was scarce able to Breathe. With that, they took off his Helmet with all speed, and then the Lacquey's Face was plainly discover'd. *Donna Rodriguez*, and her Daughter perceiving it presently, a Cheat, a Cheat, cry'd they! They have got *Tosilos*, my Lord Duke's Footman to counterfeit my Lawful Husband, Justice of Heaven and the King. This is a piece of Malice and Treachery not to be endur'd. Ladies, said *Don Quixote*, don't Vex your selves, there's neither Malice nor Treachery in the Case, or if there be, the Duke is not in the Fault. No, those evil Minded Negromancers that Persecute me, they are the Traytors, who envying the Glory I should have got by this Combat, have Transform'd the Face of my Adversary into this, which you see is the Duke's Footman. But take my Advice, Madam, added he to the Daughter, and in spite of the Baseness of my Enemies, Marry him; for I dare engage 'tis the very Man you claim as your Husband. The Duke hearing this, angry as he was, cou'd hardly forbear losing all his Indignation in Laughter. Truly, said he, so many extraordinary Accidents every Day befall the great *Don Quixote*, that I am Inclenable to believe that this is not my Footman, tho' he appears to be so. But for our better Satisfaction, let us de-

fer the Marriage but a Fortnight, and in the mean while keep in close Custody this Person that has put us into this Confusion, perhaps by that time he may resume his former Looks; for doubtless the Malice of these mischievous Magicians against the Noble *Don Quixote* cannot last so long, especially when they find that all these Tricks and Transformations so little avail. Alack a day! Sir, quoth *Sancho*, those Plaguy Imps of the Devil are not so soon tir'd as you think for; where my Master is concern'd, they us'd to Form and Deform, and chop and Change this into that, and that into t'other. 'Tis but a while ago that they Transmography'd the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he had overcome into a special Acquaintance of ours, the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* of our Village; and as for the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, our Mistress, they have Bewitch'd and be-devill'd her into the Shape of a meer Country Blouze, and so I verily think this saucy Fellow here is like to dye a Footman, and will live a Footman all the Days of his Life. Well, cry'd the Daughter, let him be what he will, if he'll have me, I'll have him. I ought to thank him, for I had rather be a Lacquey's Wife, than a Gentleman's cast-off Mistress; besides, he that deluded me is no Gentleman neither. To be short, the Summ of the Matter was, that *Tosilos* shou'd be confin'd to see what his Transformation wou'd come to. *Don Quixote* was proclaim'd Victor by general Consent; and the People went away, most of 'em very much out of Humour, because the Combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make 'em Sport; according to the Custom of the young Rabble, to be sorry, when, after they have staid in hopes to see a Man Hang'd, he happens to be Par-

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Pardon'd, either by the Party he had Wrong'd, or the Magistrate. The Crowd being dispers'd, the Duke and the Dutchess return'd with *Don Quixote* into the Castle, *Tosilos* was secur'd and kept close: As for *Donna Rodriguez* and her Daughter, they were very well pleas'd, to see that one way or other that Business wou'd end in Marriage; and *Tosilos* flatter'd himself with the like Expectation.

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CH. A. P.

## CHAP. LVII.

*How Don Quixote took his leave of the Duke, and what pass'd between him and the witty wanton Altisidora the Dutcheſs's Damſel.*

**D**ON Quixote thought it now time to leave the idle Life he led in the Castle, believing it a mighty Fault, thus to shut himself up, and indulge his sensual Appetite among the tempting Varieties of Dainties and Delights, which the Lord and Lady of the Place provided for his Entertainment, as a Knight-Errant; and he thought he was to give a strict Account to Heaven for a Course of Life so opposite to his active Profession. Accordingly one Day he acquainted the Duke and the Dutcheſs with his Sentiments; and begg'd their Leave to go. They both seem'd very unwilling to part with him, but yet at last yielded to his Entreaties. The Dutcheſs gave *Sancho* his Wife's Letters, which he could not hear read without weeping. Who would have thought, cry'd he, that all the mighty hopes with which my Wife swell'd her self up at the news of my Preferment, should come to this at last, and now I should be reduc'd again to trot after my Master *D. Quixote de la Mancha*, in search of Hunger and Broken Bones! However, I am glad to see my *Tereſa* was like her self, in sending the Dutcheſs

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Dutchess the Acorns ; which if she had not done, she had shew'd her self a dirty ungrateful Sow, and I should have been confounded mad with her. My comfort is, that no Man can say the Present was a Bribe ; for I had my Government before she sent it, and 'tis fit those who have a kindness done 'em should shew themselves grateful, tho it be with a small matter. In short, naked I came into the Government, and naked I went out of it ; and so I may say for my Comfort with a safe Conscience, naked I came into the World, and naked I am still ; I neither won nor lost, and that's no easie matter as Times go, let me tell you. These were *Sancho's* Sentiments at his departure.

*Don Quixote* having taken his solemn leave of the D. and Dutchess over night, left his Apartment the next morning, and appear'd in his Armour in the Court-yard, the Galleries all round about being fill'd at the same time with the People of the House ; the Duke and the Dutchess being also got thither to see him. *Sancho* was upon his Dapple with his Cloak-bag, his Waller and his Provision, very brisk and Chearful ; for the Steward that acted the Part of *Fisaldi* had given him a Purse with two hundred Crowns in Gold, to defray Expences, which was more than *Don Quixote* knew at that time. And now while every Body look'd to see 'em set forward, on a sudden the Arch and Witty *Alcidesora* started from the rest of the Dutchess's Damfels and Attendance that stood by among the rest, and in a doleful Tone, address'd her self to him, in the following Doggrel Rhimes.

Th

**The Mock Farewell.****I.**

**S**tay, cruel Don,  
Do not be gone,  
Nor give thy Horse the Rowels :  
For every Jag  
Thou giv'st thy Nag,  
Does prick me to the Bowels.

Thou do'st not shun  
some Butter'd Bun,  
Or Drab without a Rag on :  
Alas I am  
A very Lamb,  
Yet love like any Dragon.

Thou didst deceive,  
And now do'st leave  
A Lass, as tight as any  
That ever stood,  
In Hill or Wood  
Near Venus and Diana.  
Since thou, false Friend,  
When Nymph's thy Friend,  
Æneas like dost bob her;  
Go rot and die,  
Boil, Roast, or Fry,  
With Barrabas the Robber,

**II.**

Thou tak'st thy Flight,  
Like Rav'nous Kite,  
That holds within his Pouncess  
A tender Bit,  
A poor Tom-tit,  
Then whist a way he Flounces.

The Heart of me,  
And Night-Coifs three  
With Garters twain you Plunder,  
From Legs of hue,  
White, black, and blue,  
So Marbl'd o'er you'd wonder.

Two thousand Groans,  
And warm Ahones,  
Are stuff'd within thy Pillion;  
The least of which,  
Like flaming Pitch,  
Might have burn'd down old Ilion.

Since thou, False Fiend,  
When Nymph's thy Friend,  
Æneas like dost bob her;  
Go, Rot, and Die,  
Boil, Roast, or Fry,  
With Barrabas the Robber.

### III.

As sow'r as Crab  
Against thy Drab,  
May be thy Sancho's Ghizzard:  
And he ne'er thrum  
His brawny Bum,  
To free her from the Wizzard.

May all thy Flouts,  
And sullen Doubts,  
Be scor'd upon thy Dowdy;  
And she ne'er free'd,  
For thy misdeed,  
From rusty Phiz, and Cloudy.

*May Fortune's Curse  
From bad to worse,  
Turn all thy best Adventures;  
Thy Joys to Dumps,  
Thy Brags to Thumps,  
And thy best Hopes to Banters.*

*Since thou, false Fiend,  
When Nymph's thy Friend,  
Æneas like do'st bob her;  
Go, Rot, and Die,  
Boil, Roast, and Fry,  
With Barrabas the Robber.*

## IV.

*May'st thou Incog.  
Sneak like a Dog,  
And o'er the Mountains trudge it;  
From Spain to Cales,  
From Rome to Wales,  
Without a Cross in Budget.*

*If thou'r't so brisk  
To play at Whisk,  
In hopes of winning Riches;  
For want of Trump,  
Strip ev'n thy Rump,  
And lose thy very Breeches.  
May thy Corns ache,  
Then Pen-knife take,  
And cut thee to the Ram-bone:  
With Tooth-ack mad,  
No Ease be had,  
Tho' Quacks pull out thy Jaw-bone.*

Since thou, false Friend,  
When Nymph's thy Friend,  
Æneas like do'st bob her;  
Go, Rot, and Dye,  
Boil, Roast, or Fry,  
With Barrabas the Robber.

Thus *Alcividora* express'd her Resentments, and *Don Quixote*, who look'd on her seriously all the while, would not answer a Word; but turning to *Sancho*, Dear *Sancho*, said he, by the Memory of thy Forefathers, I conjure thee to tell me one Truth. Say, hast thou any Night-Coifs or Garters that belong to this Love-sick Damsel? The three Night-Coifs I have quoth *Sancho*; but as for the Garters, I know no more of 'em than the Man in the Moon. The Dutches's being wholly a stranger to this part of *Alcividora's* Frolick, was amaz'd to see her proceed so far in it, though she knew her to be of an arch and merry Disposition. But the Duke being pleased with the Humour, resolv'd to carry it on. Thereupon addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, Truly, Sir Knight, said he, I do not take it kindly, that after such Civil Entertainment as you have had here in my Castle, you should offer to carry away three Night-Coifs, if not a pair of Garters besides, the proper Goods and Chattels of this Damsel here present. This was not done like a Gentleman, and does not make good the Character you would maintain in the World: Therefore restore her Garters, or I Challenge you to a Mortal Combat; without being afraid that your Evil-minded Inchanters should alter my Face, as they did my Footman's. Heaven forbid, said *Don Quixote*, that I should draw my Sword against your most Illustrious Person, to whom I stand indebted  
for

for so many Favours. No, my Lord, as for the Night-Coifs I will cause 'em to be restor'd, for *Sancho* tells me he has 'em; but as for the Garters 'tis impossible, for neither he nor I ever had 'em; and if this Damsel of yours will look carefully among her Things, I dare say she'll find 'em. I never was a Pilferer, my Lord, and while Heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be guilty of such Baseness. But this Damsel, as you may perceive, talks like one that is Love, and accuses me of that whereof I am innocent; so that not regarding her little Revenge, I have no need to ask Pardon either of her or your Grace. I only beg you'll be pleas'd to entertain a better Opinion of me, and once more permit me to depart. Farewell, Noble *Don Quixote*, said the Dutcheß; may Providence so direct your Course, that we may always be bless'd with the good News of your Exploits: and so Heaven be with you, for the longer you stay the more you encrease the Flames in the hearts of the Damsels that gaze on you. As for this young Indiscreet, I'll take her to task so severely, she shall not misbehave her self so much as in a Word or Look for the future. One Word more, I beseech you, O Valorous *Don Quixote*, cry'd *Altisidora*. I beg your Pardon for saying you had stoln Garters, for i' my Conscience I have 'em on: But my Thoughts ran a Wooll-gathering; and I did like the Countryman, who lor'd for his Ass while he was mounted on its Back. Marry come up, cry'd *Sancho*, whom did they take me for, trow? The Receiver is as bad as the Thief: We had had a great Prize indeed of her old Garters. Had I been given that Way, I might have nick'd it to a T. in my Government.

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*Don Quixote* made a Bow, and after he had made his Obeisance to the Duke, the Dutcheß, and all the Company, he turn'd about with *Rosinante*; and *Sancho* following him on *Dapple*, they left the Castle, and took the Road for *Saragossa*.

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C H A P.

## C H A P. LVIII.

*How Adventures upon Adventures crowd-  
ed thick and threefold on Don Quixote,  
so fast that they trod upon one another's  
heels.*

**D**ON Quixote no sooner breath'd the Air in the open Field, free from *Alfisdora's* amorous Importunities, but he fancy'd himself in his only Element; he thought he felt the Spirit of Knight-Errantry reviving in his Breast; and turning to *Sancho*, Liberty, said he, Friend *Sancho*, is one of the most valuable Blessings that Heaven has bestowed on Mankind. Not all the Treasures conceal'd in the Bowels of the Earth, nor those in the Bosom of the Sea can be compar'd with it. For Liberty, a Man may, nay, ought to hazard even his Life, as well as for Honour, accounting Captivity the greatest Misery he can endure. I tell thee this, my *Sancho*, because thou wert a Witness of the good Cheer and Plenty which we met with in the Castle; yet in the midst of those delicious Feasts, among those tempting Dishes, and those Liquors cool'd with Snow, methought I suffer'd the extremity of Hunger, because I did not enjoy them with that Freedom as if they had been my own: For the Obligations that lie upon us to make suitable Returns for Kindnesses receiv'd, are Ties that will not let a Generous Mind be free. Happy the Man, whom Heav'n has blest'd

with

with Bread, for which he is oblig'd to thank that  
Heaven alone! For all these fine Words, quoth  
Sancho, we must e'en think our selves oblig'd to  
thank two hundred good Crowns of fine yellow  
Metal, which the Duke's Steward gave me in a  
little Purse, which I have here, and cherish in my  
bosom, as a Relick against Necessity, and a com-  
forting Cordial next my heart against all Acci-  
dents. For we are not like always to meet with  
Riches, where we shall be made much of. A  
second on't! we are more like to meet with  
poor Inns, where we shall be rib-roasted.

As the Wandring Knight and Errant Squire  
went discoursing of this and other matters, they  
did not rid much more than a League, e'er they  
came about a dozen Men, who look'd like Cou-  
rtyers sitting at their Victuals, with the r  
swords under them, on the green Grass, in the  
middle of a Meadow. Near 'em they saw several  
fine Cloaths or Sheets spread out and laid close  
one another, that seem'd to cover something.  
Don Quixote rode up to the People, and after he  
civilly saluted 'em, ask'd what they had got  
for that Linnen? Sir, answer'd one of the Com-  
manders, they are some carv'd Images that are to be  
put up at an Altar we are erecting in our Town.  
We cover 'em, lest they should be sullied, and  
carry 'em on our Shoulders for fear they should be  
taken. If you please, said Don Quixote, I should  
be glad to see 'em; for, considering the Care you  
take of 'em, they should be Pieces of Value. Ay,  
they are they, quoth another, or else we're dam-  
nably cheated: for there's ne'er an Image among  
us that does not stand us in more than fifty Da-  
nars; and, that you may know I'm no Lier, do  
but say, and you shall see with your own Eyes.  
Don Quixote that, getting up on his Legs, and leaving  
his

his Victuals, he went and took off the cover from one of the Figures, that happen'd to be *St. George* a Horseback, and under his Feet a Serpent coil'd up, his Throat transfix'd with a Lance, with the fierceness that is commonly represented in the Piece; and all, as they use to say, spick and span new, and shining like beaten Gold. *Don Quixote* having seen the Image, This, said he, was one of the best Knights-Errant the Divine Warfare of Church-Militant ever had: His Name was *Don St. George*, and he was an extraordinary Protection of Damsels. What's the next? The Fellow having uncover'd it, it prov'd to be *St. Martin* on Horse-back. This Knight too, said *Don Quixote* at the first sight, was one of the Christian Adventurers, and I am apt to think he was more Liberal than Valiant; and thou may'st perceive it *Sancho* by his dividing his Cloak with a poor Man; he gave him half, and doubtless 'twas Winter-time or else he would have giv'n it him whole, he was Charitable. Not so neither, I fancy, quoth *Sancho* but I guess he stuck to the Proverb, to give and keep, there's need of Wit: He that lends his Breech must Dung through his Ribs. *Don Quixote* smil'd, and desir'd the Men to shew him the next Image; which appear'd to be that of the Patron of *Spain* a Horse-back, with his Sword bloody, trampling down *Moors*, and treading over Heads. Ay, this is a Knight indeed, (cry'd *Don Quixote* when he saw it) one of those that fought in the Squadrons of the Saviour of the World: He call'd *Don San Diego Mata-Moros*, or *Don St. James the Destroyer of the Moors*, and may be thought one of the most Valorous Saints and Professors of Chivalry that the Earth formerly enjoy'd, and Heaven now possesses. Then they uncover'd another Piece, which shew'd *St. Paul* falling from his Horse,

Horse, with all the Circumstances usually express'd  
in the Story of his Conversion, and represented  
to the Life, that he look'd as if he had been  
answering the Voice that spoke to him from Hea-  
ven. This, said *Don Quixote*, was the greatest E-  
nemy the Church Militant had once, and prov'd  
afterwards the greatest Defender it will ever have.  
In his Life a true Knight-Errant, and in his Death  
a headfast Saint; an indefatigable Labourer in the  
Vineyard of the Lord, a Teacher of the *Gentiles*,  
who had Heaven for his School, and the Lord of  
Wisdom for his Master and Instructor. *Don Quixote*  
perceiving there were no more Images, desir'd  
the Men to cover those he had seen: And then, my  
good Friends, said he to 'em, I cannot but esteem  
the sight that I have had of these Images as a hap-  
py Omen; for these Saints and Knights were of  
the same Profession that I follow, which is that  
of Arms: The Difference only lies in this Point,  
that they were Saints, and fought according to  
the Rules of holy Discipline; and I am a Sinner,  
and fight after the manner of Men. They Conquer'd  
Heaven by Force, for Heaven is taken by Vio-  
lence; but I alas cannot yet tell what I gain by  
the Force of my Labours! Yet were my *Dulcinea*  
liber'd but free from her Troubles, by a happy  
change in my Fortune, and an improvement in  
my Understanding, I might perhaps take a better  
course than I do. Heaven grant it, quoth *Sancho*,  
I defy the Devil and all his Works.  
All this while the Men wonder'd at *Don Quixote's*  
course as well as his Figure; for they could  
not understand one half of what he meant. So  
after they had made an end of their Dinner,  
they shoulder'd their Images, took their Leaves of  
*Don Quixote*, and continued their Journey.

*Sancho*

*Sancho* remain'd full of Admiration, as if he had never known his Master ; he wonder'd how he should come to know all these things ; and fancy'd there was not that History or Adventure in the World, but he had it at his Finger's end. Faith and Troth, Sir Master of mine, quoth he, what has happen'd to us to Day may be call'd an Adventure, it is one of the sweetest and most pleasant we ever met with in all our Rambles ; for we are come off without a dry-basting, or the least Bodily fear. We have not so much as laid our Hands upon our Weapons, nor have we beat the Earth with our Carcasses ; but here we be safe and sound, neither a-dry nor a-hungry. Heaven be praised, that I have seen all this with my own Eyes ! Thou say'st well, *Sancho*, said *Quixote*, but I must tell thee, that Seasons and Times are not always the same, but often take a different Course ! and what the Vulgar call Forebodings and Omens, for which there are no rational grounds in Nature, ought only to be esteem'd happy Encounters by the Wise. One of these peripatetic Fools, going out of his House betwixt the Morning, meets a Frier of the Blessed Order of *St. Francis* ; and starts as if he had met a Griffin, turns back, and runs home again. Another Wise-acre happens to throw down the Salt from the Table-cloath, and thereupon is sadly frighten'd down himself, as if Nature were oblig'd to give Tokens of ensuing Disasters, by such slight and inconsiderable Accidents as these. A Wise and truly Religious Man ought never to pry into the Secrets of Heaven. *Scipio* landing in *Africa*, was smother'd and fell down as he leap'd a-shore : Presuming his Soldiers took this for an ill Omen, but embracing the Earth, cry'd, I have thee fast, *Africa*, thou shalt not scape me. In this manner

*Sancho*, I think it a very happy Accident that I met these Images. I think so too, quoth *Sancho*; but I would fain know why the *Spaniards* call upon that same *St. James* the Destroyer of *Moors*, just when they are going to give Battel, they cry, *San Jago*, and close *Spain*. Pray is *Spain* open, that it wants to be clos'd up? What do you make of that Ceremony? Thou art a very Simple Fellow, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Thou must know that Heaven gave to *Spain* this mighty Champion of the Red Cross for its Patron and Protector, especially in the desperate Engagements which the *Spaniards* had with the *Moors*; and therefore they Invoke him in all their Martial Encounters, as their Protector; and many times he has been Personally seen cutting and slaying, overthrowing, trampling and destroying the *Saracen* Squadrons; of which I could give thee many Examples deduc'd from authentick *Spanish* Histories.

Here *Sancho* changing the Discourse, Sir, quoth he, I can't but marvel at the Impudence of *Altifidora* the Dutcheß's Damsel. I warrant you, that same Mischief-monger they call Love, has plaguily mawl'd her, and run her through without Mercy. They say he's a little blind Dandiprat, and yet the dark Youth, with no more Eyesight that a Beetle, will hit you a Heart as sure as a Gun, and bore it through and through with his Dart, if he undertakes to shoot at it. However, I have heard say, that the Shafts of Love are blunted and beaten back by the Modesty and Sober Carriage of young Maidens. But upon this *Altifidora* their Edge seems rather to be whetted than made blunt. You must observe, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that Love is void of Consideration, and disclaims the Rules of Reason

in

in his Proceedings. He is like Death, and equally affects the lofty Palaces of Kings, and the lowly Cottages of Shepherds. Where-ever he takes entire Possession of a Soul, the first thing he does, is to dismiss all Bashfulness and Shame. So these being banish'd from *Altisidora's* Breast, she confidently discover'd her loose Desires, which alas ! rather fill'd me with Confusion than Pity. Well, go to, quoth *Sancho*, you are confoundedly Cruel : how could you be so hard-hearted and ungrateful ? had the poor thing but made Love to me, I dare say, I should have come to at the first Word, and have been at her Service. Beshrew my Midriff, what a Heart of Marble, Bowels of Brass, and Soul of Plaister you have ! But I can't for the Blood of me imagine, what the poor Creature saw in your Worship, to make her doat on you and play the Fool at this rate ! Where the Devil was the sparkling Appearance, the Briskness, the fine Carriage, the sweet Face that bewitch'd her ? Indeed and indeed, I often survey your Worship from the tip of your Toe to the topmost hair on your Crown ; and not to flatter you, I can see nothing in you, but what's more likely to scare one, than to make one fall in Love. I've heard that Beauty is the first and chief thing that begets Love ; now you not having any, an't like your Worship, I can't guess what the poor Soul was smitten with. Take notice, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that there are two sorts of Beauty, the one of the Soul, and the other of the Body. That of the Soul lies and displays itself in the Understanding, in Principles of Honour and Vertue, in a handsome Behaviour, in Generosity and good Breeding ; all which Qualities may be found in a Person not so accomplish'd in outward Features. And when this

Beauty,

Beauty, and not that of the Body, is the Object of Love, then the assaults of that Passion are much more fierce, more surprizing and effectual. Now *Sancho*, though I am sensible I am not handsome, I know at the same time I'm not deform'd; and provided an honest Man be possess'd of the endowments of the Mind which I have mention'd, and nothing appears Monstrous in him, 'tis enough to entitle him to the love of a reasonable Creature.

Thus discoursing they got into a Wood quite out of the Road, and on a sudden *Don Quixote*, before he knew where he was, found himself entangled in some Nets of green Thread, that were spread across among the Trees. Thereupon, not being able to imagine what it was, certainly, *Sancho*, cry'd he, this Adventure of the Nets must be one of the most unaccountable that can be imagin'd. Let me die now if this be not a Stratagem of the evil-minded Necromancers that haunt me, to entangle me so that I may not proceed, as it were, to revenge my contempt of *Alfador's* Addresses. But let 'em know, that tho' these Nets were Adamantine Chains, as they are only made of green Thread, and though they were stronger than those in which the Jealous God of Blacksmiths caught *Venus* and *Mars*, I would break them with as much ease as if they were weak Rushes, or fine Cotton-Yarn. With that the Knight put briskly forwards, resolv'd to break through, and make his Words good, but in the very moment there sprung from behind the trees two most beautiful Shepherdesses, at least they appear'd to be so by their Habits; only with this difference, that they were richly dress'd in gold Brocade. Their flowing Hair hung down about their Shoulders in Curls, as charming as the

Sun's Golden Rays, and circled on their Brows with Garlands of green Bays and Red-flower-gentle interwoven. As for their Age, it seem'd not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen Years. This unexpected Vision dazzled and amaz'd *Sancho*, surpriz'd *Don Quixote*, made even the gazing Sun stop short in his Career, and held the surpriz'd Parties a while in the same suspense and silence; till at last one of the Shepherdesses opening her Coral-Lips, hold Sir, she cry'd; pray do not tear those Nets which we have spread here, not to offend you, but to divert our selves; and because 'tis likely you'll enquire, why they are spread here, and who we are, I shall tell you in few Words.

About two Leagues from this place lies a Village, where there are many People of Quality and good Estates; among these, several have made up a Company, all of Friends, Neighbours, and Relations, to come and take their Diversion in this place, which is one of the most delightful in these Parts. To this purpose we design to set up a new *Academia*. The young Men have put on the Habit of Shepherds, and Ladies the Dress of Shepherdesses. We have got two Eclogues by heart; one out of the famous *Garcilasso*, and the other out of *Camoen's*, that most excellent *Potugueze* Poet; the Truth is, we have not yet repeated them for yesterday was but the first day of our coming hither. We have pitch'd some Tents among the Trees, near the Banks of a large Brook that Waters all these Meadows. And last Night we spread these Nets, to catch such simple Birds as our Calls shou'd allure into the Snare. Now Sir, if you please to afford us your Company, you shall be made very welcome, and handsomely entertain'd; for we are all dispos'd to pass the Time agreeably, and for a while Banish

Melancholy

Melancholy from this Place. Truly, fair Lady, answer'd *Don Quixote*, *Actæon* cou'd not not be more lost in Admiration and Amazement, at the sight of *Diana* Bathing her self, than I was at the Appearance of your Beauty. I applaud the Design of your Entertainment, and return you Thanks for your obliging Offers; assuring you, that if it lies in my Power to serve you, you may depend on my Obedience to your Commands: For my Profession is the very Reverse of Ingratitude, and aims at doing good to all Persons, especially those of your Merit and Condition; so that were these Nets spread over the surface of the whole Earth, I would seek out a Passage thro' new Worlds, rather than I wou'd break the smallest Thread that conduces to your Pastime: And that you may give some Credit to this seeming Exaggeration, know that he who makes this Promise is no less than *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, if ever such a Name has reach'd your Ears. Oh, my Dear, cry'd the other Shepherdess, what good Fortune this is! You see this Gentleman before us: I must tell you, he is the most Valiant, the most Amorous, and the most Complaisant Person in the World, if the History of his Exploits already in Print, does not deceiye us. I have read it, my Dear, and I hold a Wager, that honest Fellow there by him is one *Sancho Pansa*, his Squire, them oft Comical Creature that ever was. You have nick'd it, quoth *Sancho*, I am that Comical Creature, and that very Squire you wot of, and there's my Lord and Master, the self-same Hist'ryfy'd, and aforesaid *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Oh pray, my Dear, said the other, let us entreat him to stay, our Father, and our Brothers will be mightily glad of it; I have heard of his Valour, and

his Merit as much as you now tell me ; and what's more, they say he is the most constant and faithful Lover in the World ; and that his Mistress, whom they call *Dulcinea del Toboso*, bears the Prize from all the Beauties in Spain. 'Tis not without Justice, said *Don Quixote* ; if your Peerless Charms do not dispute her that Glory. But, Ladies, I beseech ye do not endeavour to detain me ; for the indispensable Duties of my Profession will not suffer me to rest in one Place.

At the same time came the Brother of one of the Shepherdesses, clad like a Shepherd, but in a Dress as splendid and gay as those of the young Ladies. They told him that the Gentleman whom he saw with 'em was the Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and that other, *Sancho Panza*, his Squire, of whom he had read the History. Thereupon the Gallant Shepherd having saluted him, begg'd of him so earnestly to grant 'em his Company to their Tents, that *Don Quixote* was forced to Comply, and go with them.

About the same time the Nets were drawn and fill'd with divers little Birds, who being deceiv'd by the Colour of the Snare, fell into the Danger they wou'd have avoided. Above thirty Persons, all gayly dress'd like Shepherds and Shepherdesses, got together there, and being inform'd who *Don Quixote* and his Squire were, they were not a little pleas'd, for they were already no Strangers to his History. In short, they carry'd 'em to their Tents, where they found a clean, sumptuous, and plentiful Entertainment ready. They oblig'd the Knight to take the Place of Honour, and while they sat at Table, there was not one that did not gaze

on him, and wonder at so strange a Figure. At last, the Cloath being remov'd, *Don Quixote*, with a great deal of Gravity, lifting up his Voice, Of all the Sins that Men commit, said he, none, in my Opinion, is so great as Ingratitude, tho' some think Pride a greater; and I ground my Assertion on this, That Hell is said to be full of the Ungrateful. Ever since I have had the use of Reason, I have us'd the utmost Endeavours to avoid this Crime; and if I am not able to repay the Benefits I receive in their kind, at least I am not wanting in real Intentions of making suitable Returns; and if that be not sufficient, I make my Acknowledgments as publick as I can; for he that proclaims the Kindnesses he has receiv'd, shews his Disposition to repay 'em if he cou'd; and those that receive are generally Inferiour to those that give. The Supreme Being, that is infinitely above all Things, bestows his Blessings on us so much beyond the Capacity of all other Benefactors, that all the Acknowledgments we can make, can never hold Proportion with his Goodness. However, a Thankful Mind in some measure supplies its want of Power with hearty Desires, and unfeign'd Expressions of a Sense of Gratitude and Respect. I am in this Condition as to the Civilities I have been treated with here; for I am unable to make an Acknowledgment equal to the Kindnesses I have receiv'd. I shall therefore only offer ye what is within the narrow Limits of my own Abilities; which is, to Maintain, for two whole Days together, in the middle of the Road that leads to *Saragosa*, that these Ladies here disguis'd in the Habit of Shepherdesses, are the fairest and most courteous Damsels in the World, excepting only the

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peerless *Dulcinca del Toboso*, sole Mistress of my Thoughts; without Offence to all tht hear me be it spoken.

Here *Sancho*, who had with an uncommon Attention all the while given Ear to his Master's Compliment, thought fit to put in a Word or two. Now, in the name of Wonder, quoth he, can there be any body in the World so Impudent as to offer to Swear, or but to say, this Master of mine is a Mad-man? Pray tell me, ye Gentlemen Shepherds, did you ever know any of your Country Parsons, though never so Wise, or so good Scholards, that cou'd deliver themselves so fashions? Or is there any of your Knight-Errants, though never so fam'd for Prowess, that can make such an Offer as he here has done. *Don Quixote* turn'd towards *Sancho*, and beholding him with Eyes full of fiery Indignation: Can there be any body in the World, cry'd he, that can say thou art not an Incorrigible Blockhead, *Sancho*, a Compound of Folly and Knavery, 'of whom Malice is no small Ingredient? Who bids thee meddle with my Concerns, Fellow, or busy thy self with my Folly or Discretion? Hold your saucy Tongue, Scoundrel! Make no Reply, but go and Saddle *Rosinante*, if he is unsaddl'd, that I may immediately perform what I have offer'd; for in so noble and so just a Cause thou may'st reckon all those who shall presume to oppose me, subdu'd and overthrown. This said, up he started, in a dreadful Fury, and with Marks of Anger in his Looks, to the Amazement of all the Company, who were at a loss whether they should esteem him a Mad-man or a Man of Sense: They endeavour'd to prevail with him to lay aside his Challenges, telling him, they were sufficiently assur'd

assur'd of his grateful Nature, without exposing him to the Danger of such Demonstrations; and as for his Valour, they were so well inform'd by the History of his numerous Atchievements, that there was no need of any new Instance to convince 'em of it. But all these Representations cou'd not perswade him to desist from his Purpose; and therefore having mounted *Rosinante*, brac'd his Shield, and grasp'd his Lance, he went and posted himself in the middle of the High-way, not far from the Verdant Meadow, follow'd by *Sancho* on his *Dapple*, and all the Pastoral Society, who were desirous to see the Event of that arrogant and unaccountable Resolution. And now the Champion having taken his Ground, made the Neighbouring-Air ring with the following Challenge. O ye, whoe'er you are, Knights, Squires, a'foot, or o' Horse-back, that now pass, or shall pass this Road within these two Days, know that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Knight-Errant, stays here, to assert and maintain, that the Nymphs, who Inhabit these Groves and Meadows, surpass in Beauty and Courteous Disposition, all those in the Universe, setting aside the Sovereign of my Soul, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. And he that dares uphold the contrary, let him appear, for here I expect his coming. Twice he repeated these lofty Words, and twice they were repeated in vain, not being heard by any Adventurer. But his old Friend Fortune, that had a strange hand at managing his Concerns, and always mended upon it, shew'd him a jolly Sight, for by and by he discover'd on the Road a great Number of People a Horse-back, many of 'em with Lances in their Hands, all Trooping together very fast. The Company that watch'd

*Don Quixote's* Motions, no sooner spy'd such a Squadron, driving the Dust before 'em, but they got out of harms way, not judging it safe to be so near Danger: and as for *Sancho*, he shelter'd himself behind *Rosinante's* Crupper: Only *Don Quixote* stood fix'd with an intrepid Courage. When the Horsemen came near, one of the foremost bawling to the Champion, So hey! cry'd he! get out of the Way, and be hang'd. The Devil's in the Fellow! Stand off, or the Bulls will gore thee to pieces. Go to, ye Scoundrels, answer'd *Don Quixote*, none of your Bulls can avail with me, tho' they were the fiercest that ever fed by the Rivers about *Xarama*. Acknowledge, Hang-dogs, all in a Body, what I have Proclaim'd here to be Truth, or else stand Combat with me. But the Cow-herd had not time to answer, neither had *Don Quixote* any left to get out of the way, if he had been inclin'd to it; for the herd of Wild Bulls were presently upon him, as they pour'd along, with several tame Cows, and a huge Company of Drivers and People that went to a Town where they were to be Baited the next Day. So bearing down all before 'em, Knight and Squire, Horse and Man, they trampled 'em under foot at an unmerciful rate. There lay *Sancho* mawl'd, *Don Quixote* stunn'd, *Dapple* bruis'd, and *Rosinante* in very indifferent Circumstances. But for all this, after the whole Rout of Men and Beasts were gone by, up started *Don Quixote*, e'er he was thoroughly come to himself; and staggering, and stumbling, falling, and getting up again, as fast as he cou'd, he began to run after them: Stop, Scoundrels, stop, cry'd he aloud, stay, 'tis a single Knight defies ye all, one who scorns the humour of making a Golden Bridge for a Fly-  
ing

ing Enemy. But the hasty Travellers did not stop nor slacken their Speed for all his loud Defiance; and minded it no more than the last Year's Snow.

At last Weariness stopp'd *Don Quixote*; so that, with all his Anger, and no Prospect of Revenge, he was forc'd to sit down in the Way, till *Sancho* came to him with *Rosinante* and *Dapple*. Then the Master and Man made a shift to remount, and asham'd of their bad Success, hasten'd their Journey, without taking leave of the Shepherds of *New Arcadia*.

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C H A P.

## C H A P. LIX.

*Of an extraordinary Accident that happen'd  
to Don Quixote, which may well pass  
for an Adventure.*

A Clear Fountain, which Don Quixote and Sancho found among some Verdant Trees, serv'd to refresh 'em, besmear'd with Dust, and tir'd as they were, after the rude Encounter of the Bulls. There by the Brink, leaving Rosinante and Dapple unbridl'd and unhalter'd, to their own Liberty, the two forlorn Adventurers fate down. Sancho wash'd his Mouth, and Don Quixote his Face. The Squire then went to his old Cupboard, the Wallet; and having taken out of it what he us'd to call Belly-Timber, laid it before the Knight: But Don Quixote wou'd Eat nothing for pure Vexation, and Sancho durst not begin for pure good Manners, expecting that he would first shew him the Way. However, finding him so wrapp'd in his Imaginations as to have no Thoughts of lifting his Hand up to his Mouth, the Squire, without letting one Word come out of his, laid aside all kind of good Breeding, and began to stuff his hungry Maw with what Bread and Cheese he had before him. Eat, Friend Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, repair the Decays of Nature, and sustain Life, which thou hast more reason to Cherish than I; leave me to Dye abandon'd to my Sorrows,  
and

and the Violence of my Misfortunes. I was Born, *Sancho*, to Live Dying, and thou to Dye Eating. And that thou may'st be convinc'd I tell thee Truth, do but reflect upon me, famous in Histories, Dignify'd with the Honour of the Press, renown'd for Feats of Arms, Courteous in Behaviour, Respected by Princes, belov'd, and importun'd by Damsels; yet after all this, when I at last flatter'd my self with hopes of Laurels, Triumphs and Crowns, the Reward merited by my Valorous Atchievements, behold me trod under Foot, trampled like the High-way Dirt, Kick'd and Bruis'd by the Hoofs of vile and filthy Beasts. The Thought dulls the Edge of my Teeth, and of my Appetite, unhinges my Jaws, benumms my Hands, and stupifies my Senses; and fearing more to live than to dye, I am resolv'd almost to Starve my self; though to dye with Hunger be the most Cruel of all Deaths. So that belike, quoth *Sancho*, (without losing any Time in Chewing) you will not make good the Saying, *'Tis good to die with a full Belly*? For my part, I am not so Simple yet as to Kill my self. No, I am like the Cobbler, that stretches his Leather with his Teeth: I am for lengthening my Life by Eating, and I'll stretch it with my Grinders as far as Heaven will let it run. Faith and Troth, Master, there's no greater Folly in this World than for a Man to Despair, and throw the Helve after the Hatchet. Therefore take my Advice, fall to, and Eat as I do, and when you have done, lye down and take a Nap; the fresh Grass here will do as well as a Feather-bed. I dare say, by that time you 'wake, you'll find your self better in Body and Mind.

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*Don Quixote* follow'd *Sancho's* Counsel ; for he was convinc'd the Squire spoke good Natural Philosophy at that time. However, in the mean while a Thought coming into his Mind, Ah! *Sancho*, said he, if thou would'st but do something that I am now going to desire thee, my Cares wou'd sit more easie on me, and my Comfort wou'd be more certain. 'Tis only this ; While, according to thy advice, I try to compose my Thoughts with Sleep, do thou but step aside a little, and exposing thy Back Parts bare in the open Air, take the Reins of *Rosinante's* Bridle, and give thy self some three or four Hundred smart Lashes , in part of the three Thousand and Odd thou art to receive to dis-enchant *Dulcinea* ; for, in truth, 'tis a Shame, and a very great Pity that poor Lady should remain Enchanted all this while, through thy Carelessness and Neglect. There's a great deal to be said, as to that, quoth *Sancho* ; but that will keep cold, first let's go Sleep, and then come what will come : Heaven knows what will be done. Do you think, Sir, 'tis nothing for a Man to flogg himself in cold Blood ? I'd have you to know, 'tis a cruel thing, especially when the Lashes must light upon a Body, so weak and horribly lin'd within as mine is. Let Madam *Dulcinea* have a little Patience, one of these Days, when she least Dreams on't, she'll see my Skin Pink'd and Jagg'd like a flash'd Doublet with Lashes. There's nothing lost that comes at last ; whilst there's Life there's Hopes ; which is as good as to say , I live with an Intent to make good my Promise. *Don Quixote* gave him Thanks, eat something, and *Sancho* a great deal ; and then both betook themselves to their rest ; leaving those two constant Friends and Companions, *Rosinante* and *Dapple*

to their own Discretion, to repose or feed at Random on the Pasture that abounded in that Meadow.

The Day was now far gone when the Knight and the Squire wak'd ; they Mounted , and held on their Journey , making the best of their way to an Inn, that seem'd to be about a League distant. I call it an Inn, because *Don Quixote* himself call'd it so, contrary to his Custom, it being a common thing with him to take Inns for Castles.

Being got thither, they ask'd the Inn-keeper whether he had got any Lodging ? Yes, answer'd he, and as good Accommodation as you'd wish to find in the City of *Saragosa*. Thereupon they alighted, and *Sancho* laid his Baggage in a Chamber, of which the Landlord gave him the Key ; and after he had seen *Rosinante* and *Dapple* well provided for in the Stable , he went to wait on his Master, whom he found sitting upon a Seat made in the Wall, the Squire blessing himself more than once, that the Knight had not taken the Inn for a Castle, Supper-time approaching, *Don Quixote* retir'd to his Appartment, and *Sancho* staying with the Host , ask'd him what he had to give 'em for Supper ? What you will, answer'd he, you may pick and chuse, Fish or Flesh, Butcher's Meat or Poultry, Wild-Fowl , and what not ? Whatever Land, Sea, and Air afford for Food , 'tis but ask and have, every thing is to be had in this Inn. There's no need of all this, quoth *Sancho*, a couple of Roasted Chickens will do our business ; for my Master has a nice Stomach, and Eats but little, and as for me, I am none of your unreasonable Trencher-Men. As for Chickens , reply'd the Inn-keeper, truly we have none ; for the Kites have

have Devour'd 'em. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, Roast us a good handsome Pullet with Eggs, so it be young and tender. A Pullet, Master, answer'd the Host ! Faith and Troth, I sent above fifty Yesterday to the City to sell ; but setting aside Pullets, you may have any thing else. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, e'en give us a good Joynt of Veal or Kid : Cry Mercy , reply'd the Inn-keeper , now I remember me, we have none left in the House, the last Company that went, clear'd me quite ; but by next Week we shall have to spare. We are finely holp'd up, quoth *Sancho* ! Now will I hold a good Wager, all this Bill of Fare, this Larder full of hollow Bits and nice Peck, will dwindle next to nothing, and all must be made up with a swinging Dish of Eggs and rusty Bacon. Hey day, cry'd the Host, my Guest has a rare knack at guessing e'faith, I told him I had no Hens nor Pullets in the House, and yet he wou'd have me to have Eggs ! Think on something else, I beseech you, and let's talk no more of that. Body of me, cry'd *Sancho*, let's come to something ; tell me what thou hast, good Mr, Landlord, and don't  
 • put me to trouble my Brains any longer. Why then, d'ye see, quoth the Host, to deal plainly with you, I have a delicate pair of Cow-heels that look like Calves-Foot, or a pair of Calves Feet that look like Cow-heels, dress'd with Onions, Pease and Bacon ; a Dish for a Prince, they are just ready to be taken off, and by this time they cry, come eat me, come eat me. Cow-heels, cry'd *Sancho* ! I set my Mark upon 'em. Let no body touch 'em. I'll give more for 'em than any other shall. There's nothing I love better. No body else shall have 'em, answer'd the Host ; you need not fear, for all the Guests I have

I have in the House besides your selves are Persons of Quality, that carry their Stevvard, their Cook, and their Provisions along with 'em. As for Quality, quoth *Sancho*, my Master's a Person of as good Quality, as the Proudest he of 'em all, an' you go to that ; but his Profession allows of no Larders nor Butteries. We commonly clap us down in the midst of a Field, and fill our Bellies with Acorns or Medlars. This was the Discourse that pass'd betvvixt *Sancho* and the Inn-keeper ; for as to the Host's Interrogatories, concerning his Master's Profession, *Sancho* vvas not then at Leisure to make him any Ansver.

In short, Supper-time came, *Don Quixote* vvent to his Room, the Host brought the Dish of Covv-heels, such as it vvas, and sat him dovvn fairly to Supper.—— But at the same time, in the next Room, vvvhich vvas divided from that vvhere they vv ere, by a slender Partitition, the Knight overheard somebody talking. Dear *Don Jeronimo*, said the unseen Person, I beseech you, till Supper's brought in, let us read another Chapter of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*. The Champion no sooner heard himself Nam'd, but up he started, and listen'd with attentive Ears to what was said of him, and then he heard that *Don Jeronimo* Answer, Why wou'd you have us read Nonsense, Senior *Don John* ? Methinks any one that has read the first Part of *Don Quixote*, shou'd take but little Delight in reading the Second. That may be, reply'd *Don John*; however, it mayn't be amiss to read it ; for there is no Book so bad, as not to have something that's good in it. What displeases me most in this Part, is, that it represents *Don Quixote* no longer in Love with *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Upon these Words, *Don Quixote* burning with Anger and Indignation, cry'd out,

out, Whoever says that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has forgot, or can forget *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I will make him know with equal Arms, that he deviates wholly from the Truth; for the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* cannot be forgotten, nor can *Don Quixote* be guilty of Forgetfulness. Constancy is his Motto; and to preserve his Fidelity with Pleasure, and without the least Constraint, is his Profession. Who's that answers us? crys one of those in the next Room: Who should it be, quoth *Sancho*, but *Don Quixote de la Mancha* his nown self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all that he has to say, take my Word for't: For a good Pay-master ne'er grudges to give Security.

*Sancho* had no sooner made that Answer, but in came the two Gentlemen ( for they appear'd to be no less ) and one of 'em throwing his Arms about *Don Quixote's* Neck, Your Presence, Sir Knight, said he, does not belye your Reputation, nor can your Reputation fail to raise a Respect for your Presence. You are certainly the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the North-Star, and Luminary of Chivalry-Errant, in despite of him that has attempted to Usurp your Name, and Annihilate your Atchievements, as the \* Author of this Book, which I here deliver into your Hand has presum'd to do. With that, he took the Book from his Friend, and gave it to *Don Quixote*. The Knight took it, and without saying a Word, began to turn over the Leaves;

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\* *An Arragonian Publish'd a Book, which he call'd the Second Part of Don Quixote, before our Author had Printed this. See the Prologue of this Second Part, and the account of Cervantes's Life before it.*

and then returning it a while after ; In the little I have seen, said he, I have found three things that deserve Reprehension. First I find fault with some Words in this Preface. In the second Place, his Language is *Arragonian*, for sometimes he Writes without Articles ; and the third thing I have observ'd, which betrays most his Ignorance, is he's out of the Way in one of the principal parts of the History : For there he says, that the Wife of my Squire *Sancho Pansa* is call'd *Mary Gutierrez*, which is not true ; for her Name is *Teresa Pansa* ; and he that errs in so considerable a Passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross Errors through the whole History. A pretty impudent Fellow, is this same *History* proper, cry'd *Sancho* ! Sure he knows much what belongs to our Concerns, to call my Wife *Teresa Pansa*, *Mary Gutierrez* ! Pray take the Book again, an't like your Worship, and see whether he says any thing of me, and whether he has not chang'd my Name too. Sure, by what you've said, honest Man, said *Don Jeronimo*, you shou'd be *Sancho Pansa*, Squire to Senior *Don Quixote* ? So I am, quoth *Sancho*, and I am proud of the Office. Well, said the Gentleman, to tell you truth, the last Author does not treat you so Civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a Glutton and a Fool, without the least Grain of Wit or Humour, and very different from the *Sancho* we have in the first part of the History. Heaven forgive him, quoth *Sancho* ; he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every Man's Nose won't make a Shoeing-Horn. Let's leave the World as it is. *St. Peter* is very well at *Rome*. Presently the two Gentlemen invited *Don Quixote* to Sup with em in their Chamber ; for they knew

knew there was nothing to be got in the Inn fit for his Entertainment. *Don Quixote*, who was always very Complaisant, cou'd not deny their Request, and went with 'em. So *Sancho* remain'd Lord and Master, with his Flesh-Pot before him, and plac'd himself at the Upper-End of the Table, with the Inn-keeper for his Mess-Mate; for he was no less a lover of Cow-Heels than the Squire.

While *Don Quixote* was at Supper with the Gentlemen, *Don John* ask'd him when he had heard of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*? Whether she were Married? Whether she had any Children, or were with Child or no? Or whether continuing still in her Maiden State, and preserving her Honour and Reputatation unstain'd, she had a grateful Sense of the Love and Constancy of Signior *Don Quixote*? *Dulcinea* is still a Virgin, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and my Amorous Thoughts more fix'd than ever; our Correspondence after the old rate, not frequent, but her Beauty Transform'd into the Homely Appearance of a Female Rustick. And with that, he told the Gentlemen the whole Story of her being Enchanted, what had befallen him in the Cave of *Montesinos*, and the means that the Sage *Merlin* had prescrib'd to free her from Enchantment, which was *Sancho's* Pennance of Three Thousand three Hundred Lashes. The Gentlemen were extremely pleas'd to hear from *Don Quixote's* own Mouth the strange Passages of his History, equally wondring at the nature of his Extravagancies, and his Elegant manner of relating 'em. One Minute they look'd upon him to be in his Senses, and the next, they thought he had lost 'em all; so that they cou'd not resolve what Degree to assign him between Madness and sound Judgment.

By this time *Sancho* having eat his Supper, and left his Landlord well Liquor'd, and full Dos'd, mov'd to the Room where his Master was with the two Strangers, and as he bolted in, May I dye of the Pip, quoth he, Gentlemen, if he that made the Book your Worships have seen, cou'd give a Mind that he and I shou'd ever take a drinking Cup together: I wish, as he calls me greedy-Gut, he does not set me out for a Drunkard too. Nay, said Don *Jeronimo*, he does not set you better as to that Point; though I cannot well remember his Expressions. Only this I know, they are Scandalous and False, as I perceive by the Physiognomy of sober *Sancho* here present. Take my Word for't, Gentlemen, quoth the Squire, the *Sancho* and the Don *Quixote* in your Book, I don't know who they be, but they are not the same Men as those in *Cid Hamet Benengeli's* History, for we two are they, not such as *Benengeli* makes us. My Master is valiant, Discreet, and in Love, and I a plain, merry-conceited Fellow, but neither a Glutton, nor a Drunkard. I believe you, said Don *John*, and I cou'd Wish, were such a thing possible, that all other Writers whatsoever shou'd be forbidden to Record the Deeds of the great Don *Quixote*, except *Cid Hamet*, his first Author; as *Alexander* did forbid all other Painters to Draw his Picture except *Apelles*. Let any one Draw his Picture, if he pleases, said Don *Quixote*; but let him not abuse the Original; for when Patience is loaded with Injuries, many times it sinks under its Burden. No Injury, reply'd Don *John*, can be offer'd to Signior Don *Quixote* but what he is able to Revenge, or at least, ward off with the Shield of his Patience, which, in my Opinion, is great and strong.

In

In such Discourse they spent a good part of the Night, and though Don John endeavour'd to perswade Don Quixote to read more of the Book, to see how the Author had handled his Subject, he cou'd by no means prevail with him, the Knight giving him to understand, he had enough of it, and as much as if he had it read it through out, concluding it to be all of a Piece, and No sense all over; and that he would not encourage the Scribbler's Vanity so far, as to let him think he had read it, shou'd it ever come to his Ears, that the Book had fallen into his Hands; wherefore knowing we ought to avoid defiling our Imagination, and with the nicest Care, our Eyes, with Vile and Obscene Matters.

The ask'd him which Way he was Travelling, he told 'em he was going for *Saragosa*, to make one at the Tournaments held in that City once a Year, for the Prize of Armour. Don Jeronimo acquainted him, that the Pretended Second Part of his History gave an Account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at *Saragosa* at Publick Running at the Ring, the Description of which was Wretched and Defective in the Composition, mean and low in the Style and Expression, and miserably poor in Devices, and in the Show, but all made up of foolish, idle Stuff. For that reason, said Don Quixote, I will not set a Foot in *Saragosa*, and so the World shall see what a Notorious Lye this new Historian is guilty of, and all Mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of. You will say very well, said Don Jeronimo; besides there is another Tournament at *Barcelona*, where you may Signalize your Valour. I design to do so, reply'd Don Quixote: And so Gentlemen, good

leave to bid you good Night, and permit  
 to go to Bed (for 'tis time;) and pray place  
 in the Number of your best Friends, and most  
 faithful Servants. And me too, quoth *Sancho*;  
 mayhap you may find me good for something.  
 Having taken leave of one another, *Don Quix-*  
*ote* and *Sancho* retir'd to their Chamber, leaving  
 two Strangers in Admiration to think what  
 Medley the Knight had made of good Sense  
 and Extravagance: Both fully satisfied howe-  
 ver, that these two Persons were the true *Don*  
*Quixote* and *Sancho*, and not those obtruded up-  
 on the Publick by the *Arragonian* Author,  
 Early in the Morning *Don Quixote* got up, and  
 knocking at the thin Wall that parted his Cham-  
 ber from that of the Gentlemen, he took his  
 leave of 'em. *Sancho* Pay'd the Host nobly, but  
 bid him either to keep better Provision in  
 his Inn, or to commend it less.

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## C H A P. LX.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote going  
Barcelona.*

**T**HE Morning was cool, and seem'd to promise a temperate Day, when *Don Quixote* left the Inn, having first inform'd himself, which was the readiest Way to *Barcelona*; for he was resolv'd he would not so much as see *Saragosa*, that he might prove that new Author a Lier, who (as he was told) had so misrepresented him in this pretended Second Part of his History. For the space of six days he Travell'd, without meeting any Adventure worthy of Memory; but the seventh, having lost his Way, and being overtaken by the Night, he was oblig'd to stop in a Thicket either of Oaks or Cork-trees; for in this *Cid Raimund* does not observe the same Punctuality he kept in other Matters. There both Master and Man dismounted, and laying themselves down at the foot of the Trees; *Sancho*, who had hankeringly fill'd his Belly that day, easily resign'd himself into the Arms of Sleep. But *Don Quixote*, whom his Chimera's kept awake much more than Hunger, could not so much as close his Eyes; his working thought being hurry'd to a thousand several Places. This time he fancy'd himself in *Montesinos* Cave, fancy'd he saw his *Dulcinea* (perverted as she was into a Country-Hoyden) jump at one single Leap upon her Ass-Colt. The next

moment

moment he thought he heard the Sage *Merlin's* voice, heard him in awful Words relate the means requir'd to effect her Dis-inchantment. Presently a fit of despaire seiz'd him: He was stark mad to think on *Sancho's* Remisness and want of Charity; the Squire having not given himself above five Lashes, a small and inconsiderable number in proportion to the quantity of the Penance still behind. This Reflection so nettled him, and so aggravated his vexation, that he could not forbear thinking on some extraordinary Methods. If *Alexander* the Great, thought he, when he could not untie the Gordian Knot, said, 'tis the same thing to cut, or to undoe, and so slash'd it asunder, and yet became the Sovereign of the World, why may not I free *Dulcinea* from Inchantment, by whipping *Sancho* my self, whether he will or no? For if the condition of this Remedy consist in *Sancho's* receiving three thousand and odd Lashes, what does it signify to me, whether he gives himself those Blows, or another gives 'em him, since the stress lies upon his receiving 'em, by what means soever they are given? Full of that Conceit he came up to *Sancho*, having first taken the Reins of *Rosinante's* Bridle, and fitted 'em to his purpose of lashing him with 'em. He then began to untruss *Sancho's* Points, and 'tis a receiv'd Opinion, he had but one that was us'd before, and held up his Breeches; but he no sooner fell to work, but *Sancho* started out of his Sleep, and was thoroughly awake in an instant. What's here, cry'd he? Who's that fumbles about me, and untrusses my Points? 'Tis I, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I am come to repair thy Negligence, and to seek the Remedy of my Torments. I come to whip thee, *Sancho*, and to discharge, in part at least, that Debt for which thou stand'st engaged. *Dulcinea*

*cinea* perishes, while thou livest careless of her Fate, and I die with desire. Untruss therefore freely and willingly: for I am resolv'd while we are here alone in this Recess to give thee at least two thousand Stripes.

Hold you there quoth *Sancho*. Pray be quiet, will you. Body of me, let me alone, or I protest deaf Men shall hear us. The jirks I'm bound to give my self are to be voluntary, and not forc'd; and at this time I've no mind to be be whipp'd at all: Let it suffice that I promise you to firk and scourge my self, when the Humour takes me. No, said *Don Quixote*, there's no standing to thy Courtesy, *Sancho*; for thou art hard-hearted; and, tho' a Clown, yet thou art tender of thy flesh; and so saying, he strove with all his force to untie the Squire's Points. Which, when *Sancho* perceiv'd, he started up on his Legs, and setting upon his Master, clos'd with him, tripp'd up his Heels, threw him fairly upon his Back; and then set his Knee upon his Breast, and held his Hands fast, so that he could hardly stir, or fetch his Breath. *Don Quixote* overpower'd thus, cry'd, How now Traitor! What, Rebel against thy Master, against thy natural Lord, against him that gives thee Bread! I neither marr King, nor make King, quoth *Sancho*. I commit neither Murder nor Manlaughter; I do but defend my self, that am Lord of my self. If your Worship will promise to let me alone, and give over the thoughts of Whipping me at this time, I'll let you rise, and will leave you at liberty; if not, here thou dy'st, Traytor to *Donna Sancha*. Thereupon *Don Quixote* gave his Parole of Honour, and swore by the life of his best Thoughts, not to touch so much as a hair of *Sancho's* Coat, but entirely to leave it to his discretion to whip himself when he thought fit.

fit. With that, *Sancho* got up from him, and remov'd his Quarters to another place at a good distance, but as he went to lean against another Tree, he perceiv'd something bobbing at his Head, and, lifting up his Hands, found it to be a Man's Feet with Shoes and Stockings on. Thereupon quaking for fear, he mov'd off to another Tree, where the like impending horror dangled over his Head, Straight he call'd out to *Don Quixote* for help. *Don Quixote* came, and inquiring into the occasion of his Fright, *Sancho* answer'd, that all those Trees were full of Men's Feet and Legs. *Don Quixote* began to search and grope about, and presently having an account of the Business ready at hand, fear nothing, *Sancho*, said he, there's no danger at all; for what thou seest in the dark can certainly be nothing but the Feet and Legs of some Banditti and Robbers, that have been hang'd up on these Trees; for were the Officers of Justice hang 'em up by twentys and thirties in Clusters, by which I suppose we cannot be far from *Barcelona*; and indeed he guess'd right.

And now Day breaking, they look'd up, and plainly discern'd the Bodies of the High-way-men hanging on the Trees: But if the Dead surpriz'd 'em, how much more were they disturb'd at the appearance of above twenty live Banditti, who pour'd upon 'em, and surrounded 'em on a sudden, charging 'em to stand till their Captain came.

*Don Quixote* found himself on Foot, his Horse unbridled, his Launce against a Tree at some distance, and in short, void of all Defence; and therefore he was forc'd to put his Arms a-cross, hold down his Head, and shrug up his Shoulders, reserving himself for a better Opportunity. The

M m m m

Robbers

Robbers presently fell to Work, and began to rifle *Dapple*, leaving on his Back nothing of what he carry'd, either in the Wallets or the Cloak-bag, and 'twas very well for *Sancho*, that the Duke's pieces of Gold, and those he brought from home, were hid in a Girdle about his Waite; though for all that, those honest Gentlemen would certainly have taken the pains to have search'd and survey'd him all over, and would have had the Gold, tho' they had stripp'd him of his Skin to come at it. But by good Fortune their Captain came in the interim. His Age seem'd about four and thirty Years, his Body Robust, his Stature tall, his Visage Austere, and his Complexion Swarthy. He was mounted on a lusty Horse, wore a Coat of Steel, and no less than two Pistols on each side. Perceiving, that his Squires (for so they call Men of that Profession in those Parts) were going to strip *Sancho*, he order'd 'em to forbear, and was instantly obey'd, by which means the Girdle escap'd. He wonder'd to see a Launce rear'd against a Tree, a Shield on the Ground, and *Don Quixote* in Armour and pensive, with the sadder Melancholick Countenance that Sadness it could frame. Thereupon coming up to him, he was not so sad, honest Man, said he; you have fall'n into the hands of some cruel *Busiris*, but not to those of *Rogue Guinart*, a Man rather Compassionate than Severe. I am not Sad, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for having fall'n into thy Power, glorious *Rogue*, whose boundless Fame spreads thro' the Universe, but for having been so remiss as to be surpriz'd by thy Soldiers with my Horse unbridled, whereas, according to the Order of Chivalry-Errant, which I profess, I am oblig'd to live always upon my Guard, and at all hours be my own Centinel; for let me tell thee great *Rogue*, had the

met me mounted on my Steed, Arm'd with my Shield and Launce, they would have found it no easie Task to make me yield; for, know I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the same whose Exploits are celebrated through all the habitable Globe.

*Roque Guinart* found out immediately *Don Quixote's* blind side, and judg'd there was more Madness than Valour in the Case: Now, though he had several times heard him mentioned in Discourse, he could never believe what was related of him to be true, nor could he be perswaded that such a humour should reign in any Man; for which Reason he was very glad to have met him, that Experience might convince him of the Truth. Therefore addressing himself to him, Valorous Knight, said he, vex not your self, nor tax Fortune with unkindness, for it may happen that what you look upon now as a sad Accident may redound to your Advantage; for Heaven, by strange and unaccountable ways, beyond the reach of humane Imagination, uses to raise up those that are fall'n, and fill the Poor with Riches. *Don Quixote* was going to return him thanks, when from behind 'em they heard a noise like the trampling of several Horses, though it was occasioned but by one, on which came full speed a Person that look'd like a young Gentleman, about twenty years of age. He was clad in green Damask edg'd with Gold Galloon suitable to his Wastecoat, a Hat turn'd up behind, straight Wax'd-leather Boots, his Spurs, Sword and Dagger, gilt, a light Birding-piece in his Hand, and a Case of Pistols before him. *Roque* having turn'd his head at the noise, discover'd the handsome Apparition, which approaching nearer spoke to him in this manner.

M m m m 2

You

You are the Gentleman I look'd for, Valiant  
 Rogue; for with you I may perhaps find some  
 comfort, though not a remedy in my Affliction.  
 In short, not to hold you in suspense (for I am, th  
 sensible you don't know me) I'll tell you who I am, France,  
 am. My Name is *Claudia Jeronima*; I am the  
 Daughter of your singular Friend *Simon For*  
 sworn Foe to *Claudel Torrellas*, who is also your  
 Enemy, being one of your adverse Faction. You  
 already know, this *Torrellas* had a Son whom the  
 call *Don Vincente Torrellas*, at least he was call'd  
 within these two Hours. That Son of his, to be  
 short in my sad Story, I'll tell you in four Words  
 what Sorrow he has brought me to. He saw me  
 courted me, was heard, and was belov'd. Our  
 Amour was carryed on with so much Secrecy that  
 my Father knew nothing of it; for there is no  
 Woman, though ever so retir'd and closely lock'd  
 to, but can find time enough to compass and satisfy  
 his unruly Desires. In short, he made me his  
 Promise of Marriage, and I the like to him, both  
 without proceeding any further. Now yesterday  
 I understood, that, forgetting his Engagements  
 to me, he was going to Wed another, and that they  
 were to be Marry'd this Morning; a piece of  
 News that quite distracted me, and made me lose  
 all Patience. Therefore, my Father being out of  
 Town, I took the opportunity of equipping myself  
 as you see, and by the speed of this Horse I  
 overtook *Don Vincente* about a League hence, where  
 without urging my wrongs, or staying to hear  
 his Excuses, I fir'd at him, not only with a  
 Piece, but with both my Pistols, and, as I be-  
 lieve, shot him through the Body, thus with  
 Heart's-Blood washing away the stains of my  
 honour. This done, there I left him to his  
 servants, who neither dar'd nor could prevent the

Execution ; and came to seek your Protection, that by your means I may be conducted into France, where I have Relations to entertain me ; and withal to beg of you to defend my Father from Don Vincente's Party, who might otherwise revenge his Death upon our Family.

Y<sup>e</sup> Rogue admiring at once the Resolution, agreeable Deportment, and handsome Figure of the beautiful *Claudia* ; Come, Madam, said he, let us first be assur'd of your Enemy's Death, and then consider what is to be done for you. Hold, cry'd *Don Quixote*, who had hearken'd with great attention to all this Discourse, none of ye need trouble your selves with this Affair ; the Defence of the Lady is my Province. Give me my Horse and Arms, and stay for me here, I will go and find out this Knight, and, dead or alive, force him to perform his Obligations to so great a Beauty. Ay, ay, saith *Sancho*, you may take his word for't ; My Master has a rare stroke at making Matches : 'Tis but t'other day he made a young Rogue yield to the merry a Maid whom he would have left in the church, after he was promised to her ; and had it not been for the Inchanters, that plague his Workship, who transmogrify'd the Bridegroom into a pig-sportman, and broke off the Match, the said Maid would have been none by this time.

When *Rogue* was so much taken up with the thoughts of *Claudia's* Adventure, that he little minded either Master or Man ; but ordering his Squires to restore what they had taken from *Dapple* to *Sancho*, and to retire to the place where they had Quarrelled the Night before, he went off upon the morning with *Claudia*, to find the expiring *Don Vincente*. They got to the place where *Claudia* met him, and found nothing but the marks of Blood newly spilt ; but looking round about 'em ; they

discover'd a company of People at a distance on the side of a Hill, and presently judg'd 'em to be *Don Vincente* carry'd by his Servants either to his Cure or Burial. Upon this they hasted to overtake them, which they soon effected, the others going but slowly; and they found the young Gentleman in the Arms of his Servants, desiring 'em with a spent and fainting voice to let him die in that place, his Wounds paining him so that he could not bear going any further. *Claudia* and *Roque* dismounting, hastily came up to him. The Servants were startled at the appearance of *Roque*, and *Claudia* was troubled at the sight of *Don Vincente*, and divided between Anger and Compassion, Had you given me this, and made good your Promise, (said she to him, laying hold of his Hand) you had never brought this Misfortune upon yourself. The wounded Gentleman lifting up his languishing Eyes, and knowing *Claudia*, Now do see, said he, my rain deluded Mistress, 'tis you that have given me the fatal Blow, a Punishment never deserv'd by the Innocent unfortunate *Vincente*, whose Actions and Desires knew no End, beyond the Service of his *Claudia*. What, Sir, answer'd she presently, can you deny that you went this Morning to Marry *Leonora*, the Daughter of *Worthy Belvastro*? 'Tis all a false Report, answer'd he rais'd by my evil Stars to encrease your Jealousy against my Life, which since I leave in your fair Hands, I reckon well dispos'd of; and to confirm this Truth, give me your hand and receive mine the last Pledge of Love and Life, and take me for your Husband; 'tis the only satisfaction I have to give for the imaginary Wrong you suspect I have committed. *Claudia* press'd his Hand, and being pierc'd at once to the very Heart, dropp'd on his bloody Breast into a Swoon, and *Don Vincente* fainted away into a deadly Trance.

Roque's Concern struck him senseless, and the Servants ran for Water to throw in the Faces of the unhappy Couple ; by which at last *Claudia* came to her self again, but *D. Vincente* never wak'd from his Trance, but breath'd out the last remainder of his Life. When *Claudia* perceiv'd this, and could no longer doubt but that her dear Husband was irrecoverably dead, she burst the Air with her Sighs, and wounded the Heavens with her Complaints. She tore her Hair, scatter'd it in the Wind, and with her merciless Hands disfigur'd her Face, shewing all the lively marks of Grief that the first Sallies of Despair can discover. O cruel and inconsiderate Woman, cry'd she, how easily wast thou set on this Barbarous Execution ! Oh Maddening Sting of Jealousy, how desperate are thy Motions, and how tragick the Effects ! Oh my unfortunate Husband, whose sincere Love and Fidelity to me have thus for his Nuptial Bed brought him to the cold Grave ! Thus the poor Lady went on in so sad and moving a strain, that even *Roque's* rugged Temper now melted into Tears, which on all occasions had still been strangers to his eyes. The Servants wept and lamented, *Claudia* relaps'd into her Swooning as fast as they found means to bring her to life again ; and the whole appearance was a most moving Scene of Sorrow. At last *Roque Guinart* bid *Don Vincente's* Servants carry his Body to his Father's House, which was not far distant, in order to have it Buried. *Claudia* communicated to *Roque* her Resolution of retiring into a Monastery, where an Aunt of hers was Abbess, there to spend the rest of her Life, Wedded to a better and an immortal Bridegroom. He commended her pious Resolution, offering to conduct her whither she pleas'd, and to protect

her Father and Family from all Assaults and Practices of their most dangerous Enemies. *Claudio* made a modest Excuse for declining his Company, and took leave of him weeping. *Don Vincente's* Servants carry'd off the dead Body, and *Roque* return'd to his Men. Thus ended *Claudio Jeronima's* Amour, brought to so lamentable a Catastrophe by the prevailing force of a cruel and desperate Jealousie.

*Roque Guinart* found his Crew where he had appointed, and *Don Quixote* in the middle of 'em mounted on *Rosinante*, and declaiming very copiously against their way of living, at once dangerous to their Bodies, and destructive to their Souls; but his Auditory being chiefly compos'd of *Gascoigns*, a wild unruly kind of People all his Morality thrown away upon them. *Roque* upon his arrival ask'd *Sancho*, if they had restor'd him all his Things, every thing, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, but three Night-Caps, that are worth the King's Ransome. What says the Fellow, cry'd one of the Robbers? Here they be, and they are not worth three Sices. As to the intrinsick value, reply'd *Don Quixote*, they may be worth no more, but 'tis the Merit of the Person that gave 'em me that raises their value to that Price.

*Roque* order'd 'em to be restor'd immediately and commanding his Men to draw up in a Line he caus'd all the Cloaths, Jewels, Money, and all the other Booty they had got since the last Re-partition, to be brought before him, then readily appraising every particular, and reducing into Money what could not be divided, he cast up the Account of the whole, and then makes a just dividend into Parts, paying to every Man his exact and due proportion, with so much Prudence and Equity, that he fail'd not in the least

point of distributive Justice. The Booty thus shar'd to the general Satisfaction ; if it were not for this punctual management (said *Rogue*, turning to *Don Quixote*) there would be no living among us. Well, quoth *Sancho*, Justice must needs be a good thing, and the old Proverb still holds good, Thieves are never Rogues among themselves. One of the Banditti over-hearing him, cock'd his Gun, and would certainly have shot him through the Head, had not the Captain commanded him to hold. Poor *Sancho* was struck as mute as a Fish, and resolv'd not to open his Lips once more, till he got into better Company.

By this, came one or two of their Scouts that say perdu on the Road, and inform'd their Captain, that they had discover'd a great Company of Travellers on the way to *Barcelona*. Are they such as we look for, ask'd *Rogue*, or such as look for us? Booty or Brotherhood? Booty, Booty, Sir, answer'd the Fellow: Away then, cry'd *Rogue*, all of ye, my Boys, and bring 'em me either straight, let none escape. The Squires presently obeyed the word of command, and left *Don Quixote*, *Rogue* and *Sancho* to wait their return. In the mean time *Rogue* entertain'd the Knight with some Remarks on his way of Living: I should not wonder, said he, Senior *Don Quixote*, that our Life should appear to you a restless complication of Hazards and Disquiets; for 'tis no more than what daily experience has made me conscious of. You must know, that this Barbarity and austere Behaviour which I affect to shew is a pure force upon my Nature; being urg'd to this Extremity by the Resentment of some severe Injuries, which I could not put up without a satisfactory Revenge, and now I am in, I must go

through ; one sin draws on another, in spite of my better Designs. And I am now involv'd in such a Chain of Wrongs, Factions, Abettors, and Engagements, that no less than the Divine Power of Providence can free me from this maze of Confusions. Nevertheless I despair not still of a successful end of my Misfortunes.

*Don Quixote*, being surpriz'd to hear such sound Sense and sober Reflection come from one whose disorderly Profession was so opposite to Discretion and Politeness ; Senior *Rogue* said he, 'tis a great step to health for a Man to understand his Distemper, and the Compliance of the Patient to the Rules of Physick is reckon'd half the Cure. You appear sensible of the Malady, and therefore may reasonably expect a Remedy, though your Disease being fix'd by a long Inveteracy must subject you (I'm afraid) to a tedious Course. The Almighty Physician will apply effectual Medicines : Therefore be of good heart, and do your part towards the Recovery of your sick Conscience. If you have a mind to take the shortest Road to Happiness, immediately abandon the fatal Profession you now follow, and come under my tuition to be instructed in the Rules of Knight-Errantry, which will soon expiate your Offences, and intitle you to Honour and true Felicity. *Rogue* smil'd to hear *Don Quixote's* serious Advice, and changing the Discourse gave him an account of *Claudia Feronima's* Tragical Adventure, which griev'd *Sancho* to the heart ; for the Beauty, Life and Spirit of the young Damsel had not a little wrought upon his Affections.

By this time *Rogue's* Party had brought in their Prize, consisting of two Gentlemen on Horseback, and two Pilgrims on Foot, and a Coach

full of Women, attended by some half a dozen Servants a-foot and a Horseback, besides two Muleteers that belong'd to the two Gentlemen. They were all conducted in solemn Order, surrounded by the Victors, both they and the vanquish'd silent, and expecting the Definitive Sentence of the Grand *Rogue*. He first ask'd the Gentlemen who they were? whither bound? and what Money they had about 'em? They answer'd, that they were both Captains of Spanish Foot, that their Companies were in Naples, and they design'd to Embark on one of the four Gallies, which they heard were bound for Sicily, and their whole Stock amounted to two or three hundred Crowns, which they thought a pretty Summ of Money for Men of their Profession, who seldom use to hoard up Riches. The Pilgrims being examined in like manner, said, they intended to embark for Rome, and had about some threescore Sixpences between 'em both. Upon examining the Coach, he was inform'd by one of the Servants, that my Lady *Donna Guiomar de Quinones*, Wife to a Judge of Naples, with her little Daughter, a Chamber-maid, and an old Governante, together with six other Servants, had among 'em all about six hundred Crowns. So then, said *Rogue*, we have got here in all nine hundred Crowns and sixty Reals, I think I have got about threescore Soldiers here with me. Now among so many Men how much will fall to each particular share? Let me see, for I am none of the best Accomptants. Cast it up, Gentlemen. The Highway-men hearing this, cry'd, long live *Rogue Guinart*, and damn the Dogs that seek his Ruin. The Officers look'd simply, the Lady was sadly dejected, and the Pilgrims were notwithstanding cast down, thinking this a very odd Confiscation.

eration of their little Stock. *Rogue* held 'em a while in suspense to observe their Humours, which he found all very plainly to agree in that Point of being melancholick for the loss of their Money: then turning to the Officers, Do me the favour, Captains, said he, to lend me threescore Ducats; and you, Madam, if your Ladiship pleases, shall oblige me with fourscore, to make these honest Gentlemen of my Squadron drink your Healths; 'tis our whole Estate and Fortune; for, as you know, the Priest must live by the Altar. Therefore I hope you will excuse our demands, which will free you from any more disturbance of this nature, being secur'd by a Pass, which I shall give you, directed to the rest of my Squadrons that are posted in these Parts, and who by virtue of my Order, will let you go unmolested; for I scorn to wrong a Soldier, and must not fail in my Respects, Madam, to the fair Sex, especially to Ladies of your Quality.

The Captains with all the Grace they could thank'd him for his great Civility and Liberality, for so they esteem'd his letting them keep their own Money. The Lady would have thrown herself out of the Coach at his Feet, but *Rogue* would not suffer it, rather excusing the Presumption of his Demands, which he was forc'd to, in pure compliance with the necessity of his Fortune. The Lady then order'd one of her Servants to pay immediately the fourscore-Crown. The Officers disbursed their *Quota*, and the Pilgrims made an Oblation of their Mite; but *Rogue* ordering them to wait a little; and turning to his Men. Gentlemen said he, here are two Crowns a-piece for each of you, and twenty over and above. Now let us bestow ten of 'em on these poor Pilgrims, and the other ten on this honest

Squire

Squire, that he may give us a good Word in his Travels. So calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, of which he always went provided, he wrote a Passport for 'em, directed to the Commanders of his several Parties, and taking his Leave, dismissed them all, wondring at his greatness of Soul that spoke rather an *Alexander* than a profess'd Highway-man. One of his Men began to mutter in his *Catalonian* Language: This Captain of ours is plaguy Charitable, he would make a better Frier than a Pad; come, come, if he has a mind to be so liberal forsooth, let his own Pocker, not ours pay for it. The Wretch spoke not so low, but he was over-heard by *Roque*, who, whipping out his Sword, with one stroke almost cleft his Skull in two, Thus it is I punish Mutiny, said he. All the rest stood motionless, and durst not mutter one Word, so great was the awe they bore him. *Roque* then withdrew a little, and wrote a Letter to a Friend of his in *Barcelona*, to let him know, that the famous Knight-Errant *Don Quixote*, of whom so many strange things were reported, was with him, that he might be sure to find him on *Midsummer-day* on the great Key of that City, Arm'd at all Points, mounted on *Rosinante*, and his Squire on an Ass; that he was the most pleasant ingenious Coxcomb in Nature, and might make excellent Diversion to him and his Friends the *Niarros*, who he desir'd might share in the Jest, which he thought too good for the *Cadells* his Adversaries to partake of. He deliver'd the Letter to one of his Men, who changing his Highway-cloaths to a Country-man's Habit, went to *Barcelona*, and gave it as directed.

## C H A P. LXI.

Don Quixote's Entry into Barcelona,  
with other Accidents that have less of Wis-  
dom than of Truth.

**D**ON Quixote stay'd three Days and three Nights with Roque, and had he tarried as many hundred Years, he might have found subject enough for Admiration in that kind of Life. They slept in one Place, and eat in another, sometimes fearing they knew not what, then laying in wait for they knew not whom. Sometimes forc'd to steal a Nap standing, never enjoying a sound Sleep. Now in this side the Country, then presently in another Quarter; always upon the Watch, Spies hearkning, Scouts listening, Carabines presenting; though of such heavy Guns they had but few, being Arm'd generally with Pistols. Roque himself slept a-part from the rest, making no Man privy to his Lodgings; for so many were the Proclamations against him from the Viceroy of Barcelona, and such were his Disquiets, and Fears of being betray'd by some of his Men for the Price of his Head, that he durst trust no body. A Life most miserable and uneasy.

At length, by cross-Roads, and By-Ways, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six other Squires, got to the Strand of Barcelona on Midsummer-Eve at Night; where Roque, having embrac'd Don Quixote, and presented Sancho with the

the ten Crowns he had promis'd him, took his leave of 'em both, after many Compliments on both sides. Then *Roque* return'd to his Company, and *Don Quixote* stay'd there waiting the approach of Day, Mounted as *Roque* left him. Not long after, the fair *Aurora* began to peep thro' the Balconies of the East, cheering the Flowry Fields, while at the same time a Melodious sound of Hautboys and Kettle-Drums cheer'd the Ears, and presently was join'd with Jangling of Morrice-Bells and the trampling of Horse, as if coming from the City. Now *Aurora* usher'd up the Jolly Sun, who look'd big on the Verge of the Horizon, with his broad Face as ample as a Target. *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, casting their Looks abroad, discover'd the Sea, which they had never seen before. To them it made a noble and spacious appearance, far bigger than the Lake *Ruydera*, which they saw in *La Mancha*. The Gallies in the Port taking in their Awnings, made a pleasant Sight with their Flags and Streamers that wav'd in the Air, and sometimes kiss'd and swept the Water. The Trumpets, Hautboys and other Warlike Instruments that resounded from on board, fill'd the Air all around with a reviving and martial Harmony. A while after, the Gallies moving, began to joyn on the calm Sea in a counterfeit Engagement; and at the same time a vast number of Gentlemen march'd out of the City nobly Equipp'd, with rich Liveries, and gallantly Mounted, and in like manner did their Part on the Land, to compleat the Warlike Entertainment. The Marines discharg'd numerous Vollies from the Gallies, which were answer'd by the great Guns from the Battlements of the Walls and Forts about the City, and the mighty Noise eccho'd from the Gallies again by a Discharge.

Discharge of the long Pieces of Ordnance in their Fore-castles. The Sea smil'd and danc'd, the Land was gay, and the Sky serene in every quarter, but where the Clouds of Smoke dimm'd it a while. Fresh Joy sat smiling in the Looks of Men, and Gladness and Pomp were display'd in all their Glory. *Sancho* was mightily puzzl'd though, to discover how these huge bulky things that mov'd on the Sea shou'd have so many Feet.

By this time the Gentlemen that maintain'd the Sports on the Shore, Galloping up to *Don Quixote* with loud Acclamations, the Knight was not a little Astonish'd: One of 'em amongst the rest, who was the Person to whom *Roque* had Written, cry'd out aloud. Welcome, the Mirror, the Light, and North-Star of Knight-Errantry! Welcome, I say, Valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not the Counterfeit and Apocryphal, shewn us lately in false Histories, but the truly, Legitimate, and Identick he, describ'd by *Cid Hamet*, the Flower of Historiographers! *Don Quixote* made no Answer, nor did the Gentleman stay for any, but wheeling about with the rest of his Companions, all Prancing round him in token of Joy, they encompass'd the Knight and the Squire. *Don Quixote* turning about to *Sancho*, it seems, said he, these Gentlemen know us well. I dare engage they have read our History, and that which the *Arragonian* lately Publish'd. The Gentleman that spoke to the Knight, returning, Noble *Don Quixote*, said he, we entreat you to bear us Company. Sir, answer'd *Don Quixote*, your Courtesie bears such a likeness to *Roque's* Generosity, that could Civility beget Civility, I shou'd take yours for the Daughter or near Relation of that great Man. I shall wait on you

where

where you shall please to Command, for I am wholly at your Devotion : The Gentleman return'd his Compliment, and so all of 'em enclosing him in the middle of their Brigade, they conducted him towards the City, Drums beating, and Hautboys Playing before 'em all the way. But as the Devil and ill Luck wou'd have it, or the Boys, who are more unlucky than the Devil himself, two mischievous young Bastards made a shift to get through the Crowd of Horse-men, and one of e'm lifting up *Rosinante's* Tail, and the other that of *Dapple*, they thrust a handful of Briers under each of 'em. The poor Animals feeling such unusual Spurs apply'd to their Posteriors, clapp'd their Tails close, and increas'd their Pain, and began to wince, and flounce, and kick so furiously, that at last they threw their Riders, and laid both Master and Man sprawling in the street. *Don Quixote*, out of Countenance, and nettled at his Disgrace, went to dis-engage his horse from his new Plumage, and *Sancho* did as much for *Dapple*, while the Gentlemen turn'd to chastise the Boys for their Rudeness. But the young Rogues were safe enough, being presently lost among a huge Rabble that follow'd. The knight and the Squire then Mounted again, and the Musick and Procession went on, till they arriv'd at their Conductor's House, which, by its largeness and Beauty, bespoke the Owner Master of a great Estate ; where we will leave him for the present, because 'tis *Cid Hamet's* Will and pleasure it shou'd be so.

## C H A P. LXII.

*The Adventure of the Inebanted Head, with other Impertinence not to be omitted.*

**T**He Person where Don Quixote Lodg'd, was call'd Don Antonio Moreno, a Gentleman of good Parts, and Plentiful Fortune, loving all those Diversions that may innocently be obtain'd without Prejudice to his Neighbours, and not of the Humour of those, who wou'd rather lose their Friend than their Jest. He therefore resolv'd to make his Advantage of Don Quixote's Follies without Detriment to his Person.

In order to this, he perswaded the Knight to take off his Armour, and in his straight-lack'd Chamois-Cloaths (as we have already shewn him) to stand in a Balcony that look'd into one of the principal Streets of the City, where he stood expos'd to the Rabble that were got together; especially the Boys, who gap'd and star'd on him, as if he had been some overgrown Baboon. The several Brigades of Cavaliers in their Liveries, began afresh to fetch their Careers about him, as if the Ceremony were rather perform'd in Honour of Don Quixote than any Solemnity of the Festival. Sancho was hugely pleas'd, fancying he had chopp'd upon another Camacho's Wedding, or another House like that of Don Diego de Miranda, or some Castle like the Duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's Friends Din'd with him that Day, and all of 'em honouring and respecting Don Quixote as a Knight-Errant, they

puffed

puffed up his Vanity to such a degree, that he  
cou'd scarce conceal the Pleasure he took in their  
Adulation. As for *Sancho*, he made such Sport to  
the Servants of the House, and all that heard him,  
that they watch'd every Word that came from  
his Mouth. Being all very merry at Table, Ho-  
nest *Sancho*, said *Don Antonio*, I am told, you ad-  
mire Capons and Sausages so much, that you  
can't be satisfied with a Belly-full, and when you  
can eat no more, you cram the rest into your  
Breeches against the next Morning. No, Sir, an't  
like you, answer'd *Sancho*, 'tis all a Story, I am  
more cleanly than greedy, I'd have you to know;  
here's my Master can tell you, that many times  
he and I use to live for a Week together upon a  
handful of Acorns and Walnuts. Truth is, I am  
not over Nice ; in such a Place as this I eat what's  
given me ; for a Gift-Horse shou'd not be look'd  
in the Mouth. But whosoever told you I was  
Greedy-Gut and a Sloven, has told you a Fib,  
and were it not for respect to the Company, I  
would tell him more of my Mind, so I wou'd :  
Verily, said *Don Quixote*, the manner of *Sancho's*  
Feeding ought to be deliver'd to succeeding Ages  
on Brazen Monuments, as a future Memorial of his  
Abstinence and Cleanliness, and an Example to  
Posterity. 'Tis true, when he satisfies the Call of  
Hunger, he seems to do it somewhat ravenously ;  
indeed, he swallows apace, uses his Grinders very  
notably, and chews with both Jaws at once. But  
in spite of the Charge of Slovenliness now laid  
upon him, I must declare he is so nice an Observ-  
er of Neatness, that he ever makes a clear Con-  
veyance of his Food ; when he was Governour, his  
nicety in Eating was remarkable, for he us'd to  
pick even Grapes and Pomegranate-Seeds with the  
point of his Fork. How, cry'd *Don Antonio*, has *San-*  
*cho*

cho then been a Governour? Ay, marry has he, answer'd *Sancho*, Governour of the Island of *Barrataria*. Ten Days I Govern'd, and who but I! But I was so broken of my Rest all the time, that all I got by't was to learn to hate the Trade of Governing from the bottom of my Soul. So that I made such haste to leave it, I fell into a deep Hole, where I was Buried alive, and shou'd have lain till now, had not Providence pull'd me out of it. *Don Quixote* then related the Circumstances of *Sancho's* Government; and the Cloath being taken away, *Don Antonio* took the Knight by the Hand, and carried him into a Private Chamber, where in there was no kind of Furniture but a Table that appear'd to be of Jasper, supported by Feet of the same, with a Brazen Head set upon it, from the Breast upwards like the Effigies of one of the Roman Emperors. *Don Antonio* having walk'd with *Don Quixote* several turns about the Room, *Seneca* *Don Quixote*, said he, being assur'd that we are very Private, the Door fast, and no body listning, I shall Communicate to you one of the most strange and wonderful Adventures that ever were known, provided you Treasure it up as a Secret in the closest Apartment of your Breast. I shall be as secret as the Grave, answer'd the Knight, and will clap a Tomb-stone over your Secret for further Security; besides, assure your self, *Don Antonio* continu'd he, (for by this time he had learn'd the Gentleman's Name) you Converse with a Person, whose Ears are open to receive what his Tongue never betrays. So that whatever you commit to my Trust, shall be buried in the depth of bottomless Silence, and lye as secure as in your own Breast.

In confidence of your Honour said *Don Antonio*, I doubt not to raise your Astonishment, and dis-

disburden my own Breast of a Secret, which has long lain upon my Thoughts, having never found hitherto any Person worthy to be made a Confidant in Matters to be conceal'd. This cautious Proceeding rais'd Don *Quixote's* Curiosity strangely; after which, Don *Antonio* led him to the Table, and made him feel and examine all over the Brazen Head, the Table, and the Jasper Supporters. Now, Sir, said he, know that this Head was made by one of the greatest Inchanters or Necromancers in the World. If I am not mistaken, it was a *Polander* by Birth, and the Disciple of the Celebrated *Escorillo*, of whom so many Prodiges are related. This wonderful Person was here in my House, and by the Intercession of a Thousand crowns, was wrought upon to frame me this Head, which has the wonderful Property of answering in your Ear to all Questions. After long study, erecting of Schemes, casting of Figures, consultations with the Stars, and other Mathematical operations, this Head was brought to the aforesaid perfection, and to Morrow (for on *Fridays* it never speaks) it shall give you Proof of its Knowledge, till when you may consider of your most puzzling and Important Doubts, which will have full and Satisfactory Solution. Don *Quixote* was amaz'd at this strange Virtue of the Head, and cou'd hardly credit Don *Antonio's* Account; but considering the shortness of the time that he desired his full Satisfaction in the Point, he was content to suspend his Opinion till next Day; and only thank'd the Gentleman for making him so great a Discovery. So out of the Chamber they went, and Don *Antonio* having lock'd the Door very carefully, they return'd into the Room where the rest of the Company were diverted by *Sancho's* relating to them some of his Master's Adventures.

That

That Afternoon they carry'd *Don Quixote* abroad without his Armour, mounted, not on *Refsum* but on a large easie going Mule, with genteel Furniture, and himself dress'd after the City Fashion, with a long Coat of Tawny-colour'd Cloath, which with the present heat of the Season, was enough to put Frost it self into a Sweat. They gave private Orders that *Sancho* should entertain'd within doors all that Day; lest he should spoil their Sport by going out. The Knight being mounted, they pinn'd to his Back without his knowledge a piece of Parchment, with these Words written in large Letters, This is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. As soon as they began their Walk, the sight of the Parchment drew the eyes of every Body to read the Inscription; so that the Knight hearing so many People repeat the Words, This is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, wonder'd to hear himself Nam'd and known by every one that saw him: Thereupon turning to *Don Antonio* that rode by his side, How great, said he, is this single Prerogative of Knight-Errantry, by which its Professors are known and distinguish'd, through all the confines of the Universe. Don't you hear, Sir, continu'd he, how the very Boys in the Street, who have never seen me before, know me? 'Tis very true, Sir, answer'd *Don Antonio*, like Fire the always discovers it self by its own light, so Virtue has that lustre that never fails to display it self, especially that Renown which is acquir'd by the Profession Arms

During this Procession of the Knight, and his applauding Followers, a certain *Castilian* reading the Scroll at *Don Quixote's* Back, cry'd out aloud, now the Devil take thee for *Don Quixote de la Mancha*! who would have thought to have found thee

thee here, and still alive, after so many hearty Drubbings that have been laid about thy Shoulders. Can't you be Mad in private, and among your Friends, with a Pox to you, but you must run about the World at this Rate, and make every Body that keeps you Company as Errant-Coxcombs as your self? Get you home to your Wife and Children, Blockhead, look after your House, and leave playing the Fool and distracting thy Senses at this rate with a parcel of nonsensical Whimseys. Friend, said Don Antonio, go about your Business, and keep your Advice for them that want it. Senior Don Quixote is a Man of too much Sense not to be above your Counsel, and we that bear him Company know your Business without your intermeddling. We only pay the respect due to Vertue. So, in the name of ill luck, go your ways, and don't meddle where you have no Business. Truly now, said the Castilian, you're in the right, for 'tis but striving against the Stream to give him Advice, though it grieves me to think that this Whim of Knight-Errantry should spoil all the good parts which they say this Mad-man has. But ill-luck light on me, as you'd have it, and all my Generation, if e'er you catch me advising him or any one else again, though I were desir'd, were I to live to the Years of Methusalem. So saying, the Adviser went his Ways, and the Cavalcade continued; but the Rabble press'd so very thick to read the Inscription, that Don Antonio was forc'd to pull it off, under pretence of doing something else.

Upon the approach of Night they return'd home, where Don Antonio's Wife, a Lady of Quality, and every way accomplish'd, had invited several of her Friends to a Ball, to honour her

her Guest, and share in the Diversion his extravagancies afforded. After a Noble Supper the Dancing began about ten a clock at Night. Among others, were two Ladies of an Airy, Waggish Disposition, such, as though vertuous enough at the bottom, would not stick to strain a part of Modesty for the diversion of good Company. These two made their Court chiefly to *Don Quixote*, and ply'd him so with Dancing one after another, that they tir'd not only his Body but his very Soul. But the best was to see what an unaccountable Figure the grave Don made, as he hopp'd and stalk'd about a long sway-back'd, starv'd-look'd, thin-flank'd, two-legg'd thing in a Wainscot-Complexion'd, stuck up in's close Doublet; awkward enough a-conscience, and certainly ly none of the lightest at a Saraband. The Ladies gave him several private hints of their inclination to his Person, and he was not behind his hand in intimating to them as secretly, that they were very indifferent to him, till at last being almost reiz'd to Death, *Fugite partes adversa*, cry'd he aloud, and avaunt Temptation. Pray Ladies play your Amorous Pranks with some body else, and leave me to the enjoyment of my own Thoughts, which are all employ'd and taken up with the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the sole Queen of my Affection; and so saying, he sat himself down in the middle of the Room to rest his wearied Bones. *Don Antonio* gave Order that he should be taken up and carry'd to Bed; and the first who was ready to lend a helping hand was *Sancho*, and as he was lifting him up, By'r Lady Sir, Master of mine, you have shook your heels most fetiously. Do you think we who are stout and valiant must be Caperers, and that every Knight-Errant must be a snapper of Castinets

If you do, you're woundily deceiv'd, let me tell you. Gadzookers : some would rather undertake the killing of a Giant, than offer to cut a Caper. Had you been for an Antick, I'd have done your business for you, for I can jig it and hop it as nimbly as any Hawk ; but as for your fine Dancing, the Devil take him that knows for me. This made Diversion for the Company, till Sancho led out his Master, in order to put him to the trial, where he left him cover'd over Head and ears, that he might sweat out the Cold he had catch'd by his Dancing.

The next Day Don Antonio resolving to make an intended Experiment on the Enchanted Head, conducted Don Quixote into the Room where it was lodg'd, together with Sancho, a couple of his Friends and the two Ladies that had so teaz'd the Knight at the Ball, and who had staid all night behind his Wife, and having carefully lock'd the door, and enjoin'd them secrecy, he told them the virtue of the Head, and that this was the first time he ever made Proof of it; and except his Friends, no Body did know the Trick of the Enchantment, and, had not they been told before, they had been drawn into the same snare with the rest ; for the contrivance of the Machine was so artful and so cunningly manag'd, that it was impossible to discover the Cheat. Don Antonio himself was the first that made his application to the Ear of the Head, close to which speaking in a voice just loud enough to be heard by the Company ; tell me, O Head, said he, by what mysterious Virtue wherewith thou art endued, what are my Thoughts at present ? The Head in a distinct and intelligible Voice, though without moving the Lips, answer'd, *I am no other than thy Thoughts.* They were all astonish'd

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at the Voice, being sensible that no body was in the Room to answer. How many of us are there in the Room said Don *Antonio* again? The Voice answered in the same Key, Thou and thy Wife, two of thy Friends, and two of hers, a famous Knight call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and his Squire *Sancho Panza* by Name. Now their astonishment was greater than before, now they wonder'd indeed, and the Hair of some of 'em stood an end with Amazement. 'Tis enough, said *Antonio*, stepping aside from the Head, I am convinc'd, 'twas no Impostor sold thee to me, Sage Head, discoursing Head, Oraculous, Miraculous Head! Now let some body else try their Fortunes. As Women are generally most curious and inquisitive, one of the Dancing Ladies venturing up to it, tell me, Head, said she, what shall I do to be truly Beautiful. Be Honest, answer'd the Head. I have done, reply'd the Lady. Her Companion then came on, and with the same Curiosity, I would know, said she, whether my Husband loves me or no? The Head answer'd, *Observe his Usage, and that will tell thee*. Truly (said the Marry'd Lady to her self as she withdrew) that Question was needless; for indeed a Man's Actions are the surest Tokens of the Disposition of his Mind. Next came on one of *Don Antonio's* Friends, and ask'd, who am I? The answer was, *Thou knowest*; That's not the Question, reply'd the Gentleman; I would have thee tell me whether thou know'st me: *I do*, answer'd the Head, *thou art Don Pedro Noris*. 'Tis enough, O Head, said the Gentleman, thou hast convinc'd me, that thou know'st all things. So making room for some body else, his Friend Advanc'd and ask'd the Head what his eldest Son and Heir desir'd, I have already told thee, said the Head.





*The Adventure of the Enchanted Head.*

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that I was no Judge of thoughts; however, I will tell thee, that what thy Heir desires, is to Bury thee. 'Tis so, reply'd the Gentleman, What I see with my Eye, I mark with my Finger, I know enough.

Don Antonio's Lady ask'd the next Question, I don't well know what to ask thee, said she to the Head, only tell me whether I shall long enjoy my dear Husband. Thou shalt, answer'd the Head, for his healthy Constitution and Temperance promise length of Days, while those who live too fast, are not like to live long. Next came Don Quixote, tell me thou Oracle said he, was what I reported of my Adventures in Montefinos's Cave, a Dream or Reality? Will Sancho my Squire fulfil his Promise, and scourge himself effectually? And shall Dulcinea be disenchanted. As for the Adventures in the Cave, answer'd the Head; there's much to be said; they have something of both; Sancho's Whipping shall go on but leisurely; however, Dulcinea shall at last be really free'd from Inchantment. That's all I desire to know, said Don Quixote, for the whole stress of my good Fortune depends on Dulcinea's Disinchantment. Then Sancho made the last application, won't please you M. Head quoth he, shall I chance to have another Government? shall I ever get clear of this starving Squire-Erranting? And shall I ever see my own Fire-side again? The Head answer'd, thou shalt be a Governour in thine own House, if thou go'st home, thou may'st see thy own Fire-side again; and if thou leav'st off thy Service, thou shalt get clear of thy Squireship. Gadzookers, cry'd Sancho, that's a very good one, now! a Horse-head might ha' told all this; I could have Prophecy'd thus much my self. How now, Brute, said Don Quixote, what Answers

would'st thou have but what are pertinent to the Questions? Nay, quoth *Sancho*, since you'll have it so, it shall be so; I only wish Mr. Head would have told me a little more concerning the matter.

Thus the Questions propos'd, and the Answers return'd were brought to a Period, but the Amazement continued among all the Company except *Don Antonio's* two Friends who understood the Mystery, which *Benengeli* is resolv'd now to discover, that the World should be no longer amus'd with an Erroneous Opinion of any Magick or Witchcraft operating in the Head. He therefore tells you, that *Don Antonio Moreno*, to divert himself, and surprize the Ignorant, had this machine in imitation of such another Device, which he had seen contriv'd by a Statuary at *Madrid*.

The manner of it was thus. The Table and the Frame on which it stood, the Feet of which resembled four Eagles Claws, were of Wood painted and varnish'd like Jasper. The Head which look'd like the Bust of a Roman Emperor and of a Brass Colour, was all hollow, and so were the Feet of the Table, which answer'd exactly to the Neck and Breast of the Head, the whole so artificially fixed, that it seem'd to be all of a Piece, through this Cave ran a Tin-Pipe, convey'd into it by a passage through the Cieling of the Room under the Table. He that was to answer set his Mouth to the end of the Pipe in the Chamber underneath, and by the hollowness of the Trunk receiv'd the Questions, and deliver'd his Answers in distinct and articulate Words, so that the Impostor could scarcely be discovered. The Oracle was managed by a young ingenious Gentleman, *Don Antonio's* Nephew, who having his Instructions

before him, answered  
before me,

before-hand from his Uncle, was able to answer readily and directly to the first Questions, and by Conjectures or Evasions, make a return handsomely to the rest, with the help of his Ingenuity. *Cid Hamet* informs us further, that, during ten or twelve days after this, the wonderful Machine continu'd in mighty Repute, but at last the noise of *Don Antonio's* having an Inchant'd Head in his House that gave Answers to all Questions, began to fly about the City; and as he fear'd this would reach the watchful Ears of the Centinels of the Inquisition, he thought fit to give an account of the whole Matter to the Reverend Inquisitors, who order'd him to break it into pieces, lest it should give occasion of Scandal among the Ignorant Vulgar. But still the Head pass'd for an Oracle and a piece of Inchantment with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, though the truth is, the Knight was much better satisfied in the matter than the Squire.

The Gentlemen of the Town in Complaisance to *Don Antonio*, and for *Don Quixote's* more splendid Enterainment, or rather to make his Madness more Publick Diversion, appointed a Juggling at the Ring about six Days after, but this was broken off upon an occasion that follow'd.

*Don Quixote* had a mind to take a turn in the City on Foot, that he might avoid the Crowd of boys that follow'd him when he Rode. So he went out with *Sancho* and two of *Don Antonio's* servants, that attended by their Master's Order; and passing through a certain Street, *Don Quixote* look'd up, and spy'd written over a Door in great Letters these Words. *Here is a Printing-house.* This Discovery pleas'd the Knight extremely, having now an opportunity of seeing a

Printing-Prefs, a thing he had never seen before and therefore to satisfy his Curiosity, in he went with all his Train. There he saw some working off the Sheets, there others Correcting the Forms, some in one place picking of Letters out of the Cases, in another some looking over the Proof; in short all the variety that is to be seen in great Printing-Houses. He went from one Work-man to another, and was very inquisitive to know what every Body had in Hand, and they were not backward to satisfy his Curiosity. At length coming to one of the Compositors, and asking him what he was about, Sir, said the Printer, this Gentleman here, (shewing a likely sort of a Man, something Grave, and not Young) has Translated a Book out of *Italian* into *Spanish*, and I am setting some of it here for the Press. What is the Name of it pray, said *Don Quixote*. Sir, answer'd the Author, the Title of it in *Italian* is *Le Bagatele*. And pray Sir, ask'd *Don Quixote* what's the meaning of that Word in *Spanish*? *Barren* answered the Gentleman, *Le Bagatele*, is as much as to say, *Trifles*; but though the Title promises so little, yet the contents are matters of importance. I am a little conversant in the *Italian*, said the Knight, and value my self upon singing some Stanza's of *Ariosto*, therefore, Sir, (without any Offence, and not doubting of your Skill, but meerly to satisfy my Curiosity) pray tell me, have you ever met with such a Word as *Piñata* in *Italian*? Yes very often, Sir, answer'd the Author; and how do you render it, pray, said *Don Quixote*? How should I render it, Sir, reply'd the Translator, but by the Word Porridge-Pot: Body of me! cry'd *Don Quixote*, you are Master of the *Italian* Idiom. I dare hold a good good Wager that where the *Italian* says *Piñata*

you Translate it Please, where it says *piu*, you render it *more*; *su*, *above* and *giu*, *beneath*. Most certainly Sir, answer'd t'other, for such are their proper Significations. What rare Parts, said Don Quixote are lost to Mankind for want of their being exerted and known! I dare swear, Sir, that the World is backward in encouraging your Merit. But 'tis the Fate of all ingenious Men: How many of 'em are cramp't up and discountenanc'd, by a narrow Fortune! And how many in spite of the most laborious Industry, discourag'd! Though by the Way, Sir, I think that this kind of Version, from one Language to another, (except it be from the noblest of Tongues, the *Greek*, and the *Latin*) is like viewing a piece of *Flemmish* Tapistry on the wrong side, where, though the Figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and Threads, that the Beauty, and exactness of the Work is obscured, and not so advantageously discern'd as on the right side of the Hangings. Neither can this barren employment of Translating out of easy Languages shew either Wit or Mastery of Style, no more than Copying a piece of Writing by a Precedent; though still the business of Translating wants not its Commendations, since Men very often may be worse employ'd. As a further proof of its Merits, we have Doctor *Christoval de Figueroa's* Translation of *Pastor Fido*, and Don *Juan de Xaurigui's Aminta*, Pieces so excellently well done, that they have made 'em purely their own, and left the Reader in doubt which is Translation and which Original. But tell me, pray, Sir, do you Print your Book at your own Charge, or have you sold the Copy to a Book-seller? Why truly Sir, answer'd the Translator, I publish it upon my own Account, and I hope to

clear at least a thousand Crowns by this first Edition; for I design to print off two thousand Books, and they will go off at six Reals apiece at a trice. I'm afraid, you'll come short of your Reckoning, said Don Quixote; 'tis a sign you are still a stranger to the Tricks of these Book-sellers and Printers, and the Juggling there is among 'em. I dare engage you will find two thousand Books lye very heavy upon your Hands, especially if the Piece be somewhat tedious, and want Spirit. What, Sir, reply'd the Author, would you have me Sell the Profit of my Labour to a Bookseller for three Maravedis a Sheet? for that the most they will bid, nay, and expect too, should thank 'em for the Offer. No, no, Sir, Print not my Works to get Fame in the World. My Name is up already; Profit, Sir, is my end, and without it what signifies Reputation? Well Sir, go on and prosper, said Don Quixote, and with that moving to another part of the Room he saw a Man Correcting a Sheet of a Book call'd *The Light of the Soul*. Ay, now this is something cry'd the Knight, these are the Books that ought to be Printed, though there are a great many of that kind; for the number of Sinners is Prodigious in this Age, and there is need of an infinire quantity of Lights for so many dark Souls as we have among us. Then passing on and enquiring the Title of a Book of which another Workman was Correcting a Sheet, he told him, 'twas the Second Part of that ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by a certain Person, a Native of *Tordesillas*. I have heard of that Book before, said Don Quixote, and really thought it had been burnt, and reduc'd to ashes for a foolish impertinent Libel; but all in good time, Execution-day will come at last.

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For made Stories are only so far good and agreeable as they profitable, and bear the resemblance of Truth ; and true History the more valuable the farther it keeps from the fabulous. And so saying he flung out of the Printing-house in a buff.

That very day Don *Antonio* would needs shew Don *Quixote* the Gallies in the Road, much to *Sanchos* satisfaction, because he had never seen any in his Life. Don *Antonio* therefore gave notice to the Commander of the Gallies, that in the afternoon he would bring his Guest, *Don Quixote de la Mancha* to see 'em, the Commander and all the People of the Town being by that time no strangers to the Knight's Character. But what happen'd in the Gallies must be the import of the next Chapter.

## C H A P. LXIII.

*Of Sancho's Misfortune on board the Gallies  
with the strange Adventures of the Beautiful Morisca.*

**M**Any and serious were Don Quixote's Reflections on the Answer of the Inchanter's Head, tho' none hit on the Deceit, but center'd all in the Promise of *Dulcinea's* Disinchantment; and expecting it wou'd speedily be effected, he rest joyfully satisfy'd. As for *Sancho*, tho' he hated the Trouble of being a Governour, yet still he had an Itching Ambition to Rule, to be obey'd, and appear great, for even Fools love Authority. In short, that Afternoon Don Antonio, his two Friends, Don Quixote and Sancho, set out for the Gallies. The Commander being advertis'd of their coming, upon their appearance on the Key order'd all the Gallies to strike Sail; the Musick Play'd, and a Pinnace spread with rich Carpets and Crimson-Velvet Cushions was presently put out; and sent to fetch 'em aboard. As soon as Don Quixote set his Foot into it, the Admirall's Galley discharg'd her Forecastle-Piece, and the rest of the Gallies did the like. When Don Quixote got over the Gunnel of the Galley, on the Starboard-side, the whole Chiurm, or Crew, according to their Custom of saluting Persons of

Quality, welcom'd him with three *hu, hu, huz,* or *huzzahs*. The General (for so we must call him) by Birth a *Valencian*, and a Man of Quality, gave him his Hand, and embrac'd him. This Day, said he, will I mark as one of the happiest I expect to see in all my Life, since I have the Honour now to see Senior *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, this happy Day, I say, the time and Mark that's set before my Eyes the summary of Wandering Chivalry collected in his Person. *Don Quixote* return'd his Compliment with no less Solemnity, and appear'd over-joy'd to see himself treated so like a Grandee. Presently they all went into the State-Room, which was handsomely Adorn'd, and there they took their Places. The Boatswain went to the Forecastle, and with his Whistle or Call, gave the Sign to the Slaves to strip, which was obey'd in a Moment. *Sancho* was scar'd to see so many Fellows in their Naked Skins, but most of all, when he saw the Sails hoisted up so fast, that he thought they had been so many Devils set at Work. He had plac'd himself in the Mid-ship, next the aftmost Rower on the Starboard side, that the Galley-Slave, having his Cue, caught hold on him, and giving him a hoist, handed him to the next Man, who toss'd him to a third; and so the whole Crew of Slaves, beginning at the Starboard side, made him fly so fast from Bench to Bench, that poor *Sancho* lost the very sight of his Eyes, and he verily believ'd that all the Devils in Hell were carrying him away to rights. Nor did the Slaves give over bandying him about, till they had handed him in the same manner over all the Larboard-side; and then they set him down where they had taken him up, but strangely disorder'd, out of Breath, in a cold Sweat,

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Sweat, and not truly sensible what it was that had happen'd to him.

*Don Quixote*, seeing his Squire fly at this rate without Wings, ask'd the General if that were a Ceremony us'd to all Strangers aboard the Gallies; for, if it were, he must let him know that as he did not design to take up his Residence there, he did not like such Entertainment, and he vow'd to Heaven, that if any of 'em came to lay hold on him, to toss him at that rate, he wou'd spurn their Souls out of their Bodies, and with this, starting up, he lay'd his Hand on his Sword.

At the same time they lower'd their Sails, and with a dreadful Noise down they let the Main-yard and Main-sail come by the Board; which so frightened *Sancho*, that he thought the Sky was off the Hinges, and falling upon him; so that he duck'd, and thrust his Head between his Legs for fear. *Don Quixote* was a little Sea-sick too, he began to shiver, and shrug up his Shoulders and chang'd Colour. The Slaves hoisted the Main-yard and Main-sail again with the same force and noise that they had lower'd it withal. But all this with such Silence on their Parts, as if they had neither Voice nor Breath. The Boatswain then gave the Word to weigh Anchor; and leaping a top of the Fore-castle among the Crew, with his Whip or Bull's-Pizzle, he began to dust and fly-flap their Shoulders, and presently they put on to Sea.

When *Sancho* saw so many colour'd Feet, for he took the Oars to be such; beshrew my Heart, quoth he, here is Inchantment in good earnest; all our Adventures and Witchcrafts have been nothing to this. What have these poor Wretches done, that their Hides must be curry'd at this

rate

rate ? And how dares this plaguy Fellow go Whistling about here hy himself, and mawl thus so many People ? Well, he is the Devil, and this is Hell, or Purgatory at least.

*Don Quixote* observing how earnestly *Sancho* look'd on these Passages ; ah ! Dear *Sancho*, said he, what an easie matter now were it for you to strip to the Waste, and clap your self among these Gentlemen, and so compleat *Dulcinea's* Disinchantment ; among so many Companions in Affliction, you wou'd not be so sensible of the Smart, and besides, the sage *Merlin* perhaps might take every one of these Lashes, being so well laid on, for ten of those which you must certainly one day inflict on your self. The General of the Gallies was going to ask what he meant by these Lashes, and *Dulcinea's* Disinchantment, when a Mariner cry'd out, *Monjui* makes signs to us from the Main-top-mast-head, that there's a Vessel Rowing under the Shoar to the Westward : With that the General leaping upon the Coursey, cry'd pull away my Hearts, let her not 'scape us ; this Brigantine is an *Argiereen*, I warrant her. Presently the three other Gallies came up with the Admiral to receive Orders, and he Commanded two of 'em to stand out to Sea, while he with the other wou'd keep along the Shoar, that so they might be sure of their Prize.

The Rowers tugg'd so hard, that the Gallies scudded away like Lightning, and those that stood to Sea, discover'd about two Miles off, a Vessel with fourteen or fifteen Oars, which upon sight of the Gallies, put her self in Chace, hoping by her Lightness, to escape ; but all in vain, for the Admiral's Galley being one of the swiftest Vessels in those Seas, gain'd so much way upon her, that the Master of the Brigantine seeing his Danger,

Danger, was willing the Crew should quit their Oars, and yield, for fear of exasperating the General. But Fate order'd it otherwise, for upon the Admiral's coming up with the Brigantine, so near as to hale her, and bid them Strike, two *Turquis*, that is, two Drunken *Turks*, among twelve others that were on board the Vessel, discharged a couple of Muskets, and kill'd two Soldiers that were upon the Wale of the Galley. The General seeing this, vow'd he wou'd not leave a Man of 'em alive, and coming up with great Fury to grapple with her, she slipp'd away under the Oars of the Galley. The Galley ran a-head in good way, and the little Vessel finding herself clear for the present, tho' without hopes to get off, crowd'd all the Sail she cou'd, and with Oars and Sails, began to make the best of her Way, while the Galley Tack'd round. But all their Diligence did not do 'em so much good as their Presumption did 'em harm; for, the Admiral, coming up with her after a short Chase, clapp'd his Oars in the Vessel, and so took her and every Man in her alive.

By this time, the other Gallies were come up and all four return'd with their Prize into the Harbour, where great numbers of People stood Waiting, to know what Prize they had taken. The General came to an Anchor near the Land and perceiving that the Viceroy was on the Shore, he Mann'd his Pinnace to fetch him aboard, and gave Orders to sling up the Main-yard, to hang up the Master of the Brigantine, with the rest of the Crew, which consisted of about six and thirty Persons, all proper lusty Fellows, and most of 'em *Turkish* Musketeers. The General ask'd who Commanded the Vessel, whereupon one of the Prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a

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Spaniard, and a Renegado, answer'd him in Spanish. This was our Master, my Lord, said he, shewing him a young Man not twenty Years of Age, and one of the handsomest Persons that could be imagin'd. You Inconsiderate Dog, said the General, what made you kill my Men, when you saw 'twas not possible for you to escape? Is this the Respect due to an Admiral? Don't you know that Rashness is no Courage? While there is any hope, we are allow'd to be bold, but not to be desperate. The Master was offering to reply, but the General cou'd not stay to hear his answer, being oblig'd to go entertain the Viceroy, who was just come aboard with his Retinue, and others of the Town. You have had a lucky Chace, my Lord, said the Viceroy. What have you got. Your Excellency shall see presently, answer'd the General, I'll shew 'em to you immediately hanging at the Main-yard-arm. How so, reply'd the Viceroy? Because, said he, they have kill'd me, contrary to all Law of Arms, Reason, and Custom of the Sea, two of the best Soldiers I had on board; for which I have sworn to hang them every Mother's Son, especially this young Rogue, the Master. Saying thus, he shew'd him a Person with his Hands already bound, and the Halter about his Neck, expecting nothing but Death. His Youth, Beauty, and Resignation began to Plead much in his behalf with the Viceroy, and making him inclinable to save him, Tell me, Captain, said he, Art thou born a Turk, or a Moor, or art thou a Renegado? None of all these, answer'd the Youth in as good Spanish. What then, said the Vice-roy? A Christian Woman, reply'd the Youth. A Woman, and a Christian, though in these Cloaths, and in such a Post; but 'tis a thing rather to be wonder'd at, than

than believ'd. I humbly beseech ye, my Lord, the mi  
continued the Youth, to defer my Execution in he wo  
I give you the History of my Life, for the Banish  
delay of your Revenge will be but short. The Morisca  
Request was urg'd so piteously, that no bod Master  
could deny it; whereupon the General bade him acquai  
proceed, assuring him, nevertheless, that theme, v  
was no hopes of Pardon for an Offence so gre up our  
as was that of which he was guilty. Then to My  
Youth began.

I am one of that unhappy and imprudent N Banish  
tion, whose Miseries are fresh in your Memory. I was  
My Parents being of the *Morisco*-Race, the Cu confide  
rent of their Misfortunes, with the obstinacy on a pr  
two Uncles, hurried me out of *Spain* into *Barbary*. In vain I profess'd my self a Christian Return  
being really one, and not such a secret *Mahom*. The  
*tan* as too many of us were; this cou'd neith had for  
prevail with my Uncles to leave me in my Nativ aftervv  
Country, nor with the Severity of those Officer and vv  
that had Orders to make us evacuate *Spain*, tw what  
believe it was not a Pretence. My Mother was as to th  
Christian, my Father, a Man of Discretion, prouderf  
fessed the same Belief, and I suck'd the Catholic in Pl  
Faith with my Milk. I was handsomly Educated, pern  
and never betray'd the least mark of the *M*. This  
*risco*-Breed, either in Language or Behaviour my Fo  
With these Endowments, as I grew up, that listom  
tle Beauty I had, such as it was, began to bloom Questi  
and for all my retir'd Life, and the Restraint up louth  
on my appearing abroad, a young Gentleman had cor  
call'd *Don Gaspar Gregorio* got a view of me. He was conf  
Son and Heir to a Knight that liv'd in the next Beauty  
Town, 'twere tedious to relate, how he got an The se  
opportunity to converse with me, fell desperately mov n  
in Love, and affected me with a sence of his Pass fortune  
on. I must be short, lest this halter cut me off in Turks  
cho

the middle of my Story. I shall only tell you, that he would of necessity bear me Company in my Banishment, and accordingly, by the help of the *Moriscan* Language, of which he was a perfect Master, he mingled with the Exiles, and getting acquainted vvith my tvvo Uncles that conducted me, vve all vvent together to *Barbary*, and took great up our Residence at *Argiers*, or rather Hell it self. My Father, in the meantime, had very Prudently, upon the first nevvs of the Proclamation to Banish us, vvithdrawn to seek a Place of Refuge for us in some Foreign Country, leaving a Considerable Stock of Money and Jevvels hidden in a private Place, vvwhich he discover'd to no body but me, vvith Orders not to move it till his Return.

The King of *Argiers*, understanding that I had some Beauty, and also that I vvvas Rich, (vvwhich afterwards turn'd to my Advantage) sent for me, and vvvas very Inquisitive about my Country, and vvhat Jevvels and Gold I had got. I satisfied him as to the Place of my Nativity, and gave him to understand, that my Riches vvvas buried in a certain Place vvhere I might easily recover it, vvhere permited to return vvhere it lay.

This I told him, that in hopes of sharing in my Fortune, his Covetousness should divert him from Injuring my Person. In the midst of these Questions, the King vvvas inform'd, that a certain Youth, the handsomest and loveliest in the World, had come over in Company vvith us. I vvvas present, vvwas conscious that *Don Gregorio* vvvas the Person, his Beauty ansvvering so exactly their Description. The sense of the young Gentleman's danger vvvas vvvery more grievous to me than my ovvn Misfortunes, having been told that those barbarous *Turks* are much fonder of a handsome Youth, than

than the most Beautiful Woman, The King gave Immediate Orders that they shou'd be brought into his Presence, asking me whether the Youth deserv'd the Commendations they gave him. I told him, inspir'd by some good Angel, that the Person they so much commended, was no Man but of my own Sex, and withal begg'd his permission to have her dress'd in a Female Habit, that her Beauty might shine in its natural Lustre, and so prevent her Blushes, if she shou'd appear before his Majesty in that unbecoming Habit. He consented, promising withal, to give Order next Morning for my return to *Spain*, to recover my Treasure. I spoke with *Don Gaspar*, represented to him the Danger of appearing a Man, and prevail'd with him to wait on the King that Evening in the Habit of a *Moorish* Woman. The King was so pleas'd with her Beauty, that he resolv'd to reserve her as a Present for the *Grand Seignior*, and fearing the Malice of his Wives in the *Seraglio*, and the solicitations of his own Desires, he gave her in Charge to some of the principal Ladies of the City, to whose House she was immediately conducted,

This separation was grievous to us both (for I cannot deny that I Love him) Those who have ever felt the Pangs of a parting Love can be Imagine the Affliction of our Souls. Next Morning, by the King's Order, I embark'd for *Spain* in this Vessel, accompany'd by these two Turks that kill'd your Men, and this *Spanish* Renegado that first spoke to you, who is a Christian in Heart, and came along with me with a greater desire to return to *Spain* than to go back to *Barbary*. The rest are all *Moors* and *Turks*, who serve for Rowers. Their orders were to set me on Shore with this Renegado, in the Habits of Christian

the first *Spanish* Ground they should discover ;  
 at these two ravenous and insolent *Turks*, must,  
 contrary to their Order, first cruise upon the  
 coast, in hopes of taking some Prize ; being  
 afraid, that if they should first set us ashore, some  
 accident might happen to us, and make us dis-  
 cover that the Brigantine was not far off at Sea,  
 and so expose 'em to the danger of being taken,  
 there were Gallies upon the Coast. In the Night  
 we made this Land, not mistrusting any Gallies  
 being so near, and so we fell into your Hands.

To conclude, *Don Gregorio* remains in Wo-  
 men's Habit among the *Moors*, nor can the De-  
 it long Protect him from Destruction ; and  
 ere I stand expecting, or rather fearing my Fate,  
 which yet cannot prove unwelcome, I being now  
 weary of Living. Thus, Gentlemen, you have  
 heard the unhappy Passages of my Life, I have  
 told you nothing but what is true, and all I have  
 beg, is that I may die as a Christian ; since I  
 am Innocent of the Crimes of which my un-  
 happy Nation is accused. Here she stopp'd, and  
 with her Story and her Tears melted the Hearts  
 of many of the Company.

The Viceroy, being mov'd with a tender Com-  
 passion, was the first to unbind the Cords that  
 manacl'd her fair Hands, when an ancient  
 pilgrim, who came on board with the Viceroy's  
 attendants, having with a fix'd Attention mind-  
 ed the Damsel during her Relation, came sud-  
 denly, and throwing himself at her Feet, Oh  
*Felix*, cry'd he, my dear unfortunate Daugh-  
 ter ! Behold thy Father *Ricote*, that return'd  
 to seek thee, being unable to live without thee,  
 who art the Joy and Support of my Age. Up-  
 on this, *Sancho*, who had all this while been sul-  
 ly musing, vex'd at the Usage he had met with  
 so

so lately, lifting up his Head, and staring the  
 Pilgrim in the Face, knew him to be the same  
*Ricote* he had met on the Road the Day he left  
 Government, and he was likewise fully perswaded,  
 that this was his Daughter, who being now  
 unbound, embrac'd her Father, and joya'd with  
 him in his Joy and Grief. My Lords, said the  
 Old Pilgrim, this is my Daughter, *Anna Felix*,  
 more unhappy in Fortune than in Name, as  
 fam'd as much for her Beauty, as for her Father's  
 Riches. I left my Country to seek a Sanctuary  
 for my Age, and having fix'd upon a Residence  
 in *Germany*, return'd in this Habit with other  
 Pilgrims to recover my Wealth, which I had  
 effectually done, but I little thought thus  
 unexpectedly to have found my greatest Treasure  
 my dearest Daughter. My Lords, if it can con-  
 sist with the Integrity of your Justice, to Pardon  
 our small Offence, I joyn my Prayers and Tears  
 with her's, to implore your Mercy on our behalfs  
 since we never delign'd you any Injury, and am  
 Innocent of those Crimes for which our Nation  
 has justly been Banish'd. Ay, ay, cry'd  
 (putting in) I know *Ricote* as well as the Beggar  
 knows his Dish, as sure as Eggs be Eggs this is  
 known self, and so far as concerns *Anna Felix*'s  
 ing his Daughter, I dare say that's true enough  
 but for all this fair story of his Goings-out and  
 mings-in, and his Intentions, whether they were  
 good, or whether they were bad, I'll neither  
 meddle or make, not I.

So uncommon an Accident fill'd all the  
 company with Admiration, so that the General  
 ing to the fair Captain, Your Tears, said he, are  
 so prevailing, Madam, that they compel me now  
 to be forsworn. Live, lovely *Anna Felix*, Live  
 as many Years as Heaven has decreed you; and

those rash and insolent Slaves, who alone committed the Crime bear the Punishment of it. With that he gave Order to have the two delinquent *Turks* hang'd up at the Yard's-Arm : But, at the Intercession of the Viceroy, their Fault shew'd more rather Madness than design, the fatal Sentence was revok'd ; the General considering at the same time, that their Punishment in cold Blood would look more like Cruelty than Justice.

Then they began to consider how they might relieve *Don Gaspar Gregorio* from the Danger he was in ; to which purpose *Ricote* offer'd to the Viceroy of above a Thousand Ducats which he had about him in Jewels, to purchase his Ransom. The readiest Expedient was thought to be the disposal of the *Spanish* Renegado, who offer'd to furnish a small Bark and half a dozen Oars Mann'd with Christians to return to *Argiers*, and set him at Liberty, as best knowing when and where to find him, and being acquainted with the place of his Confinement. The General and the Viceroy oppos'd to this Motion, thro' a distrust of the Renegado's Fidelity, since he might perhaps betray the Christians that were to go along with him.

But *Anna Felix* engaging for his Truth, and obliging himself to ransom the Christians as soon as they were taken, the Design was resolv'd upon. The Viceroy went ashore, committing the care of *Corisca* and her Father to *Don Antonio Moreno's* care, desiring him at the same time to command his House for any thing that might conduce to their Entertainment ; so great are the Motions of good Nature and Generosity, when heightned by the Influence of a Fair Lady's Beauty.

## C H A P. LXIV.

*Of an unlucky Adventure which Don Quixote laid most to Heart of any that had yet befallen him.*

**D**ON Antonio's Lady was extremely pleas'd with the Company of the fair Morisco, whose Sense being as exquisite as her Beauty, drew all the most considerable Persons in the City to visit her. Don Quixote told Don Antonio that he cou'd by no means approve the Method they had taken to release Don Gregorio, it being full of danger, and little or no Probability of Success; but that their surest way wou'd be to have him set ashore in Barbary, with his Horse and Arms, and leave it to him to deliver the Gentleman from the spight of all the Moorish Power, as Don Gaysfero had rescued his Wife Melissandra. Good you Worship, quoth Sancho, hearing this, look before you leap. Don Gayferos had nothing but a fair Race for't on dry Land, when he carried her to France. But here, an't please you, we shou'd deliver Don Gregorio, how the Devil shall we bring him over to Spain cross the broad Sea. There's a Remedy for all things but Death, answer'd Don Quixote, 'tis but having a Bark ready by the Sea-side, and then let me see what can hinder our getting into it. Ah Master, Master, quoth Sancho, there's more to be done than a

a Dish to wash, Saying is one thing, and Doing is another, and for my Part, I like the Renegade very well, he seems to me a good honest Fellow, and cut out for the Business. Well, said *Don Antonio*, if the Renegado fails, then the Great *Don Quixote* shall embark for *Barbary*.

In two Days the Renegado was dispatch'd away in a fleet Cruiser of six Oars aside, Mann'd with brisk lusty Fellows, and two days after that, the Gallies with the General left the Port, and steer'd their Course Eastwards. The General having first engag'd the Viceroy to give him an account of *Don Gregorio's*, and *Anna Felix's* Fortune.

Now it happen'd one Morning that *Don Quixote* going abroad to take the Air upon the Sea-shore, Arm'd at all Points, according to his Customs (his Arms, as he said, being all but Attire, as Combat was his Refreshment) he spy'd a Knight Riding towards him, Arm'd like himself from Head to Foot, with a bright Moon blazon'd on his Shield, who coming within his Hearing, call'd out to him, Illustrious, and never sufficiently Extoll'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am Knight of the *White Moon*, whose Incredible Achievements, perhaps, have reach'd thy Ears. Lo, I am come to enter into Combat with Thee, and to compel thee by Dint of Sword, to own and acknowledge my Mistress, (by whatever Name or Dignity she be distinguished) to be, without any degree of Comparison, more Beautiful than thy *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Now if thou wilt fairly confess this Truth, thou freeest thy self from certain Death, and me from the trouble of taking or giving thee thy Life. If not, the Conditions of our Combat are these. If Victory be on my side, thou shalt be oblig'd immediately to for-

forfake thy Arms, and the quest of Adventures, and to return to thy own home, where thou shalt be engaged to live quietly and peaceably for the space of one whole Year, without laying hand on thy Sword, to the improvement of thy Estate, and the salvation of thy Soul. But if thou com'st off Conqueror, my Life is at thy Mercy, my Horse and Arms shall be thy Trophy, and the Fame of all my former Exploits, by the lineal descent of Conquest, be vested in thee as Victor. Consider what thou hast to do, and let thy Answer be quick; for my dispatch is limited to this very day.

*Don Quixote* was amaz'd and surpriz'd as much at the Arrogance of the Knight of the *White Moon's* Challenge, as at the Subject of it; so with a solemn and austere Address, Knight of the *White Moon*, said he, whose Archievements have as yet been kept from my knowledge, 'tis more than probable, that you have never seen the illustrious *Dulcinea*; for had you ever view'd her Perfections, you had there found Arguments enough to convince you that no Beauty, pass'd, present, or to come can parallel hers, and therefore without giving you directly the lie, I only tell thee, Knight, thou art mistaken; and this position I will maintain by accepting your Challenge, on your Conditions, except that Article of your Exploits descending to me; for, not knowing what Characters your Actions bear, I shall rest satisfy'd with the Fame of my own, by which, such as they are, I am willing to abide. And since your time is so limited, chuse your Ground, and begin your Career as soon as you will, and expect to be met with; and so fall back fall edge; take what follows: A fair Field and no Favour.

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While the two Knights were thus adjusting the Preliminaries of Combat, the Vice-Roy who had been inform'd of the Kt. of the *White Moon's* appearance near the City-Walls, and his parlying with *Don Quixote*, hasten'd to the Scene of Battle, not suspecting it to be any thing but some new device of *Don Antonio Moreno*, or some others. Several Gentlemen, and *Don Antonio* among the rest accompany'd him thither. They arriv'd just as *Don Quixote* was wheeling *Rosinante* to fetch his Career, and seeing 'em both ready for the onset, he interpos'd, desiring to know the cause of the sudden Combat. The Knight of the *White Moon* told him there was Lady in the case, and briefly repeated to his Excellency what pass'd between him and *Don Quixote*. The Vice-Roy whisper'd *Don Antonio*, and ask'd him whether he knew that Knight of the *White Moon*, and whether their Combat was not some jocular Device to impose upon *Don Quixote*. *Don Antonio* answer'd positively, that he neither knew the Knight, nor whether the Combat were in jest or earnest. This put the Vice-Roy to some doubt whether he should not prevent their Engagement, but being at last perswaded that it must be jest at the bottom, he withdrew. Valorous Knights, said he, if there be no *Medium* between confession and death, but *Don Quixote* be still resolv'd deny, and you the Knight of the *White Moon* obstinately to urge, I have no more to say; the field is free, and the Lord have mercy on ye. The Knights made their Compliments to the Vice-Roy for his Gracious Consent; and *Don Quixote*, making some short Ejaculations to Heaven and his Mistress, as he always us'd upon these occasions, began his Career without either sound of trumpet or any other Signal. His Adversary

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was no less forward; for setting spurs to his Horse, which was much the swifter, he met *Don Quixote* before he had ran half his Career, so forcibly, that without making use of his Lance, which 'tis thought he lifted up on purpose, he overthrew the Knight of *la Mancha*, and *Rosinante* and they both tumbl'd to the Ground with a terrible Fall.

The Knight of the *White Moon* got immediately upon him, and clapping the point of his Lance to his Face, Knight, cry'd he, you are vanquish'd, and a dead Man, unless you immediately fulfil the Conditions of your Combat. *Don Quixote* bruis'd and stunn'd with his Fall without lifting up his Beaver, answer'd in a faint hollow Voice, as if he had spoke out of a Tomb. *Dulcinea del Toboso* is the most Beautiful Woman in the World, and I the most unfortunate Knight upon the Earth. 'Twere unjust that such Perfection should suffer through my Weakness. No pierce my Body with thy Lance, Knight, and let my Life expire with my Honour. Not so glorious neither, reply'd the Conquerour, let the Fame of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* remain entire and unblemish'd; provided the Great *Don Quixote* return home for a Year, as we agreed before the Combat, I am satisfy'd. The Vice-Roy and *Don Antonio* with many other Gentlemen were Witnesses to all these Passages, and particularly to this Proposal; to which *Don Quixote* answer'd, that upon condition he should be joyn'd nothing to the Prejudice of *Dulcinea* he would, upon the faith of a true Knight be punctual in the performance of every thing else. This acknowledgment being made, the Knight of the *White Moon* turn'd about his Horse, and saluting the Viceroy rode at a hand-Gallop in





*Don Quixot conquer'd by the Knight of the White Moon page. 641.*

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the City, whither Don *Antonio* follow'd him at the Viceroy's request, to find out what he was, if possible.

*Don Quixote* was lifted up, and upon taking off his Helmet, they found him pale, and in a cold Sweat. As for *Rosinante* he was in so sad a plight, that he could not stir for the present. Then as for *Sancho*, he was in so heavy a taking, that he knew not what to do, nor what to say; he was sometimes perswaded he was in a Dream, sometimes he fancy'd that this rueful Adventure was all Witchcraft and Incantment. In short, he found his Master discomfited in the Face of the World, and bound to good behaviour, and to lay aside his Arms for a whole Year. Now he thought his Glory Eclips'd, his hopes of Greatness vanquish'd into smoak, and his Master's Promises, like his Bones, put out of joynt by that cursed Fall, which he was afraid had at once Cripp'l'd *Rosinante* and his Master. At last the vanquish'd Knight was put into a Chair, which the Viceroy had sent for that purpose, and they carry'd him into Town, accompany'd by the Viceroy, who had a great Curiosity to know who this Knight of the *White Moon* was, that had left *Don Quixote* in so sad a Condition.

## C H A P. LXV.

*An Account of the Knight of the White Moon, Don Gregorio's Enlargement, and other Passages.*

**D**ON Antonio Moreno follow'd the Knight of the *White Moon* to his Inn, whither he was attended by a troublesom Rabble of Boys. The Knight being got to his Chamber, where his Squire waited to take off his Armour, Don Antonio came in, declaring that he would not be shook off, till he had discover'd who he was. The Knight finding that the Gentleman would not leave him; Sir, said he, since I lie under no obligation of concealing my self, if you please while my Man disarms me, you shall hear the whole truth of the Story.

You must know, Sir, I am call'd the Batchelor Carrasco, I live in the same Town with this Don Quixote, whose unaccountable Frenzy has mov'd all his Neighbours, and me among the rest, to endeavour some means to cure his Madness; in order to which, believing that rest and ease would prove the surest Remedy, I bethought myself of this present Stratagem, and about three Months ago, in all the Equipage of a Knight Errant, under the Title of the Knight of the Mirrours, I met him on the Road, fix'd a Quarrel upon him, and the Conditions of our Combat were as you have heard already. But Fortune

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 653

then declar'd for him, for he unhors'd and vanquish'd me, and so I was disappointed: He prosecuted his Adventures, and I return'd home shamefully, very much hurt with my Fall. But willing to retrieve my Credit, I made this second Attempt, and now have succeeded. For I know him to be so nicely punctual in whatever his Word and Honour is Engaged for, that he will undoubtedly perform his Promise. This, Sir, is the summ of the whole Story, and I beg the favour of you to conceal me from Don Quixote, that my Project may not be ruin'd the second time, and that the honest Gentleman, who is naturally a Man of good Parts, may recover his Understanding. Oh! Sir, reply'd Don Antonio, what have you to answer for in robbing the World of the most diverting Folly, that ever was expos'd among Mankind. Consider, Sir, that his Cure can never benefit the Publick half so much as his Distemper. But I am apt to believe, Sir Batchelor, that his Madness is too firmly fix'd for your Art to remove, and (Heaven forgive me) I can't forbear wishing it may be so; for by Don Quixote's Cure we not only lose his good Company, but the Drolleries and comical humours of *Sancho Panza* too, which are enough to cure Melancholy it self or the Spleen. But however, I promise to say nothing of the Matter; though I confidently believe, Sir, that your Pains will be to no purpose. *Carrasco* told him that having succeeded so far, he was oblig'd to cherish better hopes, and asking Don Antonio if he had any farther Service to command him, he took his leave, and packing up his Armour on a Carriage-Mule, presently mounted his Charging-Horse, and leaving the City that very Day, posted homewards, meeting no Adventure on the Road worth place in this faithful History.

654 *The Life and Atchievements*

*Don Antonio* went and gave an account of the Discourse he had had with *Carraasco* to the Vice-Roy, who was vex'd to think that so much pleasant diversion was like to be lost to all those that were acquainted with the Don's Follies.

Six days did *Don Quixote* keep his Bed, very dejected, sullen, and out of humour, and full of severe and black reflections on his fatal Overthrow. *Sancho* was his Comforter, and among other his Crums of Comfort, my dear Master, quoth he, cheer up, come pluck up a good heart, Man, and be thankful for coming off no worse. Why a Man has broke his Neck with a less Fall. What you han't so much as a broken Rib. Consider Sir, that they that win, sometimes must lose; we must not always look for Bacon where you see the Hooks. Come, come Sir, bid defiance to Death, the Devil and the Doctors, let us go home fair and softly, without thinking any more of sauntering up and down old Nick knows whether in quest of Adventures, and bloody Nose-Uddiggers! Sir, I am the greatest loser, an you go to that, though 'tis you that get the Drubbing and aching Ribs. 'Tis true, I was weary of being a Governor, and gave over all thoughts that way; but yet I never parted with my Inclination of being an Earl; and now if you miss being a King, by casting off your Knight-Erranding, Squire *Sancho* may go whistle for his Earldom. No more of that, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I shall only retire for a year, and then re-assume my honourable Profession, which will undoubtedly secure me a Kingdom, and thee an Earldom. Heav'n grant it may, and Amen, quoth *Sancho*, and no Mischief betide us. Hope well and have well, says the Proverb, and for my Part, I would cast the Helve after the Hatcher.

*Don Antonio* coming in, broke off the Discourse, and with great signs of joy calling to *Don Quixote*, Reward me, Sir, cry'd he, for my good News, *Don Gregorio* and the Renegado are safe arriv'd, they are now at the Viceroy's Palace, and will be here this moment. The Knight was a little reviv'd at this News; truly, Sir, said he, to *Don Antonio*, I could almost be sorry for his good Fortune, since he has forestall'd the Glory I should have acquired in releasing by the strength of my Arm, not only him, but all the Christian Slaves in *Barbary*. But whether am I transported, Wretch that I am? am I not miserably Conquered, shamefully overthrown! forbidden the Paths of Glory for a whole long tedious Year? What, should I boast, who am fitter for a Distaff than a Sword! What, Sir, at your grumbling again, quoth *Sancho*? fye for shame. Better my Hog dirty at home, than no Hog at all. To day for thee, and to morrow for me. Take a Fool's Counsel for once, and never lay this ill Fortune to Heart, 'tis all chance of War. A Prize or a Prison, a Gold-Chain or a Wooden Leg; he that's down to day, may be up to morrow, unless he has a mind to lie a bed. Well then, hang Bruises, trust to a better day. Rouse, Sir, and bid *Don Gregorio* welcome to *Spain*; for by the hurry in the House, I believe he's come; and so it happen'd, for *Don Gregorio* having paid his Duty to the Viceroy, and given him an account of his Delivery, was just arriv'd at *Don Antonio's* with the Renegado, very impatient to see *Anna Felix*. He had chang'd the Female Habit, which he wore when he was freed, for one suitable to his Sex, that he had from a Captive who came along with him in the Vessel, and appear'd a very amiable and handsome Gentleman, though not

above eighteen years of Age. *Ricote* and his Daughter went out to meet him, the Father with Tears, and the Daughter with a joyful Modesty. Their Salutation was reserved without an Embrace, their Love being too refin'd for any loose Behaviour: But their Beauties surpriz'd every body; silence was emphatical in their Joys, and their Eyes spoke more Love than their Tongues could express. The Renegado gave a short account of the success of his Voyage, and *Don Gregorio* briefly related the Shifts he was put to among the Women in his Confinement, which shew'd his Wit and Discretion to be much above his Years. *Ricote* gratify'd the Ship's Crew very Nobly, and particularly the Renegado, who was once more receiv'd into the Bosom of the Church, having with due Penitence and sincere repentance purify'd himself from all his former Uncleaness.

Some few days after, the Viceroy, in concert with *Don Antonio*, took such Measures as were expedient, to get the Banishment of *Ricote* and his Daughter Repeal'd, judging it no inconvenience to the Nation, that so just and Orthodox Persons should remain among 'em. *Don Antonio* being oblig'd to go to Court about some other Matters, offer'd to solicit in their behalf, hinting to him, that, through the intercession of Friends and more powerful Bribes, many difficult matters were brought about there to the satisfaction of the Parties. There is no relying upon Favour and Bribes in our Business said *Ricote*, who was by, for the great *Don Bernardino de Velasco*, Count *de Salazar*, to whom the King gave the Charge of our Expulsion is a Person of too strict and rigid Justice, to be mov'd either by Money, Favour, or Affection; and though I cannot deny him the Character of a Merciful Judge in other Matters,

yet his piercing and diligent Policy finds the Body of our *Morisca* Race to be so corrupted, that amputation is the only Cure. He is an *Argus* in his Ministry, and by his watchful Eyes has discover'd the most secret Springs of their Machination, and resolving to prevent the Danger which the whole Kingdom was in, from such a powerful multitude of inbred Foes, he took the most effectual means; for after all, lopping off the Branches may only prune the Tree, and make the poisonous Fruit spring faster, but to overthrow it from the Root, proves a sure Deliverance: nor can the Great *Philip* the Third be too much extoll'd; first, for his Heroick Resolution in so nice and weighty an Affair, and then for his Wisdom in entrusting Don *Barnardino de Velasco* with the execution of this Design. Well, when I come to Court, said Don *Antonio* to *Ricote*, I will however use the most adviseable means, and leave the rest to Providence. Don *Gregorio* shall go with me to comfort his Parents, that have long mourned for his absence. *Anna Felix* shall stay here with my Wife, or in some Monastery, and as for honest *Ricote*, I dare engage the Viceroy will be satisfy'd to let him remain under his Protection till he sees how I succeed. The Viceroy consented to all this; but Don *Gregorio* fearing the worst, was unwilling to leave his fair Mistress; however, considering that he might return to her after he had seen his Parents, he yielded to the Proposal, and so *Anna Felix* remain'd with Don *Antonio's* Lady, and *Ricote* with the Viceroy.

## 658 *The Life and Atchievements*

Two Days after Don Quixote being somewhat recover'd, took his Leave of Don Antonio, and having caus'd his Armour to be laid on Dapple, he set forwards on his Journey home. Sancho thus being forc'd to trudge after him on Foot. On the other side, Don Gregorio bid adieu to Anna Felix, and their Separation, though but for a while, was attended with Floods of Tears, and all the excess of Passionate Sorrow. Ricote offer'd him a thousand Crowns, but he refus'd them, and only borrow'd five of Don Antonio to repay him at Court.

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CHAP. LXVI.

*Which Treats of that which shall be seen by him that Reads it, and heard by him that Listens when 'tis Read.*

**D**ON Quixote as he went out of Barcelona, cast his Eyes on the Spot of Ground where he was overthrown. Here once Troy stood, said he ; here my unhappy Fate, and not my Cowardize, depriv'd me of all the Glories I had purchas'd ; here Fortune, by an unexpected Reverse, made me sensible of her Turns and Fickleness. Here my Exploits suffer'd a total Eclipse ; and, in short, here fell my Happiness, never to rise again, Sancho hearing his Master thus dolefully Paraphrasing on his Misfortune, Good Sir, quoth he, 'tis as much the part of great Hearts to have Patience when the World frowns upon 'em, as to be Joyful when all goes well : And I judge of it by my self, for when I was made a Governour, I was blithe and merry, and now I am but a poor Squire a-foot, I take my Chance without grumbling. And indeed, I have heard say, that this same She-Thing they call Fortune, is a whimsical Pated, freakish drunken Quean, that reels like a Wheel-barrow, and what's more, is blind beyond the use of Spectacles ; so that she neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she raises, nor whom she casts down. Thou art very much a Philosopher,

losopher, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou talk'st very sensibly. I wonder how thou cam'st by all this; but I must tell thee there is no such thing as Fortune in the World; nor does any thing that happens here below of good or ill come by chance, but by the particular Providence of Heaven, and this makes good the Proverb, that every Man may thank himself for his own Fortune. For my part, I have been the Artificer of mine, but for want of using the Discretion I ought to have used, all my Presumptuous Edifice, sunk and tumbled down at once. I might well have consider'd, that *Rosinante* was too weak and feeble to withstand the Knight of the *White Moon's* huge and strong-built Horse. However, I wou'd needs adventure, I did the best I cou'd, and was overcome. Yet tho' it has cost me my Honour, I have not loss, nor can I lose my Integrity to perform my Promise: When I was a Knight-Errant vallant and bold, the strength of my Arms and my Actions gave a Reputation to my Deeds; and now I am no more than a dismounted Squire, the performance of my Promise shall give a Reputation to my Words. Trudge on then, Friend *Sancho*, and let us get home to pass the Year of our Probation. In that Retirement we shall recover new Vigour to return to that, which is never to be forgotten by me, I mean the Profession of Arms. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis no such Pleasure to beat the Hoof as I do, that I should need be in such haste, and trot a-foot so fast. Let us hang up this cold Iron of yours upon some Tree in the room of one of those Highway-Men that hang thereabouts in Clusters, and when I am got upon *Dapple's* Back, with my Feet dangling at Ease, we will size our Gate and Journey, as your Worship pleases; for to think

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I can mend my Pace. and hoof it all the way, I know nothing of the Matter. Thou hast spoken to the purpose *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, let my Arms be hung up for a Trophy, and underneath, or about 'em, we will Carve on the Bark of the Trees the same Inscription, which was Written near the Trophy of *Orlando's* Arms.

*Let none but he these Arms displace,  
Who dares Orlando's Fury Face.*

Why, this is as I'd have it, quoth *Sancho*; and were it not that we shall want *Rosinante* upon the Road, 'twere not amiss to leave him Hanging too. Now I think better on't, said *Don Quixote*, neither the Armour nor the Horse shall be serv'd so. It shall never be said of me, *For good Service, bad Reward*. Why that's well said, quoth *Sancho*, for indeed 'tis a Saying among Wise Men, that the fault of the Ass must not be laid on the Pack-saddle, and therefore, since in this last Job you your self were in Fault, e'en Punish your self. and let not your Fury wrack it self upon your poor Armour, bruised and batter'd with doing you Service, nor upon the tameness of *Rosinante*, that good condition'd Beast, nor yet upon the tendernefs of my Feet, requiring them to Travel more than they ought.

They pass'd that Day, and four more after that, in such kind of Discourse, without meeting any thing that might interrupt their Journey; but on the fifth Day, as they enter'd into a Country-Town, they saw a great Company of People at an Inn-Door, being got together for Pastime, as being a Holiday. As soon as *Don Quixote*

*Quixote* drew near, he heard one of the Country-men cry to the rest, look ye now, we'll leave it to one of these two Gentlemen that are coming this way, they know neither of the Parties. Let either of 'em decide the Matter. That I will with all my Heart, said *Don Quixote*, and with all the Equity Imaginable; if you'll but state the Case right to me. Why, Sir, said the Country-man, the Business is this, one of our Neighbours here in this Town, so fat, and so heavy, that he weighs eleven *Arrobaes*, or eleven quarters of a Hundred, (for that's the same thing) has challeng'd another Man o' this Town, that weighs not half so much, to run with him a hundred Paces with equal Weight. Now he that gave the Challenge, being ask'd how they shou'd make equal Weight, demands that the other who weighs but five quarters of a Hundred, shou'd carry a hundred and a half of Iron, and so the Weight, he says, will be equal. Hold, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, before *Don Quixote* cou'd answer, this Business belongs to me, that come so lately from being a Governour, and a Judge, as all the World knows; I ought to give Judgment in this doubtful Case. Do then, with all my Heart, Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for I am not fit to give Crums to a Cat, my Brain is so disturb'd, and out of order. *Sancho* having thus got leave, and all the Country-men standing about him, gaping to hear him give Sentence. Brothers, quoth he, I must tell you, that the Fat Man is in the wrong Box, there's no manner of Reason in what he asks; for if, as I always heard say, he that is challeng'd may choose his Weapons, there's no reason that he should choose such as may encumber him, and hinder him from getting the better of him that defy'd him. There-fore

fore 'tis my Judgment, that he who gave the Challenge, and is so big and so fat, shall cut, part, slice, or shave off a hundred and fifty Pounds of his Flesh, here and there, as he thinks fit; and then being reduced to the weight of the 'other, both Parties may run their Race upon equal Terms. By St. Benne's Boot, quoth one of the Country-People that had heard the Sentence, this Gentleman has spoken like one of the Saints in Heaven; he has given Judgment like a Casuist: but I warrant the Fat Squob loves his Flesh too well to part with the least fliver of it, much less will he part with a hundred and half. Why then, quoth another Fellow, the best way will be not to let 'em run at all; for then *Lean* need not venture to sprain his Back by running with such a Load; and *Fat* need not cut out his Pamper'd sides into Collops: So let half the Wager be spent in Wine, and lets take these Gentlemen to the Tavern that has the best, *and lay the Gloak upon me when it Rains.* I return ye Thanks, Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, but cannot stay a Moment, for dismal Thoughts and Disasters force me to appear unmannerly, and to Travel at an uncommon rate; and so saying he clapp'd Spurs to *Rosinante*, and mov'd forwards, leaving the People to descant on his strange Figure, and the rare Parts of his Groom, for such they took *Sancho* to be. If the Man be so Wise, quoth another of the Country-Fellows to the rest, bless us! What shall we think of the Master! I'll hold a Wager, if they be going to Study at *Salamanca*-Vassity, they will come to be Lord Chief-Justices in a trice; for there's nothing more easie, d'ye see. 'tis but Studying and Studying again, and having a little Favour, and good Luck; and when a Man least Dreams of it, d'ye see.

fee, he shall find himself with a Judge's Gown upon his Back, or a Bishop's Mitre upon his Head.

That Night the Master and the Man took up their Lodging in the middle of a Field, under the Roof of the open Sky ; and the next Day, as they were on their Journey, they saw coming towards 'em, a Man a-foot with a Wallet about his Neck, and a Javelin or Dart in his Hand, just like a Foot-Post : This Man mended his Pace when he came near *Don Quixote*, and almost running, came, with a great deal of Joy in his Looks, and Embrac'd *Don Quixote's* right Thigh, for he cou'd reach no higher. My Lord, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, cry'd he, oh! how heartily glad my Lord Duke will be when he understands you are coming again to his Castle, for there he is still with my Lady Dutcheffs. I don't know you Friend, answer'd *Don Quixote*, nor can I imagine who you shou'd be, unless you tell me your self. My Name is *Tosilos*, an't please your Honour ; I am my Lord Duke's Footman, the same who wou'd not Fight with you about *Donna Rodriguez's* Daughter. Bless me, cry'd *Don Quixote*, is it possible you should be the Man whom those Enemies of mine, the *Magicians*, Transform'd into a Lacquey, to deprive me of the Honour of that Combat ? Softly, good Sir, reply'd the Footman, there was neither Incantment nor Transformation in the Case. I was as much a Footman when I enter'd the Lists, as when I went out ; and it was because I had a Mind to Marry the young Gentlewoman, that I refus'd to Fight. But I was sadly disappointed ; for when you were gone, my Lord Duke had me soundly Bang'd, for not doing as he had order'd me in that matter ; and the up-  
shot

shot was this, *Donna Rodriguez* is pack'd away to seek her Fortune, and the Daughter is shut up in a Nunnery. As for me, I am going to *Barcelona*, with a Packet of Letters from my Master to the Viceroy. However, Sir, if you please to take a Sup, I have a Gourd full of good Wine at your Service. 'Tis a little hot, I must own, but 'tis pure, and I have some excellent Cheese, that will make it go down, I'll warrant ye. I take you at your Word, quoth *Sancho*, I am no proud Man, leave Ceremonies to the Church, and so Drink, honest *Tosilos*, in spite of all the Inchanters in the *Indies*. Well *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou art certainly the veryest Glutton that ever was, and the silliest Block-head in the World, else thou would'st consider that this Man thou seest here, is Inchantèd, and a sham-Lacquey. E'en stay with him if thou woud'st, and gratify thy voracious Appetite, for my part, I'll ride softly on before. *Tosilos* smil'd, and laying his Bottle and his Cheese upon the Grass, he and *Sancho* fate down there, and like sociable Mefs-Mates, never stirr'd till they had quite clear'd the Wallet of all that was in it fit for the Belly; and this with such an Appetite, that when all was consum'd, they lick'd the very Packet of Letters, because it smelt of Cheese. While they were thus employ'd, hang me, quoth *Tosilos*, if I know what to make of thy Master; sure the Man's Mad. Neither better nor worse, answer'd *Sancho*; for take my word for't, Old Boy, if Madness were to pass for current Coin, he has such a stock of it, he wou'd be the richest Man in the Kingdom. I see it plain enough, and tell him of it often enough, but what does it signify? Especially now that he's all in the Dumps, for having been worsted by the Knight  
of

of the *White Moon*, *Tosilos* begg'd of *Sancho* to tell him that Story; but *Sancho* said it would not be handsome to let his Master stay for him, but that next time they met he'd tell him the whole Matter. With that they got up, and after the Squire had brush'd his Cloaths, and shaken off the Crums from his Beard, he drove *Dapple* along; and crying good by t'ye, left *Tosilos*, in order to overtake his Master; who staid for him under the Covert of a Tree.

## C H A P.

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CHAP. LXVII.

*How Don Quixote resolv'd to turn Shepherd, and live in the Fields, while he was oblig'd not to bear Arms ; with other Passages very good and diverting , upon the Word of an Author.*

IF *Don Quixote* was much disturb'd in Mind before his Overthrow, he was much more disquieted after it. While he stay'd for his Squire under a Tree, a thousand Thoughts crowded into his Head, like Flies into a Honey-Pot ; sometimes he ponder'd on the means to free *Dulcinea* from Inchantment, and at others, on the Life he was to lead during his involuntary Retirement. In this brown Study, *Sancho* came to him, crying up *Tosilos* as the honestest Fellow, and the most Gentleman-like Footman in the World. Is it possible, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou should'st still take that Man for a real Lacquey ? Hast thou forgot how thou saw'st *Dulcinea* pervers'd and Deform'd to the resemblance of a rustick Wench, and the Knight of the *Mirrours* into the Batchelor *Carraasco* ; and all this by the Negromantick Arts of those evil-minded Magicians, that Persecute me ? But laying this aside, prethee tell me, did'st thou not ask *Tosilos* what became of *Altisidora* ? Whether she bemoan'd my Absence, or dismiss'd from

from her Breast those Amorous Sentiments that disturb'd her when I was near her ? Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*, my Head ran on some thing else, and I was too well employ'd to think of such foolish Stuff. Body of me! Sir, are you now in a mood to ask about other Folks Thoughts, especially their Love-thoughts too? Look you, said *Don Quixote*, there's a great deal of difference between those actions that proceed from Love, and those that are the Effect of Gratitude. Is it possible a Gentlemen should be not at all Amorous, but strictly speaking, he cannot be ungrateful? 'Tis very likely, that *Altisidora* lov'd me well, she presented me, as thou know'st, with three Night-Caps; she Wept, and took on when I went away; curs'd me, abus'd me, and in spite of Modesty, gave a loose to her Passion; all Tokens that she was deeply in Love with me, for the Anger of Lovers commonly vents it self in Curses. It was not in my Power to give her any Hopes, nor had I any costly Present to bestow on her; for all I have reserv'd, is for *Dulcinea*, and the Treasures of a Knight-Errant are but Fairy-Gold, and a delusive Good. So all I can do, is only to remember the unfortunate Fair, without Prejudice however to the Rights of my *Dulcinea*, whom thou greatly Injur'st, *Sancho*, by delaying the Accomplishment of the Pennance that must free the poor Lady from Misery. And since thou art so ungenerously sparing of that Pamper'd Hide of thine, may I see it devour'd by Wolves, rather than see it kept so charily for the Worms. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to deal plainly with you, it can't for the Blood of me, enter into my Head, that Jirking my Back-side will signifie a Straw to the Dis-inchanting of the Enchanted. Ods me! Sir, 'tis as if we

shoud

shou'd say, If your Head akes, Anoint your Shins. At least, I dare be Sworn, that in all the Stories of Knight-Errantry, you have Thumb'd over, you never knew Flogging unbewitch any body. However, when I can find my self in the Humour, d'ye see, I'll about it; when time serves I'll Bum-claw my self, ne'er fear. I wish thou would'st, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and may Heaven give thee Grace at last to understand how much 'tis thy Duty to relieve thy Mistress; think, I say, for as she is mine, by consequence she is thine, since thou belong'st to me.

Thus they went on talking, till they came near the Place where the Bulls had run over 'em, and *Don Quixote* knowing it again, *Sancho*, said he, yonder's that Meadow where we met the fine Shepherdesses, and the gallant Shepherds, who had a Mind to renew or imitate the Pastoral *Arcadia*. 'Twas certainly a new and Ingenious conceit. If thou think'st well of it, we'll follow their Example, and turn Shepherds too, at least for the time I am to lay aside the profession of Arms. I'll buy a Flock of Sheep, and every thing that's fit for a Pastoral Life, and so calling my self the Shepherd *Quixotis*, and thee the Shepherd *Pansino*, we'll range the Woods, the Hills and Meadows, Singing and Versifying. We'll drink the Liquid Crystal, sometimes out of the Fountains, and sometimes from the Purling Brooks, and the swift gliding Streams. The Oaks, the Cork-Trees, and Chestnut-Trees, will afford us both Lodging and Diet. The Willows will yield us their Melancholick Shade; the Roses present us their inoffensive Sweets; and the spacious Meads will be our Carpets, diversify'd with Colours of all sorts: Bless'd with the purest Air, and unconfin'd alike, we shall breathe  
that

that and Freedom. The Moon and Stars, our Tapers of the Night, shall light our Evening Walks. Light Hearts will make us merry, and Mirth will make us Sing. Love will inspire us with a Theme and Wit, and *Apollo* with Harmonious Lays. So shall we become Famous not only while we live, but make our Loves Eternal as our Songs. As I live, quoth *Sancho*, this sort of Life Suits and Cloaks me; and I fancy that if the Batchelor, *Sampson Carrasco* and Master *Nicholas* have but once a glimpse of it, they'll e'en turn Shepherds too; nay, tis well if the Curate does not put in for one among the rest for he's a notable Joaker, and merrily inclin'd. That was well thought on, said *Don Quixote*. And then if the Batchelor will make one among us, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himself the Shepherd *Sanfonio*, or *Carrascon*; and Master *Nicholas*, *Niculoso*, as formerly the old *Boscan* call'd himself *Nemoroso*: For the Curate, I don't well know what Name we shall give him, unless we shou'd call him the Shepherd *Curiambro*. As for the Shepherdesses with whom we must fall in Love, we can't be at a loss to find 'em Names, there are enough for us to pick and choose; and since my Mistress's Name is not improper for a Shepherdess, any more than for a Princess, I will not trouble my self to get a better; thou may'st call thine as thou pleasest. For my part, quoth *Sancho*, I don't think of any other Name for mine but *Terefona*, that will fit her fat sides full well, and is taken from her Christian Name too, so when I come to mention her in my Verses, every body will know her to be my Wife, and commend my Honesty, as being one that is not for picking another Man's Lock: As for the Curate, he must be contented with-

thout a Shepherdes, for good Example's sake.  
 And for the Batchelor, let him Conjure one out  
 of the Heathen Greek, if he means to have one. Bless  
 thee, said *Don Quixote* ! What a Life shall we  
 lead ! What a Melody of Oaten Reeds, and  
*Amora* Bag-pipes shall we have resounding in  
 the Air ! What intermixture of Tabors, Morrice-  
 bells, and Fiddles ! and if to all the different In-  
 struments we add those kind of Flutes which  
 we call the *Albogues*, we shall have all manner  
 of Pastoral Musick. What are the *Albogues*,  
 quoth *Sancho* ? They, said *Don Quixote*, are a  
 sort of Instruments made of Brass-Plates, round-  
 ed like Candlesticks : The one shutting into  
 the other, there arises through the holes, or  
 stops, and the Trunk or Hollow, an odd  
 Sound, which, if not very grateful, or har-  
 monious, is however not altogether disagree-  
 able, but does well enough with the rustici-  
 ty of Pipe and Tabor. You must know, the  
 Word is *Moorish* or *Arabick*, as indeed are all  
 those in our *Spanish*, that begin with an *Al*, as  
*Almoaza*, *Almorzar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguasi*, *Alucema*,  
*Almacen*, *Alcanzia*, and the like, which are not  
 very many. And we have also three *Moorish*  
 Words in our Tongue that end in *I* ; and they  
 are *Borcequi*, *Zaquicami* and *Maravedi* ; for as  
 to *Alheli* and *Alfaqui* ; they are as well known to  
 be *Arabick* by their beginning with *Al*, as their  
 ending in *I*. I cou'd not forbear telling thee so  
 much by the by, thy *Quere* about *Albogue* ha-  
 ving brought it into my Head. There is one  
 thing more that will go a great way towards  
 making us compleat in our new kind of Life ;  
 and that's Poetry ; thou know'st I am somewhat  
 given that way, and the Batchelor *Carraasco* is a  
 most accomplish'd Poet ; to say nothing of the  
 Cu-

Curate ; tho' I'll hold a Wager he is a Dabbler in it too , and so is Master *Nicholas*, I dare say ; for all your Barbers are notable Scrapers and Songsters. For my part, I'll complain of Absence, thou shalt celebrate thy own Loyalty and Constancy, the Shepherd *Carraſcon* shall Expostulate on his Sheperdeſs's Diſdain, and the Pastor *Curiambro* chuse any other Subject that will fit his Circumstances ; and so every thing will be as cleverly manag'd as we can desire. Alas ! quoth *Sancho*, I am so unlucky, that I fear me, I shall never live to see these Blessed Days. How shall I lick up the Curds and Cream ! I'll ne'er be without a wooden Spoon in my Pocket. Oh, how many of them I'll make ! What Garlands, and what pretty trincum trancums ! I am an old Dog at these Matters ; and tho' that mayn't set me up for one of the Seven Wise Masters, 'twill get me the Name of a clever and notable Fellow. My Daughter *Sanchica* shall bring us our Dinner a Field. But hold, have a Care of that ! for she's a young likely Wench, and some Shepherds are more Knaves than Fools, and I would not have my Girl go out for Wooll, and come home shorn ; for Love . and Wicked Doings are to be found in the Fields, as well as in Cities ; and in a Shepherd's Cot, as well as in a King's Palace. Take away the Cause, and the Effect ceases ; what the Eye ne'er sees, the Heart ne'er rues. One pair of Heels is worth two pair of Hands, and we must Watch as well as Pray. No more old Saws, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote* ; any one of these is enough to make thee know my meaning. I have told thee often enough not to be so lavish of thy Proverbs ; but 'tis all lost upon thee : I Preach in a Defart, my Mother whips me, and I whip the Top. Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*,  
this

this is just as the Saying is, the Porridge-Pot calls the Kettle Black-Arse.— You chide me for speaking Proverbs, and yet you bring 'em out two at a time. Look you, *Sancho*, those I speak, are to the Purpose, but thou fetchest thine in by Head and Shoulders, to their utter Disgrace, and thy own. But no more at this time, it grows late, let us leave the Road a little, and take up our Quarters yonder in the Fields; to morrow will be a new Day. They did accordingly, and made a slender Meal, as little to *Sancho's* liking as his hard Lodging; which brought the hardships of Knight-Erranting fresh into his Thoughts; and made him wish for the better Entertainment he had sometimes found, as at *Don Diego's*, *Camacho's*, and *Don Antonio's* Houses; but he consider'd after all, that it cou'd not be always fair Weather, nor was it always foul; so he betook himself to his Rest till Morning and his Master to the usual Exercise of his roving Imaginations.

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Pppp

CHAP.

## C H A P. LXVIII.

*The Adventure of the Hogs.*

THE Night was pretty dark, tho' the Moon still kept her Place in the Sky ; but it was in such a Part as oblig'd her to be Invisible to us for now and then Madam *Diana* takes a turn to the *Antipodes*, and then the Mountains in black, and the Vallies in Darkness, mourn her Ladiship's Absence. *Don Quixote*, after his first Sleep, though Nature sufficiently refresh'd, and would not yield to the Temptations of a second. *Sancho*, indeed did not enjoy a second ; but from a different Reason ; for he usually made but one Nap the whole Night, which was owing to the soundness of his Constitution, and his unexperience of Cares that lay so heavy upon *Don Quixote*.

*Sancho*, said the Knight, after he had pull'd the Squire till he had wak'd him too. I am amaz'd at the Stupidity of thy Temper. Thou art certainly made of Marble or solid Brass, thou liest without either Motion or Feeling. Thou sleepest while I Wake, thou singest while I Mourn, and while I am ready to faint for want of Sustenance, thou art Lazy and unwieldy with meer Gluttony. It is the part of an honest, at least, of a well-bred Servant, to share in the Afflictions of his Master. Observe the stillness of the Night, and the solitary Place we are in 'Tis pity such an Opportunity shou'd be lost to Sloth, and unactive Rest ; Rouse for shame, sit

a lie

a little a side, and with a good Air, and a cheerful Heart score me up some three or four Hundred Lashes upon thy Back, towards the Disinchanting of *Dulcinea*. This I make my earnest Entreaty, being resolv'd never to be rough with thee again upon this Account; for I must confess thou can't lay a heavy Hand on a Man upon occasion. When that Performance is over, we'll pass the remainder of the Night in Singing, I of Abience, and thou of Constancy, and so begin those Pastoral Exercises, which are to be our Employment at Home. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, do you take me for a Monk or Frier, that I shou'd start up in the middle of the Night, and Discipline my self at this rate? Or do you think it such an easie matter to scourge and clapper-claw my Back one Moment, and fall a Singing the next? Look you, Sir, say not a Word more of this Whipping; for as I love my Flesh, you'll put me upon making some rash Oath or other that you won't like, and then if the bare brushing of my Coat wou'd do you any good, you shou'd not have it, much less the currying of my Hide, and so let me go to Sleep again. Oh Obdurate Heart, cry'd *Don Quixote*! Oh, Impious Squire! Oh Nourishment and Favours ill bestow'd! Is this my Reward for having got thee a Government, and my good Intentions to get thee an Earldom, or an Equivalent at least. Which I dare engage to do when this Year of our Obscurity it Elaps'd; for in short, *Post tenebras spero lucem*. That I don't understand, quoth *Sancho*, but this I very well know, that while I am asleep, I feel neither Hope nor Despair; I am free from Pain at least, if not from Peasore. Now Blessings light on him that first invented this same Sleep. It covers a Man all over, Thoughts and all,

like a Cloak ; 'tis Meat for the Hungry, Drink for the Thirsty, Heat for the Cold, and Cold for the Hot. 'Tis the current Coin that purchaseth all the Pleasures of the World cheap ; and the Balance that sets the King and the Shepherd, the Fool and the Wise-Man even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my Head, that I dislike in Sleep ; 'tis, that there's very little difference between the Dead and the Sleeping, between a Man in his first Sleep, and a Man in his last Sleep. Most Elegantly spoken, said *Don Quixote* ! Thou hast much outdone any thing I ever heard thee say before, which confirms me in the Truth of thy own Proverbs : *Like Master, like Man : Birth is much, but Breeding more.* My Proverbs, cry'd *Sancho*, in the name of Mischief ! They are your Worship's own, Sir. You squitter 'em, and couple 'em together faster than I do, I think. I see no difference but that yours come in Season, and mine at any time, but for all that, they are all but Proverbs, neither better nor worse.

Thus they were employ'd, when their Ears were alarm'd with a kind of a Hoarse and Grunting Noise, that spread itself over all the adjacent Valleys. Presently *Don Quixote* started up on his Legs, and laid his Hand to his Sword ; as for *Sancho*, he immediately set up some Intrenchments about him, clapping the Bundle of Armour on one side, and fortifying the other with the Ass's Pack-saddle, and then he nestled himself all up, and squatted under *Dapple's* Belly, where he lay snug, and Panting, as full of Fears as his Master of Surprize ; and every Moment the Noise grew Louder, as the cause of it approach'd, to the Terror of the one, at least, for as for 'other, 'tis sufficiently known what his Valour was.

Now

Now the Occasion was this: Some Hog-Merchants were driving a Herd of above six hundred Swine to a certain Fair; and with their grunting and squeaking, the filthy Beasts made such a horrible Noise that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were almost stunn'd with it, and cou'd not imagine whence it proceeded. But at length the Knight and Squire standing in their way, the rude Swinish Animals came Thronging up all in a Body, and without any respect of Persons, some running between the Knight's Legs, and some between the Squire's, threw down both Master and Man, having not only Insulted *Sancho's* Intrenchments, but also thrown down *Resistente*: and having thus broke in upon 'em, on they went, and bore down all before 'em, overthrowing Pack-saddle, Armour, Knight, Squire, Horse and all; Crowding, Treading and Trampling over them all at a horrid rate. *Sancho* was the first that made a shift to recover his Legs, and having by this time found out what the matter was, he call'd to his Master to lend him his Sword, and swore he would stick at least half a dozen of those rude Porkers immediately. No, no, my Friend, said *Don Quixote*, let 'em e'en go; Heaven inflicts this Disgrace upon my guilty Head, for 'tis but a just Punishment that Dogs shou'd devour, Hornets sting, and vile Hogs trample on a Vanquish'd Knight-Errant. And belike, quoth *Sancho*, that Heaven sends the Fleas to sting, the Lice to bite, and Hunger to Famish us poor Squires, for keeping these vanquish'd Knights Company. If we Squires were the Sons of those Knights, or any ways related to em, why then something might be said for our bearing a Share of their Punishment, tho' it were to the third and fourth Generation. But

## 678 *The Life and Atchievements*

what are the *Pansa's* a-kin to the *Quixotes*? Well, let's to our old Places again, and sleep out the little that's left of the Night. To Morrow is a new Day. Sleep *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, Sleep, for thou wert born to Sleep, but I, who was design'd to be still Waking, intend before *Aurora* ushers in the Sun, to give a loose to my Thoughts, and vent my Conceptions in a Madrigal that I made last Night, unknown to thee. Methinks, quoth *Sancho*, a Man can't be in great Affliction, when he can turn his Brain to the making of Varfes. Therefore, you may Varfe it on, as long as you please, and I'll sleep it out as much as I can. This said, he laid himself down on the Ground, as he thought best, and hunching himself close together, fell ~~fast asleep,~~ without any Disturbance from either Hopes or Fears, or any Care whatsoever. On the other side, *Don Quixote* leaning against the trunk of a Beech, or a Cork-Tree (for 'tis not determin'd by *Cid Hamet* which it was) Sung in Comfort with his Sighs, the following Composition.

### A SONG to LOVE.

**W**Hene'er I think what a mighty Pain  
The Slave must bear who drags thy Chain,  
Oh! Love, for Ease to Death I go,  
The Cure of Thee, the Cure of Life and Woe.  
But when, alas! I think I'm sure  
Of that which must by Killing Cure,  
The Pleasure that I feel in Death,  
Proves a strong Cordial to restore my Breath.  
Thus Life each Moment makes me Die,  
And Death it self new Life can give:  
I Hopeless, and Tormented lye,  
And neither truly Die nor Live.

The many Tears as well as Sighs that accompany'd this Musical Complaint, were a sign that

that the Knight had deeply lay'd to Heart his late Defeat, and the Absence of his *Dulcinea*.

Now Day come on, and the Sun darting his Beams on *Sancho's* Face, at last awak'd him; whereupon, rubbing his Eyes, and yawning, and stretching his drowsy Limbs, he perceiv'd the Havock that the Hogs had made in his Baggage, which made him wish, not only the Herd, but somebody else at the Devil and further. In short, the Knight and the Squire both set forward on their Journey, and about the close of the Evening they discover'd some half a Score Horsemen, and four or five Fellows on Foot, making directly towards them. *Don Quixote* at the Sight, felt a strange Emotion in his Breast, and *Sancho* fell a shivering from Head to Foot; for they perceiv'd that these Strangers were provided with Spears and Shields, and other Warlike Implements. Whereupon the Knight turning to the Squire, Ah! *Sancho*, said he, were it Lawful for me at this time, to practise Feats of Arms, and had I my Hand at Liberty from my Promise, what a Joyful Sight thou'd I esteem this Squadron that approaches! but now ——— however, notwithstanding my present Apprehensions, things may fall out better than we expect.

By this time the Horsemen with their Lances advanc'd, came close up to them without speaking a Word, and encompassing *Don Quixote* in a menacing manner, with their Points level'd to his Back and Breast, one of the Footmen by laying his Finger upon his Mouth, signify'd to *Don Quixote*, that he must be Mute; then taking *Rosinante* by the Bridle, he led him out of the Road, while the rest of the Footmen had secured *Sancho* and *Dapple*, and drove 'em silently before 'em. *Don Quixote* attempted twice or

thrice to ask the Cause of this Usage, but he no sooner began to open, but they were ready to run the heads of their Spears down his Throat. Poor *Sancho* far'd worse yet ; for as he offer'd to speak, one of the Foot-Guards gave him a Jagg with a Goad, and serv'd *Dapple* as bad, though the poor Beast had no Thought of saying a Word.

As it grew Night they mended their Pace, and then the Darknes encreas'd the Fears of the Captive Knight and Squire ; especially when every Minute their Ears were tormented with these or such like Words. On, on ye *Troglodytes*, Silence, ye *Barbarian* Slaves ; Vengeance, ye *Anthropophagi* ; Grumble not, ye *Scythians* ; Be blind, ye Murdering *Polyphemes* , ye devouring Lions. Bless us (thought *Sancho* ) what Names do they call us here. *Trollopites* , *Barber's Slaves*, and *Andrew Hodgepodgy*, *City-Cans*, and *Bur-frames*. I don't like the Sound of 'em. Fee, fah, fum ! I like 'em not, as the Man said by his Wooden Gods. Here's one Mischief on the Neck of another. When a Man's down, down with him. I wou'd Compound for a good dry Beating , and glad to 'scape so too. *Don Quixote* was no less perplex'd, not being able to imagine the reason either of their hard Usage, or scurrilous Language, which hitherto promis'd but little good. At last, after they had rode about an Hour in the Dark, they came to the Gates of a Castle, which *Don Quixote* presently knowing to be the Duke's, where he had so lately been, Heaven bless me, cry'd he, what do I see ! Was not this the Mansion of Civility and Humanity ! But thus the Vanquish'd are doom'd to see every thing frown upon 'em. With that the two Prisoners were led into the great Court of the Castle, and found such strange Preparations made there, as encreas'd at once their Fear, and their Amazement ; as we shall find in the next Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXIX.

*Of the most singular and strangest Adventure that befell Don Quixote, in the whole Course of this famous History.*

**A**LL the Horse-men alighted, and the Foot-men snatching up Don Quixote and Sancho in their Arms hurry'd 'em into the Court-Yard that was illuminated with above a hundred Torches, fix'd in huge Candle-sticks; and about all the Galleries round the Court, were plac'd above five hundred Lights, insomuch that all was Day in the midst of the darkness of the Night. In the middle of the Court there was a Tomb, rais'd some two yards from the Ground, with a large Canopy of black Velvet over it, and round about it a hundred Tapers of Virgins-Wax, stood burning in Silver-Candlesticks. Upon the Tomb lay the Body of a young Damsel, who, though to all appearance, dead, was yet so Beautiful, that Death it self seem'd lovely in her Face. Her Head was Crown'd with a Garland of fragrant Flowers, and supported by a Pillow of Cloath of Gold, and in her Hands that laid a-cross her Breast, was seen a branch of that yellow Palm, that us'd of old to adorn the Triumphs of Conquerors. On one side of the Court, there was a kind of a Theatre erected, on which two Personages

ges sat in Chairs, who by the Crowns upon their Heads, and Scepters in their Hands, were, or at least appear'd to be Kings. By the side of the Theatre, at the foot of the Steps by which the Kings ascended, two other Chairs were plac'd, and thither Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were led, and caus'd to sit down; the Guards that conducted 'em continuing silent all the while, and making their Prisoners understand by awful Signs that they must also be silent. But there was no great occasion for that Caution; for their Surprize was so great, that it had ty'd up their Tongues with Amazement.

At the same time, two other Persons of Note ascended the Stage, with a numerous Retinue, and seated themselves on two stately Chairs by the two Theatrical Kings. These Don *Quixote* presently knew to be the Duke and Dutchesse, at whose Palace he had been so nobly entertained. But what he discover'd as the greatest Wonder, was that the Corps upon the Tomb was the Body of the fair *Altisidora*.

As soon as the Duke and Dutchesse had ascended, Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* made 'em a profound Obeysance, which they return'd with a short declining of their Heads. Upon this a certain Officer enter'd the Court, and coming up to *Sancho*, he clapp'd over him a black Buckram-Frock, all figur'd over with flames of Fire, and taking off his Cap, he put on his Head a kind of a Mitre, such as is worn by those who undergo publick Pennance by the Inquisition; whispering him in the Ear at the same time, that if he did but offer to open his Lips, they would put a Gag in his Mouth, or murder him to rights. *Sancho* view'd himself over from Head to Foot, and was a little startled to see himself all over in  
Fire

Fire and Flames, but yet since he did not feel himself burn, he car'd not a Farthing. He pull'd off his Mitre, and found it Pi&ur'd over with Devils, but he put it on again, and bethought himself, that since neither the Flames burn'd him, nor the Devils ran away with him, 'twas well enough. Don Quixote also stedfastly survey'd him, and in the midst of all his Apprehensions, could not forbear smiling to see what a strange Figure he made. And now in the midst of that profound Silence, while every thing was mute, and Expectation most attentive, a soft and charming symphony of Flutes, that seem'd to issue from the hollow of the Tomb, agreeably fill'd their Ears. Then there appear'd at the head of the Monument, a young Man extremely handsome, and dress'd in a Roman Habit; who to the Musick of a Harp, touch'd by himself, sung the following Stanza's with an excellent Voice.

### Altifidora's Dirge.

*While slain the fair Altifidora-lies,  
A victim to Don Quixote's cold Disdain;  
Here all things mourn, all Pleasure with her dies,  
And Weeds of Woe disguise the Graces Train.*

*I'll Sing the Beauties of her Face and Mind,  
Her hopeless Passion, her unhappy Fate :  
No Orpheus's self in numbers more refin'd,  
Her Charms, her Love, her Sufferings cou'd relate,  
Nor shall the Fair alone in Life be sung,  
Her boundless praise is my immortal choice :  
In the cold Grave, when Death benums my Tongue,  
For thee, bright Maid, my Soul shall find a Voice.*  
*When*

*When from this narrow Cell my Spirit's free,  
And wanders grieving with the Shades below,  
Ev'n o'er Oblivion's Waves I'll sing to thee:  
And Hell it self shall sympathize in Woe.*

Enough, cry'd one of the two Kings; no more, Divine Musician; it were an endless Task to enumerate the Perfections of *Altisidora*, or give us the Story of her Fate. Nor is she dead as the ignorant Vulgar surmises: No, in the Mouth of Fame, she lives and once more shall revive, as soon as *Sancho* has undergone the Pennance, that is decreed to restore her to the World. Therefore, O *Rhadamanthus*, thou who sittest in joynt Commission with me, in the Opacous Shades of *Dis*, tremendous Judge of Hell! Thou to whom the Decrees of Fate, unscrutable to Mortals, are reveal'd, in order to restore this Damsel to Life, open and declare 'em immediately, nor delay the promised felicity of her return to comfort the drooping World.

Scarce had *Minos* finish'd his Charge, but *Rhadamanthus* starting up, proceed, said he, ye Ministers and Officers of the Household, superiour and inferiour, high and low; proceed one after another, and mark me *Sancho's* Face with twenty four Twitches, give him twelve Pinches, and run six Pins into his Arms and Back-side; for *Altisidora's* Restoration depends on the Performance of this Ceremony. *Sancho* hearing this, could hold out no longer, but bawling out, Body of me! cry'd he, I'll as soon turn *Turk*, as give you leave to do all this. You shall put no countenance of mine upon any such Mortification. What the *Dévil* can the spoiling of my Face signify to the restoring of this Damsel? I may as soon

soon turn up my broad end, and awaken her with a Gun. *Dulcinea* is Bewitch'd, and I forsooth must flogg my self, to free her from Witchcraft. And here's *Altisidora* too, drops off of one Distemper or other, and presently poor *Sancho* must be pull'd by the handle of his Face, his Skin fill'd with Oilet-holes, and his Arms pinch'd black and blue, to save her from the Worms. No, no, let the Saddle be laid upon the right Horse; you must not think to put Tricks upon Travelers. An old Dog will learn no Tricks. Relent, cry'd *Rhadamanthus* aloud, thou Tiger, submit proud *Nimrod*, suffer and be silent or thou dy'st. No impossibility is required from thee; and therefore pretend not to expostulate on the severity of thy Doom. Thy Face shall receive the Twitches, thy Skin shall be pinch'd, and groan under the Pennance. Begin, I say, ye Ministers of Justice, execute my Sentence, or upon the Honour of a Man, ye shall curse the Hour ye were born. At the same time six old *Duena's* or Waiting-women appeared in the Court, marching in a formal Procession one after another, four of 'em wearing Spectacles, and all with their right Hands held aloft, and their Wrists, according to the Fashion, about four Inches bare, to make their Hands seem the longer! *Sancho* no sooner spy'd them, but roaring out like a Bull, do with me what you please, cry'd he, let a Sack-full of Mad cats lay their Claws on me, as they did on my Master in this Castle, drill me through with sharp Daggers, tear the Flesh from my Bones with red-hot Pincers, I'll bear it with Patience, and serve your Worships. But the Devil shall run away with me at once, before I'll suffer old waiting-women to lay a Finger upon me. Don *Quixote* upon this broke Silence, have Patience, my Son, cry'd he,

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he, and resign thy self to these Potentates with Thanks to Heaven, for having endow'd thy Person with such a Gift, as to release the Inchantèd, and raise the Dead from the Grave.

By this the Waiting-women were advanc'd to *Sancho*, who after much Perswasion, was at last wrought upon to settle himself in his Seat, and submit his Face and Beard to the Female Executioners; the first that approach'd gave him a clever twich, and then dropp'd him a Curtsie. Less Courtesy and less Sauce, good Mrs. Governante, cry'd *Sancho*; for by the Life of *Pharaoh* your Fingers stink of Vinegar. In short, all the Waiting-women, and most of the Servants came and Twitch'd and Pinch'd him decently, and he bore it all with unspeakable Patience. But when they came to prick him with Pins, he could contain no longer, but starting up in a pelting Chafe, he snatch'd up one of the Torches that stood near him, and swinging it round, he put all the Women and the rest of his Tormenters to their Heels. Avaunt, cry'd he, ye Imps of the Devil, d'ye think that my Back-side is made of Brass, or I intend to be your Master's Martyr.

At the same time, *Altisidora*, who could not but be tir'd with lying so long upon her Back, began to turn herself on one Side, which was no sooner perceiv'd by the Spectators, but they all set up the Cry, *She lives, she lives ! Altisidora lives !* and then *Rhadamanthus* addressing himself to *Sancho*, desir'd him to be pacifi'd, for now the wonderful Recovery was effected. On the other side, *Don Quixote* seeing *Altisidora* stir, went and threw himself on his Knees before *Sancho*; my dear Son cry'd he, for now I will not call thee Squire, now is the hour for thee to receive some of the Lashes that

that are incumbent upon thee for the disenchancing of *Dulcinea*. This, I say, is the auspicious time, when the virtue of thy Skin is most mature and efficacious for working the Wonders that are expected from it. Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, quoth *Sancho*: I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market truly; after I have been twindg'd and tweak'd by the Nose and every where, and my Buttocks stuck all over, and made a Pin-cushion, I must be now whipp'd like a Top, must I? If you've a mind to make an end of me at once, can't you as well tie a handsome Stone about my Neck, and tip me over into a Well. Better make an end of me at once, than have me loaded so every foot like a Pack-horse with other Folks Burdens. Look ye, say but one Word more to me of any such thing, and on my Soul, all the Fat shall be in the Fire.

By this time, *Altisidora* sat on the Tomb, and presently the Musick struck up, all the Instruments being joyn'd with the Voices of the Spectators, who cry'd aloud, Live, live *Altisidora*! *Altisidora* live! The Duke and the Dutchess got up, and with *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus* accompanied by *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, went all in a Body to receive *Altisidora*, and handed her down from the Tomb. She pretending to faint, bow'd to the Duke and Dutchess, and also to the two Kings; but casting a shy Look upon *Don Quixote*, Heaven forgive that hard-hearted lovely Knight, said she, whose Barbarity has made me an Inhabitant of the other World, for ought I know a thousand Years. But to thee, said she, turning to *Sancho*, to thee the most compassionate Squire that the World contains, I return my Thanks for my change from Death to Life; in acknowledgment of which, six of the best Smocks I have shall

shall be changed into Shirts for thee, and if they are not spick and span new, yet they are all as clean as a Penny. *Sancho* pull'd off his Mitre, put his Knee to the Ground, and kiss'd her Hand. The Duke commanded, that they should return him his Cap, and instead of his flaming Frock, to give him his Gaberdine; but *Sancho* begg'd of his Grace, that he might keep the Frock and Mitre, to carry into his own Country, as a Relick of that wonderful Adventure. The Dutcheß said, he should have 'em, for he knew she was always one of his best Friends. Then the Duke order'd the Company to clear the Court, and retire to their respective Lodgings, and that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* should be conducted to their Apartments.

## C H A P. LXX.

*Which comes after the sixty ninth, and contains several Particulars, necessary for the Illustration of this History.*

**T**HAT Night *Sancho* lay in a Truckle-bed in *Don Quixote's* Chamber, a Lodging not much to the Squire's liking, being very sensible that his Master would disturb him with impatient Chat all Night long; and this Entertainment he found himself not rightly dispos'd for, his late Pennance having taken him quite off his talking Pin. And a Hovel with a sound sleep had been more agreeable to his Circumstances, than

than the most stately Apartments in such troublesome Company; and indeed his Apprehensions prov'd so right, that his Master was scarcely laid when he began to open.

*Sancho*, said he, what is your Opinion of this Night's Adventure? Great and Mighty is the force of Love when heighen'd by Disdain, as the Testimony of your own Eyes may convince you in the Death of *Altisidora*. 'Twas neither a Dart, a Dagger, nor any Poison that brought her to her Fate, but she expir'd through the meer sense of my disdain of her Affection. I had not car'd a Pin, answer'd *Sancho*, though she had dy'd of the Pip, so she had but let me alone. I never Courted her, nor slighted her in my born-days; and for my part, I must still think it strange, that the Life and well-doing of Madame *Altisidora* a whimsical, maggotry hoity toity with ten ounces of Folly to one grain of Sense should depend upon the plaguing of *Sancho Panza*. But there are Inchanters and Witchcrafts in this World that's certain, from which good Heaven deliver me; for 'tis more than I can do my self. But, now, Sir, let me sleep, I beseech you; for if you trouble me with any more Questions, I'm resolv'd to leap out of the Window. I'll not disturb thee, honest *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, sleep; if the smart of thy late Torture will let thee! No Pain answer'd *Sancho*, can be compar'd to the abuse my Face suffered, because 'twas done by the worst of ill-natur'd Creatures, I mean old Waiting-women: The Devil take 'em, quoth he, and so good Night! I want a good Nap to set me to rights, and so once again, pray let me sleep. Do so, said *Don Quixote*, and Heaven be with thee. Thereupon they both at once tipp'd over, and while they are asleep *Cid Hamet* takes the

the opportunity to tell us the Motives that put the Duke and Dutcheſs upon this odd compound of Extravagancies, that has been laſt related. He ſays, that the Batchelor *Carraſco* meditating Revenge for having been defeated by *Don Quixote* when he went by the Title of the Knight of the *Mirrors*, reſolv'd to make another attempt in hopes of better Fortune, and therefore having underſtood where *Don Quixote* was by the Page that brought the Letters and Preſent to *Sancho's* Wife, he furniſh'd himſelf with a freſh Horſe and Arms, and had a White Moon Painted on his Shield; his Accoutrements were all pack'd up on a Mule, and, leſt *Thomas Cecial* his former Attendant ſhould be known by *Don Quixote* or *Sancho*, he got a Country-Fellow to wait on him as a Squire. Coming to the Duke's Caſtle, he was inform'd that the Knight was gone to the Tournament at *Saragoſa*; the Duke giving the Batchelor an account alſo how pleaſantly they had impos'd upon him with the contrivance for *Dulcinea's* Diſenchantment, to be effected at the expence of *Sancho's* Poſteriors. Finally, he told him how *Sancho* had made his Maſter believe that *Dulcinea* was transform'd into a Country-Wench by the Power of Magick; and how the Dutcheſs had perſwaded *Sancho* that he was deluded himſelf, and that *Dulcinea* was enchanted in good earneſt. The Batchelor, though he could not forbear laughing, was nevertheleſs ſtruck with Wonder at this mixture of Cunning and Simplicity in the Squire, and the uncommon Madneſs of the Maſter. The Duke then made it his Requeſt that if he met with the Knight, he ſhould call at the Caſtle as he return'd, and give him an account of his Succeſs, whether he vanquiſh'd him or not. The Batchelor promis'd to obey his Commands, and

departing in search of *Don Quixote*, he found him not at *aragosa*, but travelling farther he met him at last, and had his Revenge as we have told you. Then taking the Duke's Castle in his Way home, he gave him an account of the circumstances and conditions of the Combat, and how *Don Quixote* was repairing homewards, to fulfill his Engagement of returning to his Village for a Year, as it was incumbent on the honour of Chivalry to perform, and in this space, the Batchelor said he hop'd the poor Gentleman might recover his Senses, declaring withal that the concern he had upon him to see a Man of his Parts in such a distracted Condition, was the only Motive that could put him upon such an Attempt. Upon this he return'd home, there to expect *Don Quixote* who was coming after him. This Information engag'd the Duke, who was never to be tir'd with the humours of the Knight and the Squire, to take this occasion to make more Sport with 'em; he order'd all the Roads thereabouts, especially those that *Don Quixote* was most likely to take, to be laid by a great many of his Servants, who had Orders to bring him to the Castle right or wrong.

They met him accordingly, and sent their Master an account of it, whereupon all things being prepar'd against his coming, the Duke caus'd the Torches and Tapers to be all lighted round the Court, and *Altisidora's* Tragi-comical Interlude was acted with the humours of *Sancho Panza*, the whole so to the Life, that the Counterfeit was hardly discernable. *Cid Hamet* adds, that he believ'd those that play'd all these Tricks were as mad as those they were impos'd upon: and that the Duke and Dutcheß were within a hair's breadth of being thought Fools themselves, for taking

taking so much pains to make sport with the Weakness of two poor silly Wretches.

Now to return to our two Adventurers, the Morning found one of 'em fast asleep, and the other broad awake transported with his wild Imaginations. They thought it time to rise, especially the Don, for the Bed of Sloath was never agreeable to him, whether Vanguish'd or Victorious.

*Altisidora* whom *Don Quixote* suppos'd to have been rais'd from the Dead, did that Day deck her Head with the same Garland she wore upon the Tomb, and in a Gown of white Taffety flower'd with Gold, thrown carelessly over her, her dishevel'd Locks flowing negligently on her Shoulders, she enter'd *Don Quixote's* Chamber, supporting herself with an Ebony-Stick.

The Knight was so surpriz'd and amaz'd at this unexpected Apparition, that he was struck dumb, and not knowing how to behave himself, he slunk down under the Bed-Cloaths, and cover'd himself over Head and Ears. However, *Altisidora* plac'd her self in a Chair close by his Bed's head, and after a profound Sigh; To what an extremity of Misfortune and Distress, said she, in a soft and languishing Voice, are young Ladies of my Vertue and Quality reduc'd, when they thus trample upon the Rule of Modesty, and without regard to Virgin-Decency are forc'd to give their Tongues a loose, and betray the secrets of their Hearts! Alas! Noble *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am one of those unhappy Persons over-rul'd by my Passion; but yet so serv'd and patient in my Sufferings, that Silence broke my Heart, and my Heart broke in Silence. 'Tis now two Days, most inexorable and Marble-hearted Man, since the sense of your severe

Usage

Usage and Cruelty brought me to my Death, or something so like it, that every one that saw me, judg'd me to be dead. And had not Love been compassionate, and assign'd my Recovery on the offerings of this kind Squire, I had ever remain'd in the other World. Truly, quoth *Sancha*, Love might e'en as well have made choice of As for that Service, and he would have oblig'd me a great deal more. But pray, good Mistress, tell me one thing now, and so Heaven provide you a better natur'd Sweet-heart than my Master, what did you see in the other World? What sort of Folks are there in Hell? For there I suppose you have been; for those that die themselves must needs go to that Summer-house. To tell you the Truth, reply'd *Altisidora*, I fancy I could not be dead out-right, because I was not got so far as Hell; for, had I got in, I'm sure I should ne'er have been allow'd to have got out again. I got to the Gates indeed, where I found a round dozen of Devils in their Breeches of, and Waste-coats, playing at Tennis with flaming rackets; they wore flat Bands with scollop'd edges, and Ruffles of the same. Their Arms were naked four fingers breadth to give an Air to their Wrists, and make their Hands look the larger. But what I most wonder'd at, was, that the Ladies instead of Tennis balls, they made use of Tennis balls that were every whit as light, and were fill'd with Wind and Flock, or such kind of Trumpery. This was indeed most strange and wonderful, but, what still amaz'd me more, was, that contrary to the Custom of Games, among whom, the gaining Party at least is in good Humour, and the Losers only angry, the Hellish Tossers of Balls of both sides did sing but Fret, Fume, Stamp, Curse and Swear horribly as if they had been all Losers.

That's

That's no wonder at all, quoth *Sancho*, for your Devils are always devilishly out of humour, whether they play or no, win or lose, they can never be contented. That may be, said *Altisidora*, but another thing that I admire (I then admire I would say) was, that the Ball would not bear second Blow, but at every stroke they were oblig'd to change Books, some of 'em New, some Old which I thought very strange. And one Accident that happen'd upon this I can't forget. The toss'd up a new Book fairly bound, and gave such a smart stroke, that the very Guts flew out of it, and all the Leaves were scatter'd about. Then cry'd one of the Devils to another, look, what Book is that? 'Tis the Second Part of the History of *Don Quixote*, said the other, not that which was compos'd by *Cid Hamet*, the Author of the first, but by a certain *Arragonian* who professes himself a Native of *Terdefillas*. Away with it, cry'd the first Devil, down with it, plunge it to the lowest Pit of Hell, where it may never see it more. Why, is it such sad stuff, said the other? Such intolerable stuff, cry'd the first Devil, that if I and all the Devils in Hell should set our Heads together to make it worth it were past our Skill. The Devils continuing their Game, and shatter'd a world of other Books, but the Name of *Don Quixote* that I so passionately ador'd, confin'd my Thoughts only to that part of the Vision which I told you. It could be nothing but a Vision to be sure, said *Don Quixote*, for I am the only Person of that Name, now in the Universe, and that very Book is toss'd about here at the very same rate, never resting in any place, for every Body has a sling at it. Nor am I concern'd that any Phantom assuming my Name should wander in the Shades of Darkness.

the Light of this World, since I am not the Person of whom that History treats. If it be well writ, Faithful and Authentick, it will live Ages, but if it be bad, 'twill have but a bad Journey from its Birth to the Grave of Oblivion. *Altisidora* was then going to renew her Expostulations and Complaints against *Don Quixote*, had not he thus interrupted her. I have often Caution'd you, Madam, said he, of fixing your Affections upon a Man who is absolutely incapable of making a suitable Return. It grieves me to have a Heart obtruded upon me, when I have no Entertainment to give it, but bare cold Thanks. I was only born for *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and to her alone the Destinies (if such there be) have devoted my Affection: So 'tis Presumption for any other Beauty to imagine she can displace her, or but share the Possession she holds in my Soul. This I hope may suffice to take away all foundation from your Hopes, and to recall your Modesty and re-instate it in its proper Bounds; for nothing is to be expected from a Man in impossibilities.

Upon hearing this, Death of my Life! cry'd *Altisidora*, putting on a violent Passion, thou lump of Lead, thou with a Soul of Morter, and a Heart as little and as hard as the Stone of an Olive, more stubborn than a fallen Plough-driver or a Carrier's Horse that will never go out of his Road, I have a good mind to tear your Eyes out, as deep as they are in your Head. Why, thou beaten Swash-buckler, thou Rib-roasted Knight of the Cudgel, hast thou the Impudence to think that I dy'd for Love of thy Lanthorn-Jaws. No, no Sir Tiffany, all that you have seen this Night has been Counterfeit, for I would not suffer the pain

pain of a Flea-bite, much less that of dying, for such a Dromedary as thou art. Troth! Lasse I believe thee, quoth *Sancho*; for all these Stories of People dying for Love are meer Tales of a roasted Horse, and as true as I am the Devil's Cousin-German. They tell you they'll dye for Love, but the Devil a-bit. Trust to that and be laugh'd at.

Their Discourse was interrupted by the coming in of the Harper, Singer, and Composer of the Stanza's that were perform'd in the Court the Night before. Sir Knight, said he to *Don Quixote*, making a profound Obsequance, let me beg the Favour of being number'd among your most humble Servants, 'tis an Honour which I have long been Ambitious to receive, in regard of your great Renown, and the value of your Atchievements. Pray Sir, said *Don Quixote*, let me know who you are, that I may proportion my Respects to your Merits. The Spark gave him to understand, he was the Person that made and Sung the Verses he heard the last Night. Truly, Sir, said *Don Quixote*, you have an excellent Voice; but I think your Poetry was little to the purpose; for what Relation pray have the Stanza's of *Garcilasso* to this Lady's Death? Oh! Sir, never wonder at that, reply'd the Musician, I do but as other Brothers of the Quill: All the upstart Poets of the Age do the same, and every one writes what he pleases, how he pleases, and from whom he pleases, whether it be to the purpose or no; for let 'em write and set to Musick what they will, though never so impertinent and absurd, there is a thing call'd Poetical Licence, that is our Warrant, and a safe-guard

guard, and Refuge for Nonsense, among all the Men of Jingle and Metre.

*Don Quixote* was going to answer, but was interrupted by the coming in of the Duke and Dutcheſs, who improving the Conversation made it very pleasant for some hours, and *Sancho* was so full of his odd Conceits and arch Wipes, that the Duke and Dutcheſs were at a stand which to admire most, his Wit or his Simplicity. After that, *Don Quixote* begg'd leave for his departure that very Day, alledging that Knights in his unhappy Circumstances were rather qualify'd for an humble Shed than a Palace. They freely comply'd with his Request, and the Dutcheſs desir'd to know if *Altisidora* had yet attain'd to any share of his Favour. Madam, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I must freely tell your Grace, that I am confident all this Damſel's Distaste proceeds from nothing else in the World but Idleness. So nothing in Nature can be better Physick for her Distemper than to be continually employed in some innocent and decent Things. She has been pleas'd to inform me, that Bone-lace is much worn in Hell; and since without doubt she knows how to make it, let that be her Task, and I'll engage the tumbling of her Robbins to and again, will soon toss her Love out of her Head, take my Word for't; this is my Opinion, and my Advice. And mine too, saith *Sancho*, for I never knew any of your Bone-lace-makers die for Love, nor any other young Vench that had any thing else to do; I know it by my self. When I am hard at work, with a spade in my hand, I no more think of Pig'snies (my own dear Wife I mean) than I do of my dead Cow, though I love her as the Apple of my eye. You say well, *Sancho*, answer'd the Dut-

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chess, and I'll take care that *Altisidora* shall not want employment for the future; she understands her Needle, and I'm resolv'd she shall make use on't. Madam, said *Altisidora*, I shall have no occasion for any Remedy of that nature; for the sense of the severity and ill usage that I met with from that Vagabond Monster, will without any other Means soon raze him out of my Memory. In the mean time, I beg your Grace's leave to retire, that I may no longer behold, I won't say his woeful Figure, but his ugly and abominable Countenance. These Words, said the Duke, put me in mind of the Proverb, *After Railing comes forgiving.* *Altisidora* holding her Handkerchief to her Eyes, as it were to dry her Tears, and then making her Honours to the Duke and Dutcheßs, went out of the Room. Alackaday! poor Girl, cry'd *Sancho*. I know what will be the end of thee, since thou art fall'n into the Hands of that sad Soul, that merciless Master of mine, with a Crabtree-Heart, as tough as any Oak. Woe be to thee, a'faith! Hadst thou fall'n in Love with that sweet Face of mine, Body of me, thou had'st met with a Cock of the Game. The Discourse ended here. *Don Quixote* Dress'd, Din'd with the Duke and Dutcheßs, and departed that Afternoon.

CHAP. LXIX.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote and his Squire in their way home.*

**T**HE Vanquish'd Knight-Errant continu'd his Journey, equally divided between Grief and Joy; the Thought of his Overthrow sometimes sunk his Spirits, but then the assurance he had of the Virtue lodg'd in *Sancho*, by *Altisidora's* Resurrection rais'd them up again; and yet after all, he had much ado to perswade himself that the Amorous Damsel was really dead. As for *Sancho*, his thoughts were not at all of the pleasing kind; on the contrary, he was mightily in the Sullens, because *Altisidora* had bilk'd him of the Smocks she promis'd him; and his Head running upon that, Faith and Troth, Sir, quoth he, I have the worst luck of any Physician under the Cope of Heaven; other Doctors kill their Patients, and are paid for their Pains; and yet they are at no farther Trouble than scrawling two or three cramp Words for some Physical Slip-slop, which the Potheccaries are at all the Pains to make up. Now here am I, that save People from the Grave at the Expence of my own Hide, pinch'd, clapperclaw'd, run through with Pins, and whipp'd like a Top, and yet the Devil a Cross I get by the Bargain. But if ever they catch me a Curing any Body o' this Fashion, unless I have my Fee before-hand, may I be serv'd as I have been for nothing. Odsdiggers! they

shall pay Sauce for't, no Money no Cure; the Monk lives by his Singing: and I can't think Heav'n would make me a Doctor, without allowing me my Fees. You're in the right, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and *Altisidora* has done unworthily in the disappointing you of the Smocks. Though you must own that the Virtue by which you work these Wonders was a free Gift, and cost you nothing to learn, but the art of Patience. For my part, had you demanded your Fees for Disinchanting *Dulcinea*, you should have receiv'd 'em already; but I am afraid there can be no gratuity proportionable to the greatness of the Cure, and therefore I wou'd not have the Remedy depend upon a Reward; for who knows whether my proffering it, or thy acceptance of it might not hinder the effect of the Pennance? However, since we've gone so far, we'll put it to a Tryal; come *Sancho*, name your Price, and down with your Breeches. First pay your Hide, then pay your self out of the Money of mine that you have in your Custody. *Sancho* opening his Eyes and Ears a Foot wide at this fair Offer, leap'd presently at the Proposal. Ay, ay, Sir, now you say something, quoth he, I'll do't with a jirk now, since you speak so feelingly: I have a Wife and Children to maintain, Sir, and I must mind the main Chance. Come then, how much will you give me by the Lash? Were your Payment, said *Don Quixote*, to be answerable to the Greatness and Merits of the Cure, not all the Wealth of *Venice*, nor the *Indian Mines* were sufficient to Reward thee. But see what Cash you have of mine in your Hands, and set what price you will on every Stripe. The Lashes, quoth *Sancho*, are in all three thousand three hundred and odd, of which I have had five; The rest are

to come, let those five go for the odd ones, and let's come to the three thousand three hundred. At a *Quartillo*, or three half pence a piece (and I wou'd not bate a farthing, if 'twere to my Brother) they will make three thousand three hundred three Half-pences. Three thousand three Half-pences make fifteen hundred three Pences, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty Reals or Six-pences. Now the three hundred remaining three Half-pences make an hundred and fifty three Pences, and threescore and fifteen Six-pences; put that together, and it comes just to eight hundred and twenty five Reals or Sixpences to a Farthing. This Money, Sir, if you please, I'll deduct from yours that I have in my Hands, and then I'll reckon my self well paid for my jirking, and go home well pleas'd, though well whipp'd; but that's nothing, something has some favour; he must not think to catch Fish, ~~who~~ is afraid to wet his Feet. I need say ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~two~~. Now Blessings on thy Hearr, my dearest *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*. Oh my Friend, how shall *Dulcinea* and I be bound to Pray for thee, and serve thee while it shall please Heaven to continue us on Earth! If she recover her former Shape and Beauty, as now she infallibly must, her Misfortune will turn to her Felicity, and I shall triumph in my Defeat. Speak, dear *Sancho*, when wilt thou enter upon thy Task, and a hundred Reals more shall be at thy Service, as a gratuity for thy being expeditious. I'll begin this very Night, answer'd *Sancho*, do you but order it so that we may lye in the Fields, and you shall see how I'll lay about me, I shan't be sparing of my Flesh, I'll secure you.

*Don Quixote* long'd for Night so impatiently that like all eager expecting Lovers, he fancy'd

*Phæbus* had broke his Chariot-wheels, which made the Day of so unusual a length; but at last it grew dark, and they went out of the Road into a shady Wood, where they both alighted, and being sat down upon the Grass, they went to Supper upon such Provision as *Sancho's* Wallet afforded.

And now having satisfy'd himself, he thought it time to satisfy his Master, and earn his Money. To which purpose, he made himself a Whip of *Dapple's* Halter, and having stripp'd himself to the Waste, retir'd farther up into the Wood at a small distance from his Master. *Don Quixote* observing his readiness and resolution could not forbear calling after him, Dear *Sancho*, cry'd he, be not too cruel to thy self neither, have a care, do not hack thy self to pieces. Make not more haste than good speed; go more gently to work, soft and fair goes farthest; I mean, I would <sup>not</sup> have thee kill thy self before thou gettest to the end of the Tally; and that the Reckoning may be fair on both sides, I will stand at a distance, and keep an account of the Strokes by the help of my Beads. And so Heaven prosper thy Pious Undertaking. He's an honest Man, quoth *Sancho*, who pays to a Farthing. I only mean to give my self a handsome Whipping, for I don't think I need kill my self to work Miracles. With that he began to exercise the Instrument of Pennance, and *Don Quixote* to tell the Stroaks. But by that time, that *Sancho* had apply'd seven or eight Lashes on his own Back, he felt the Jest bite him so smartly, that he began to repent him of his Bargain: Whereupon, after a short pause, he call'd to his Master, and told him that he would be off with him, for such Lashes as these, laid on with such a con-  
founded

founded Lick-back, were modestly worth three Pence a-piece of any Man's Money; and truly he could not afford to go on at three Half-pence a Lash. Go on, Friend *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, take Courage and proceed, I'll double thy Pay; if that be all. Say you so, quoth *Sancho*? then have at all; I'll lay it on thick and three-fold. Do but listen—With that, *Slap* went the Scourge; but the cunning Knave left Persecuting his own Skin, and fell foul o' the Trees, fetching such dismal Groans every now and then, that one would have thought he had been giving up the Ghost. *Don Quixote*, who was naturally tender-hearted, fearing he might make an end of himself before he could finish his Pennance, and so disappoint the happy Effects of it, Hold, cry'd he, hold my Friend, as thou lovest thy Life, hold I conjure thee, no more at this time. This seems to me a very sharp sort of Physick. Therefore pray don't take it all at once, make two Doses of it. Come, come, all in good time, *Rome* was not built in a day. If I have told right, thou hast given thy self above a thousand Stripes, that's enough for one heating; for, to use a homely Phrase, The Ass will carry his Load, but not a double Load; Ride not a free Horse to death. No, no, quoth *Sancho*, it shall n'er be said of me, the eaten Bread is forgotten, or that I thought it working for a dead Horse, because I am paid before-hand. Therefore stand off I beseech yee: get out of the reach of my Lick back, and let me lay on t'other Thousand, and then the heart of the Work will be broke. Such another Flogging bout, and the Job will be over. Since thou art in the Humour, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I will withdraw, and Heaven strengthen and reward thee! With that, *Sancho* fell to work a-

fresh, and beginning upon a new Score, lash'd the Trees at so unconscionable a rate, that he fetch'd off their Skins most unmercifully. At length, raising his Voice, seemingly resolv'd to give himself a sparring Blow, he lets drive at a Beech-tree with might and main. There, cry'd he! down with thee, *Sampson*, and all that are about thee! This dismal Cry, with the sound of the dreadful stroke that attended it, made *Don Quixote* run presently to his Squire, and laying fast hold on the Halter, which *Sancho* had twisted about and manag'd like a Bull's Pizzle, Hold, cry'd he, Friend *Sancho*. Stay the Fury of thy Arm. Do'st thou think I will have thy Death and the Ruin of thy Wife and Children to be laid at my Door? Forbid it Fate! Let *Dulcinea* stay a while, till a better Opportunity offers it self. I my self will be contented to live in hopes, that when thou hast recover'd a new strength, the Business may be accomplish'd to every body's satisfaction. Well, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if it be your Worship's Will and Pleasure it should be so, so let it be, quo I. But, for Goodness-sake, do so much as throw your Cloak over my Shoulders; for I am all in a muck Sweat, and I've no mind to catch Cold; We Novices are somewhat in danger of that when we first undergo the Discipline of Flogging. With that, *Don Quixote* took off his Cloak from his own Shoulders, and putting it over those of *Sancho*, chose to remain in Cuerpo, and the crafty Squire being lapp'd up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirr'd till the Sun wak'd him.

In the Morning they went on their Journey, and after three hours riding, alighted at an Inn, for it was allow'd by *Don Quixote* himself to be an Inn, and not a Castle with Moats, Towers, Port-

Porcullices and Draw-Bridges, as he commonly fancy'd; for now the Knight was mightily off the Romantick Pin, to what he us'd to be, as shall be shew'd presently more at large. He was lodg'd in a ground Room, which instead of Tapisstry was hung with a course painted Stuff, such as is often seen in Villages. One of the Pieces had the Story of *Helen of Troy*, when *Paris* stole her away from her Husband *Menelaus*, but scrawl'd out after a bungling rate by some wretched Dawber or other. Another had the Story of *Dido* and *Aeneas*, the Lady on the top of a Turret, waving a Sheet to her fugitive Guest, who was in a Ship at Sea, crowding all the Sails he could to get from her. *Don Quixote* made this Observation upon the two Stories, that *Hellen* was not at all displeas'd at the Force that was put upon her; but rather leer'd and smil'd upon her Lover: Whereas on the other side, the fair *Dido* shew'd her Grief by her Tears, which, because they should be seen, the Painter had made as big as Walnuts. How unfortunate, said *Don Quixote*, were these two Ladies; that they liv'd not in this Age, or rather how much more unhappy am I, for not having liv'd in theirs! I would have met and stopp'd those Gentlemen, and sav'd both *Troy* and *Carthage* from Destruction; nay, by the Death of *Paris* alone all these Miseries had been prevented. I'll lay you a a Wager, quoth *Sancho*, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a hedge-Tavern, a blind Viſtualling-house, nor a Barber's Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds Pasted and Painted along the Walls. But I could wish with all my heart though, that they may be done by a better Hand than the bungling Son of a Whore that drew these. Thou art in the right,

Q. q. q. q.

*Sancho*

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*Sancho* ; for the Fellow that did these, puts me in mind of *Orbaneja* the Painter of *Uueda* , who as he sat at Work, being ask'd what he was about, made answer, any thing that comes uppermost, and if he chanc'd to draw a Cock, he underwrit, *This is a Cock*, lest People should take it for a Fox. Just such a one was he that Painted, or that Wrote, (for they are much the same) the History of this new *Don Quixote* that has lately peep'd out, and ventur'd to go a strolling ; for his Painting or Writing is all at Random, and any thing that comes uppermost. I fancy he's also not much unlike one *Mauleon*, a certain Poet, who was at Court some Years ago, and pretended to give answer *ex tempore* to any manner of Questions ; some body ask'd him what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, whereupon my Gentleman answer'd very pertly in Spanish, *De donde diere*, that is, *hab nab at a venture*.

But to come to our own Affairs. Hast thou an Inclination to have t'other Brush to Night ? What think you of a warm House ? would it not do better for that Service than the open Air ? why, truly quoth *Sancho* , a whipping is but a whipping either abroad or within doors, and I could like a close Room well enough, so it were among Trees, for I love Trees hugely, d'ye see, methinks they bear me Company, and have a sort of fellow-feeling of my Sufferings. Now I think on't, said *Don Quixote*, it shall not be to night, honest *Sancho*, you shall have more time to recover, and we'll let the rest alone till we get home, 'twill not be above two Days at most. E'en as your Worship pleases, answer'd *Sancho*, but if I might have my Will, it were best making an end of the Jobb, now my hand's in, and my Blood up. There's nothing like striking  
while

while the Iron is hot, for delay breeds danger, 'tis best grinding at the Mill before the Water's past; ever take while you may have it, a Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush. For Heaven's sake, good *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*, let alone thy Proverbs; if once thou go'st back to *Sicut erat*, or as it was in the beginning, I must give thee over. Can'st thou not speak as other Folks do, and not after such a tedious and intricate manner. How often have I told thee of this? Mind what I tell you, I'm sure you'll be the better for't. 'Tis an unlucky trick I've got reply'd *Sancho*, I can't bring you in three Words to the Purpose without a Proverb, nor bring you in any Proverb but what I think to the purpose; but I'll mend if I can. And so for this time their Conversation broke off.

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## C H A P. LXXI.

*How Don Quixote and Sancho got Home.*

**T**HAT whole Day *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* continu'd in the Inn, expecting the return of Night, the one to have an Opportunity to make an end of his Pennance in the Fields, and the other to see it fully Perform'd, as being the most material Preliminary to the Accomplishment of his Desires.

In the mean time, a Gentleman with three or four Servants, came Riding up to the Inn, and one of 'em calling him that appear'd to be the Master, by the Name of *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, your Worship, said he, had as good stop here till the heat of the Day be over. - In my Opinion, the House looks cool and cleanly. *Don Quixote*, over-hearing the Name of *Tarfe*, and presently turning to his Squire, *Sancho*, said he, I am much mistaken if I had not a Glimpse of this very Name of *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, in turning over that pretended second Part of my History. As likely as not, quoth *Sancho*, but first let him alight, and then we'll question him about the Matter.

The Gentlemen alighted, and was shew'd by the Land-lady, into a Ground-Room that fac'd *Don Quixote's* Apartment, and was hung with the same sort of coarse painted Stuff. A while af-  
ter

ter the Stranger had undress'd for Coolness, he came out to take a Turn, and Walked into the Porch of the House, that was Large and Airy. There he found *Don Quixote*, to whom Addressing himself, Pray, Sir, said he, which Way do you Travel? To a Country-Town not far off, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the Place of my Nativity. And pray, Sir, which way are you bound? To *Granada*, Sir, said the Knight, the Country where I was Born. And a fine Country it is, reply'd *Don Quixote*. But pray, Sir, may I beg the Favour to know your Name, for the Information I am perswaded will be of more Consequence to my Affairs than I can well tell you. They call me *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, answer'd the Gentleman. Then without dispute, said *Don Quixote*, you are the same *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, whose Name fills a Place in the second Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha's* History, that was lately Publish'd by a New Author? The very Man, answer'd the Knight; and that very *Don Quixote*, who is the Principal Subject of that Book, was my Intimate Acquaintance. I am the Person that intic'd him from his Habitation, so far at least, that he had never seen the Tournament at *Saragossa*, had it not been through my Perswasions, and in my Company; and indeed, as it happen'd, I prov'd the best Friend he had, and did him a singular piece of Service; for had I not stood by him, his intolerable Impudence had brought him to some shameful Punishment. But pray, Sir, said *Don Quixote*, be pleas'd to tell me one Thing; Am I any thing like that *Don Quixote* of yours? The farthest from it in the World, Sir, reply'd the other. And had he, said our Knight, one *Sancho Panza* for his Squire? Yes, said

said *Don Alvaro*, but I was the most deceiv'd in him that could be ; for by common Report that same Squire was a Comical, Witty Fellow, but I found him a very great Blockhead. I thought no less, quoth *Sancho*, for every Man's Nose won't make a Shoeing-Horn ; and that *Sancho* you talk of must be some paltry Ragga-muffin, some guttling Mumper, or Pilfering Crack-Rope, I warrant him. For 'tis I that am the true *Sancho Panza* ; 'tis I that am the Merry-conceited Squire, that have always a Tinker's Budget full of Wit and Waggery, that will make Gravity grin in spite of its Teeth. If you won't believe me, do but try me ; keep me Company but for a Twelve-Month, or so, you'll find what a Shower of Jokes, and notable Things drop from me every foot. Adad ! I set every body a Laughing, many times, and yet I with I may be Hang'd if I design'd it in the least. And then for the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, here you have him before you : The Stanch, the Famous, the Valiant, the Wise, the Loving *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Righter of Wrongs, the Punisher of Wickedness, the Father to the Fatherless, the Bully-rock of Widows, the Murderer of Damsels and Maidens, he whose only Dear and Sweet-heart is the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* ; here he is, and here am I his Squire. All other *Don Quixote's*, and all *Sancho Panza's* besides us two, are but Shams, and Tales of a Tub. Now by the Sword of St. *Jago*, honest Friend, said *Don Alvaro*, I believe as much ; for the little thou hast utter'd now, has more of Humour, than all I ever heard come from the other. The Blockhead seem'd to carry all his Brains in his Guts, there's nothing a Jest with him but filling his Belly, and the

Rogue's

Rogue's too heavy to be Diverting. For my Part, I believe that the Inchanters that Persecute the good *Don Quixote*, have sent the bad one to Persecute me too. I can't tell what to make of this Matter, for though I can take my Oath that I left one *Don Quixote* under the Surgeon's Hands at the Nuncio's House in *Toledo*, yet here starts up another *Don Quixote*, quite different from mine. For my part, said our Knight, I dare not avow my self the good, but I may venture to say, I am not the bad one; and as a Proof of it, Sir, be assur'd, that in the whole course of my Life, I never saw the City of *Saragosa*; and so far from it, that hearing this Usurper of my Name had appear'd there at the Tournament, I declin'd coming near it, being resolv'd to convince the World that he was an Impostor. I directed my Course to *Barcelona*, the Seat of Urbanity, the Sanctuary of Strangers, the Refuge of the Distress'd, the Mother of Men of Valour, the Redresser of the Injur'd, the Residence of true Friendship, and the first City of the World for Beauty and Situation. And though some Accidents that befell me there, are so far from being grateful to my Thoughts, that they are a sensible Mortification to me, yet in my Reflections of having seen that City, I find Pleasure enough to alleviate my Misfortune. In short, *Don Alvaro*, I am that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whom Fame has Celebrated, and not the pitiful Wretch who has Usurp'd my Name, and would arrogate to himself the Honour of my Designs. Sir, you are a Gentleman, and I hope will not deny me the Favour to depose before the Magistrate of this Place, that you never saw me in all your Life till this Day, and that I am not the *Don Quixote* mention'd

in this second Part, nor was this *Sancho Panſa* my Squire, the Person you knew formerly. With all my Heart, ſaid *Don Alvaro*, though I muſt own my ſelf not a little confounded to find at the ſame time two *Don Quixote's* and two *Sancho Panſa's* as different in Behaviour as they are alike in Appellation ; for my part, I don't know what to think on't, and I'm ſometimes apt to fancy that my Senſes have been impos'd upon. Ay, ay, quoth *Sancho*, there has been foul Play to be ſure. The ſame Trick that ſerv'd to bewitch my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, has been play'd you, and if three Thouſand and odd Laſhes laid on by me on the hind part of my Belly, wou'd diſ-inchant your Worſhip as well as her, they ſhou'd be at your Service with all my Heart, and what's more, they ſhould not coſt you a Farthing. I don't underſtand what you mean by thoſe Laſhes, ſaid *Don Alvaro*. Thereby hangs a Tale, quoth *Sancho*, but that's too long at a Minute's Warning; if it be our Luck to be Fellow-Travellers, you may chance to hear more of the Matter.

Dinner-time being come, *Don Quixote* and *Don Alvaro* Din'd together; and the Mayor or Bailiff of the Town happening to come into the Inn with a Publick Notary, *Don Quixote* deſir'd him to take the Depoſition which *Don Alvaro Tarſe* was ready to give, where he certify'd, and declar'd, That the ſaid Deponent had not any Knowledge of the *Don Quixote* there preſent, and that the ſaid *Don Quixote* was not the ſame Perſon that he this Deponent had ſeen mention'd in a certain Printed Hiſtory, intitul'd, or call'd the ſecond Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Written by *Abellaneda*,  
a Na-

a Native of *Tordesillas*. In short, the Magistrate drew up, and engross'd the Affidavit in due Form, and the Testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all the Intentions of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, who were as much pleas'd as if it had been a matter of the last Consequence, and that their Words and Behaviour had not been enough to make the Distinction apparent between the two *Don Quixote's* and the two *Sancho's*.

The Compliments and Offers of Service that pass'd after that between *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote* were many, and our Knight of *La Mancha* behav'd himself in that with so much Discretion, that *Don Alvaro* was convinc'd he was mistaken; for he thought there was some Inchantment in the case, since he had thus met with two Knights and two Squires of the same Names and Professions, and yet so very different.

They set out towards the Evening, and about half a League from the Town the Road parted into two, one way led to *Don Quixote's* Habitation, and the other was that which *Don Alvaro* was to take. *Don Quixote* in that little time let him understand the Misfortune of his Defeat, with *Dulcinea's* Inchantment, and the Remedy prescrib'd by *Merlin*; all which was new matter of Wonder to *Don Alvaro*, who having embrac'd *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, left them in their Way, and he followed his own.

*Don Quixote* pass'd that Night among the Trees, to give *Sancho* a fair Occasion to make an end of his Discipline, when the cunning Knave put it in Practice, just after the same manner as the Night before. The Bark of the Trees pay'd for all,

all, and *Sancho* took such Care of his Back, that a Fly might have rested there without any Disturbance.

All the while the Bubble his Master was very punctual in telling the Stroaks, and reckon'd that with those of the foregoing Night, they amounted just to the sum of Three Thousand and twenty nine. The Rising Sun, that seem'd to have made more than ordinary haste to view this Humane Sacrifice, gave 'em Light however to continue their Journey; and as they went on, they discanted at large upon *Don Alvaro's* Mistake, and their own Prudence in relation to the Certificate before the Magistrate, in so full and Authentick a Form.

Their Travels all that Day, and the ensuing Night, had no Occurrence worth mentioning, abating that *Sancho* that Night put the last hand to his Whipping-work, to the inexpressible Joy of *Don Quixote*, who waited for the Day with as great Impatience, in hopes he might light on his Lady *Dulcinea* in her Disenchanted State; and all the way he went, he made up to every Woman he spy'd, to see whether she were *Dulcinea del Toboso* or not; for he so firmly rely'd on *Merlin's* Promises, that he did not doubt of the Performance.

He was altogether taken up with these Hopes and Fancies, when they got to the top of a Hill, that gave 'em a Prospect of their Village. *Sancho* had no sooner bless'd his Eyes with the Sight, but down he fell on his Knees, and O my long, long wish'd for Home, cry'd he, open thy Eyes and here behold thy Child *Sancho Panza* come back to thee again, if not very full of Money, yet very full of Whipping: Open thy Arms, and receive thy Son *Don Quixote* too, who, tho' he got  
the

the worst on't with another, has ne'ertheless got the better of himself, and that's the best kind of Victory one can wish for; I have his own Word for it. However, tho' I have been swindgingly Flogg'd, yet I han't lost all by the Bargain, for I have whipp'd some Money into my Pocket. Forbear thy Impertinence, said *Don Quixote*, and let us now in a decent manner make our Entry into the Place of our Nativity, where we will give a loose to our Imaginations, and lay down the Plan that ought to be follow'd in our intended Pastoral Life. With these Words they came down the Hill, and went directly to their Village.

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CHAP.

## C H A P. LXXIII.

*Of the Ominous Accidents that cross'd Don Quixote as he enter'd his Village, with other Transactions that Illustrate and Adorn this memorable History.*

WHEN they were entring into the Village, as *Cid Hamet* relates, *Don Quixote* observ'd two little Boys contesting together in an adjoining Field; and says one to the other, Never fear thy Ghizzard about it, for thou shalt never see her while thou hast Breath in thy Body. *Don Quixote* overhearing this, *Sancho*, said he, did you mind the Boy's Words; Thou shalt never see her while thou hast Breath in thy Body. Well answer'd *Sancho*, and what's the great Business though the Boy did say so? How, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Do'st thou not perceive, that applying the Words to my Affairs, they plainly imply that I shall never see my *Dulcinea*. *Sancho* was about to answer again, when a full Cry of Hounds and Huntsmen put up a Hare, which they cours'd so hard to her Shifts, that she came and Squatted down for Shelter just between *Don Quixote's* Feet. Immediately *Sancho* laid hold of her without Difficulty, and presented her to *Don Quixote*, but he, with a dejected Look, refusing the Present, cry'd out aloud, *malum signum*, *malum signum*, an ill Omen. A Hare runs away, Hounds

and Coursers pursue her, and *Dulcinea* is not  
 strated. You are a strange Man, quoth *Sancho*,  
 Can't we suppose now, that poor Pufs here  
 is *Dulcinea*, the Gray-hounds that follow'd her  
 are these Dogs the Inchanters, that made her  
 Country-Pufs. She scours away, I catch her  
 by the Scut, and give her safe and sound into  
 your Worship's Hands, and pray make much of  
 her now you have her, for my part, I can for  
 the Blood of me see no harm, nor any ill Luck  
 in this Matter.

By this time the two Boys that had fallen  
 out, came up to see the Hare, and *Sancho* having  
 ask'd the cause of their Quarrel? He was answer'd  
 by the Boy that spoke the Ominous Words,  
 that he had snatch'd from his Play-fellow a  
 little Cage full of Crickets, which he would not  
 let him have again. Upon that, *Sancho* put  
 his Hand in his Pocket, and gave the Boy  
 three-penny piece for his Cage, and giving  
 it to *Don Quixote*, there, Sir, quoth he, here are  
 the signs of ill Luck come to nothing. You  
 have 'em in your own Hands, and though I am but  
 a Dunder-head, I dare swear these things are no  
 more to us than the Rain that fell at *Christmase*.  
 I am much mistaken if I ha'n't heard the Parson  
 of our Parish advise all sober Catholicks against  
 feeding these Whim-whams; and I have heard  
 you your self, my Dear Master, say, that any  
 Christian that troubled his Head with these For-  
 telling Follies, was neither better nor  
 worse than a Numskul. So let us e'en leave  
 of these things as we found 'em, and get home as fast  
 as we can.

By this time the Sports-men were come up,  
 and demanding their Game, *Don Quixote* deliver'd  
 them their Hare. They pass'd on, and just at their  
 coming

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coming into the Town, they perceiv'd the Curate and the Batchelor *Carraſco* at their Devotions in a ſmall Field adjoining. But we muſt obſerve by the way, that *Sancho Panſa*, to cover his Maſter's Armour, had by way of a Sumpter-Cloath, laid over *Dapple's* Back the Buckram-Frock figur'd with Blazes of Fire, which he wore at the Duke's the Night that *Altifidora* roſe from the Dead, and he had no leſs Judiciously clapp'd the Mitre on the Head of the Aſs; which made ſo odd and Whimſical a Figure, that it might be ſaid, never four-footed Aſs was ſo be-dizen'd before. The Curate and the Batchelor preſently knowing their old Friends, ran to meet 'em with open Arms, and while *Don Quixote* alighted and return'd their Embraces, the Boys, who are ever ſo quick-sighted that nothing can 'ſcape their Eyes, preſently ſpying the Mitred Aſs, came running and flocking about 'em, Oh Law! cry'd they to one another: look a' there Boys! Here's Gaſſer *Sancho Panſa's* Aſs, as fine as a Lady! And *Don Quixote's* Beaſt as lean as the New Moon. With that they ran hooping and hallowing about 'em thro' the Town, while the two Adventurers, attended by the Curate and the Batchelor, mov'd towards *Don Quixote's* Houſe, where they were receiv'd at the Door by his Old Houſe-keeper and his Niece, that had already had Notice of their Arrival. The News having alſo reach'd *Tereſa Panſa*, *Sancho's* Wife, ſhe came running half Naked, with her Hair about her Ears, to ſee him; Hand in Hand all the way with her Daughter *Sanchica*, who hardly wanted to be lugg'd along. But when ſhe found that her Husband look'd a little ſhort of the State of a Governour, Mercy o' me, quoth ſhe, what's the meaning of this, Husband! You look as tho'

you

you had come all the way on Foot, nay, and tir'd off your Legs too ! Why, you come liker a Shark than like a Governour. Mum, *Teresa*, quoth *Sancho*, 'Tis not all Gold that Glisters, and every Man was not Born with a Silver-Spoon in his Mouth. First let's go Home, and then I'll tell thee Wonders. I've taken Care of the main Chance. Money I have, Old Girl, and I came Honestly by it, without wronging any Body. Hast got Money, Old Boy, nay then 'tis well enough, no matter which way, let it come by Hook or by Crook, 'tis but what your Betters have done afore you, At the same time, *Sancho* hugging her Father, ask'd him what he had brought her Home, for she had gap'd for him as the Flowers do for the Dew in *May*. Thus *Sancho* leading *Dapple* by the Halter on one side, his Wife taking him under the Arm on the other, and his Daughter fastning upon the Waste-band of his Breeches, away they went together to his Cottage, leaving *Don Quixote* at his own House, under the Care of his Neice and House-keeper, with the Curate and Bachelor to keep him Company.

That very Moment *Don Quixote* took the two last aside, and without mincing the Matter, gave 'em a short Account of his Defeat, and the Obligation he lay under of being confin'd to his Village for a Year, which, like a true Knight-Errant, he had resolv'd punctually to observe; he added, that he intended to pass that Interval of Time in the innocent Functions of a Pastoral Life, and therefore he would immediately Commence Shepherd, and Entertain his Amorous Passion solitarily in Fields and Woods, and therefore he begg'd, if Business of greater Importance were not an Obstruction, that they wou'd both please

please to be his Companions, assuring them, that he would furnish them with such a number of Sheep, as might entitle them to such a Profession. He also told 'em, that he had already in a manner, fitted them for the Undertaking, for he had provided them all with Names the most Pastoral in the World. The Curate being desirous to know the Names, *Don Quixote* told him, that he wou'd himself be call'd the Shepherd *Quixotis*, that the Batchelor shou'd be call'd the Shepherd *Carrafcen*, the Curate Pastor *Curiambro*, and *Sancho Panfa*, *Pansino* the Shepherd.

They were struck with Amazement at this new strain of Folly; but considering that this might be a means of keeping him at home, and hoping at the same time, that within the Year he might be cur'd of his Mad Knight-Errantry, they allow'd of his Pastoral Folly, and with great Applause to his Project, they freely offer'd their Company in the Design. We shall live the most pleasant Life imaginable, said *Sampson Carrafcen*; for, as every Body knows, I am a most Celebrated Poet, and I'll write Pastorals in abundance. Sometimes too, I may raise my Strain, as occasion offers, to divert us as we range the Groves and Plains. But one thing, Gentlemen, we must not forget, 'tis absolutely necessary that each of us choose a Name for the Shepherdess to be Celebrated in his Lays, nor must we forget the Ceremony used by the Amorous Shepherds, of Writing, Carving, Notching, or Engraving on every Tree, the Names of Shepherdesses, tho' the Bark be ever so hard. You are very much in the right, reply'd *Don Quixote*, tho' for my part, I need not be at the trouble of devising a Name for an Imaginary Shepherdess, being already Captivated by the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the Nymph of these Streams,

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Streams, the Ornament of these Meads, the Primrose of Beauty, the Cream of Gracefulness, and in short, the subject that can merit all the Praises that Hyperbolical Eloquence can bestow: We grant all this, said the Curate, but we that can't pretend to such Perfections, must make it our Business to find out some Shepherdesses of a lower Form, that will be good-natur'd, and will meet a Man half-way upon occasion. We shall find enough, I'll warrant you, reply'd *Carraasco*: 'Tis but giving him Names out of some Book or other, if we can find no other; there are *Phyllis*, *Amaryllis*, *Diana*, *Florinda*, *Galatea*, *Belisarda*, and a Thousand more are to be dispos'd of publickly in the open Market; and when we have Purchas'd 'em, they are our own. Besides, if my Mistress (my Shepherdess I should have said) be call'd *Ann*, I will name her in my Verses *Anarda*; if *Frances*, I'll call her *Francenia*, and if *Lucy* be her Name, then *Lucinda* shall be my Shepherdess, and so forth; and if I *Sancho Panza* makes one of our Fraternity, he may Celebrate his Wife *Teresa* by the Name of *Teresaina*. *Don Quixote* cou'd not forbear smiling at the Turn given to that Name. The Curate again applauded his Laudable Resolution, and repeated his Offer of bearing him Company all the time that his other Employment wou'd allow him; and then they took their leaves, giving him all the good Advice that they thought conducing to his Health and Welfare.

No sooner were the Curate and the Batchelor gone, but the old House-Maid and the Niece, who, according to Custom, had been listening to all their Discourse, came both upon *Don Quixote*. Bless me, Uncle, cry'd the Niece, what's here to do! What new Maggot's

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got into your Head? When we thought you were come to stay at Home, and live like a sober honest Gentlemen in your own House, are you hearkning after new Inventions, and running a Wooll-gathering after Sheep, forsooth? *The Jolly, jolly Swain, that goes roving o'er the Plain!* By my truly, Sir, you're somewhat of the latest: The Corn is too old to make Oaten Pipes of. Lord, Sir, quoth the House-keeper, how will your Worship be able to endure the Summer's Sun, and the Winter's Frost in the open Fields? And then the howling of the Wolves, Heaven bless us! Pray, good Sir, don't think on't: 'Tis a Business fit for no body but those that are bred and born to it, and as strong as Horses. Let the worst come to the worst, better be a Knight-Er-rant still than a Keeper of Sheep. Troth, Master, take my Advice, I am neither Drunk nor Mad, but fresh and fasting from every thing but Sin, and I have fifty Years over my Head, be rul'd by me: Stay at home, look after your Concerns, go often to Confession, do good to the Poor, and if ought goes ill with you, let it lie at my Door. Good Girls, said *Don Quixote*, hold your Prating. I know best what I have to do! Only help to get me to Bed, for I find my self somewhat out of Order. However, don't trouble you Heads; whether I be a Knight-Er-rant, or an Errant-Shepherd, you shall always find that I will provide for you. The Niece and the Maid, who without doubt were good-natur'd Creatures, undress'd him, put him to Bed, brought him something to Eat, and tended him with all imaginable Care.

C H A P. LXXIV.

*How Don Quixote fell Sick, made his last Will, and Died.*

**A**S all Humane things, especially the Lives of Men, are transitory, their very Beginnings being but Steps to their Dissolution; so *Don Quixote*, who was no way exempted from the common Fate, was snatch'd away by Death, when he least expected it. Whether his Sickness was the effect of his Melancholick Reflections, or pre-ordain'd by the Heavens, I will not determine; but he was seiz'd with a violent Fever, that confin'd him to his Bed six Days.

All that time his good Friends, the Curate, the Batchelor, and the Barber came often to see him, and his trusty Squire, *Sancho Panza* never stirr'd from his Bed-side.

They conjectur'd that his Sickness proceeded from the Regret of his Defeat, and his being disappointed of *Dulcinea's* Dis-inchantment, and accordingly they left nothing unessay'd to divert him. The Batchelor begg'd him to pluck up a good Heart, and rise, that they might begin their Pastoral Life, telling him, that he had already writ an Eclogue to that purpose, not inferiour to those of *Sannazaro*, and that he bought with his own Money, of a Shepherd of *Quintana*, two tearing Dogs to Watch their Flock, the one call'd *Barcino*, and the other *Bueron*; but this had no effect on *Don Quixote*, for he still continued dejected. A Physician was sent for, who, upon feeling his Pulse, did not very well like it; and

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therefore desired him of all things to provide for his Soul's Health, for that of his Body was in a dangerous Condition. *Don Quixote* heard this with much more Temper than those about him; for his Niece, his House-keeper, and his Squire fell a weeping as bitterly as if he had been laid out already; *Don Quixote* desir'd them to leave him a little to himself, because he found himself inclinable to rest; they retir'd, and he had a hearty Sleep of above six Hours, which the Maid and Niece were afraid would be his last.

At length he wak'd, and with a loud Voice, Blessed be the Almighty, cry'd he, for this great Benefit he has vouchsafed to do me! Infinite are his Mercies, they are greater, and more in Number than the Sins of Men. The Niece hearkning very attentively to these Words of her Uncle, and finding more Sense in them than there was in his usual Talk, at least since he had fallen ill: What do you say, Sir, said she, has any thing extraordinary happen'd? What Mercies are these you mention? Mercies, answer'd he, that Heaven has this Moment vouchsafed to shew me, in spite of all my Iniquities. My Judgment is return'd clear and undisturb'd, and that Cloud of Ignorance is now remov'd, which the continual Reading of those damnable Books of Knight-Errantry had cast over my Understanding. Now I perceive their Nonsense and Impertinence, and am only sorry that the Discovery happens so late, when I want time to make amends by those Studies that shou'd enlighten my Soul, and prepare me for Futurity. I find, Niece, that my End approaches; but I wou'd have it such, that tho' my Life has got me the Character of a Mad-man, I may deserve a better at my Death. Dear Child, continued he, send for my honest Friends, the Curate, the Batchelor Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the

the Barber, for I intend to make my Confession and my Will. His Niece was sav'd the Trouble of sending, for presently they all three came in, which *Don Quixote* perceiving; my good Friends, said he, I have happy News to tell you, I am no longer *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but *Alonso Quixano*, the same whom the World for his fair Behaviour has been pleas'd to call *the Good*. I now declare my self an Enemy to *Amadis de Gaul*, and his whole Generation; all profane Stories of Knight-Erranty, all Romances I detest. I have a true Sense of the Danger of reading them, and of all my pass'd Follies, and thro' Heaven's Mercy, and my own Experience, I abhor them. His three Friends were not a little surpriz'd to hear him talk at this rate, and concluded that some new Frenzy had possess'd him. What now, said *Samson* to him? What's all this to the purpose, *Senior Don Quixote*? We have just had the News that the Lady *Dulcinea* is dis-inchanted, and now that we are upon the point of turning Shepherds, to sing, and live like Princes, you are dwindled down to a Hermit.

No more of that, I beseech you, reply'd *Don Quixote*; all the use I shall make of these Follies at present, is to heighten my Repentance; and though they have hitherto prov'd prejudicial, yet by the Assistance of Heaven they may turn to my Advantage at my Death. I find it comes fast upon me, therefore, pray Gentlemen, let us be serious. I want a Priest to receive my Confession, and a Scrivener to draw up my Will. There's no trifling at a time like this; I must take Care of my Soul; and therefore pray let the Scrivener be sent for, while Mr. Curate prepares me by Confession.

*Don Quixote's* Words put them all into such Admiration, that they stood gazing upon one

another; they thought they had reason to doubt of the return of his Understanding, and yet they cou'd not help believing him. They were also apprehensive that he was near the point of Death, considering the sudden recovery of his Intellects; and he deliver'd himself after that with so much Sense, Discretion, and Piety, and shew'd himself so resign'd to the Will of Heaven, that they made no scruple to believe him restor'd to his perfect Judgment at last. The Curate thereupon clear'd the Room of all the Company but himself and *Don Quixote*, and then Confess'd him. In the mean time the Batchelor ran for the Scrivener, and presently brought him with him; and *Sancho Panza* being inform'd by the Batchelor how ill his Master was, and finding his Niece and House-keeper all in Tears, began to make wry Faces, and fell a Crying. The Curate having heard the sick Person's Confession, came out, and told them, that the good *Alonso Quixano* was very near his End, and certainly in his Senses; and therefore they had best go in, that he might make his Will. These dismal Tidings open'd the Sluices of the House-keeper's, the Niece's, and the good Squire's swell'd Eyes, so that a whole Inundation of Tears burst out at those Flood-gates, and a Thousand Sighs from their Hearts; for indeed, either as *Alonso Quixano*, or as *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, as it has been observ'd, the sick Gentleman had always shew'd himself such a good natur'd Man, and of so agreeable a Conversation, that he was not only belov'd by his Family, but by every one that knew him.

The Scrivener, with the rest of the Company then went into the Chamber, and the Preamble and formal part of the Will being drawn, and the Testator having recommended his Soul to Heaven, and bequeath'd his Body to the Earth, according to Custom, he came to the Legacies as follows. *Item*

*Item*, I give and bequeath to *Sancho Panza*, whom in my Madness I made my Squire, whatever Money he has, or may have of mine in his Hands; and whereas there are Reckonings and Accounts to be adjusted between us, for what he has receiv'd and disburs'd; my Will and Pleasure is, that whatever may remain due to me, which can be but small, be enjoy'd by him as my free Gift, without any Let or Molestation, and much good may it do him. And as, when I was Mad, he was thro' my means made a Governour of an Island, I wou'd now in my right Senses give him the Government of a Kingdom, were it in my Power, in consideration of his Integrity and Faithfulness. And now, my Friend, said he, turning to *Sancho*, pardon me that I have brought upon thee as well as my self the scandal of Madness, by drawing thee into my own Errors, and perswading thee that there have been, and there are still Knights-Errant in the World. Woe is me, my dear Master's Worship! cry'd *Sancho*, all in Tears, don't Die this Bout, but e'en take my Counsel, and live on a many Years; 'tis the maddest Trick a Man can ever Play in his Life, to let his Breath sneak out of his Body without any more ado, and without so much as a Rap o'er the Pate, or a Kick of the Guts; to go off like the snuff of a Farthing-Candle, and Die meerly of the Mulligrubs, or the Sullens. For shame, Sir, don't give way to sluggishness, but get out of your doleful Dumps, and rise. Is this a time to lie honing and groaning a Bed, when we shou'd be abroad in the Fields in our Shepherds Coats, as we had resolv'd? Ten to one but behind some Bush, or under some Hedge we may find the Lady *Madame Dulcinea*, stripp'd of her Incharnted Rags, and as fine as a Queen. Mayhaps you take it to Heart, that you were unhors'd, and a little Crupper-scratch'd

t'other Day; but if that be all, lay the Blame upon me, and say 'twas my Fault, in not Girt-ing *Rozinante* tight enough. You know too, there's nothing more common in your Errantry-Books, than for the Knights to be every Foot justl'd out of the Saddle. There's nothing but up's and down's in this World, and he that's cast down to Day, may be cock-a-hoop to Morrow. Even so said *Sampson*, honest *Sancho* has the right Notion of the Matter. Soft and fair, Gentleman, reply'd *Don Quixote*, ne'er look for Birds of this Year in the Nests of the last: I was Mad, but I am now in my Senses; I was once *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but I am once more the good *Alonso Quixano*, and I hope the sincerity of my VVords, and my Repentance, may restore me the same Esteem you have had for me before, and so Mr. Scrivener pray go on.

*Item*, I Constitute and Appoint *Antonia Quixana*, my Niece here present, as sole Heiress of all my Estate, both Real and Personal, after all my just Debts and Legacies bequeath'd by these Presents, shall have been pay'd, satisfy'd, and deducted out of the best of my Goods and Chattels; and the first of that kind to be discharg'd, shall be the Salary due to my House-keeper, together with twenty Ducats over and above her VVages; which said Summ I leave and bequeath her to buy her Mourning.

*Item*, I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. *Sampson Carrasco* the Batchelor here present, to be the Executors of this my last VVill and Testament.

*Item*, It is my VVill, that if my Niece *Antonia Quixana* be inclinable to Marry, it be with none but a Person, who, upon strict Inquiry, shall be found never to have read a Book of Knight-Erranty in his Life; and in case it appears, that he has been Conversant in such Books,

and

and that she persists in her Resolution to Marry him, she is then to forfeit all Right and Title to my Inheritance, which, in such Case, my Executors are hereby Impower'd to dispose to Pious Uses, as they shall think most convenient.

Item, I entreat the said Executors, that if at any time they happen to meet with the Author of a Book now Extant, entitl'd, *The second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they wou'd from me most heartily beg his Pardon for my being undesignedly the occasion of his Writing such a parcel of Impertinence as is contain'd in that Book; for it is the greatest Burden to my departing Soul, that ever I was the Cause of his making such a thing Publick.

Having finish'd the Will, he fell into a swooning Fit, and extended his Body to the full length in the Bed. All the Company were troubled and alarm'd, and ran to his Assistance: However, he came to himself at last; but relaps'd into the like Fits almost every Hour, for the space of three Days that he liv'd after he had made his Will.

The whole Family was in Grief and Confusion; and yet, after all, the Niece continued to Eat, the House-keeper Drank, and wash'd down Sorrow; and *Sancho Panza* made much of himself: For there is a strange Charm in the thoughts of a good Legacy, or the hopes of an Estate, which wondrously removes, or at least, alleviates the Sorrow that Men shou'd otherwise feel for the Death of Friends.

At last *Don Quixote's* dying Day did come, after he had made all those Preparations for

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Death which good Christians ought to do ; and by many fresh and weighty Arguments, shew'd his Abhorrence of Books of Knight-Errantry. The Scrivener who was by, protested that he had never read in any Book of that kind of any Knight-Errant that ever dy'd in his Bed so quietly, and like a good Christian as *Don Quixote* did. In short, amidst the Tears and Lamentations of his Friends, he gave up the Ghost, or to speak more plainly, Dy'd ; which when the Curate perceiv'd, he desir'd the Scrivener or Notary to give him a Certificate, how *Alonso Quixano*, commonly call'd *The Good*, and sometimes known by the Name of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, was departed out of this Life into another, and died a Natural Death. This, left any other Author but *Cid Hamet Benengeli* shou'd take occasion to raise him from the Dead, and presume to write fabulous Histories of his pretended Adventures.

Thus Dy'd that Ingenious Gentleman *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Native Place *Cid Hamet* has not thought fit directly to mention, that all the Towns and Villages in *La Mancha* should contend for the Honour of giving him Birth ; as the seven Cities of Greece did for *Homer*. We shall omit *Sancho's* Lamentations, and those of the Niece and House-keeper, as also several Epitaphs that were made for his Tomb, and will only give you this, which the Batchelor *Garrasco* caus'd to be put over it.



## Don Quixote's Epitaph.

**T**H E Body of a Knight lies here,  
So brave, that, to his latest Breath,  
Immortal Glory was his Care,  
And makes him Triumph over Death.

His Looks spread Terrour every Hour,  
He strove Oppression to controul;  
Nor cou'd all Hell's united Pow'r  
Subdue or daunt his Mighty Soul.

Nor has his Death the World deceiv'd  
Less than his wondrous Life surpriz'd;  
For if he like a Madman liv'd,  
At least he like a Wise One Dy'd.

Here the Sagacious Cid Hamet addressing himself to his Pen, O thou my slender Pen, says he, thou, of whose Knib, whether well or ill cut, I dare not speak my Thoughts! suspended with this Wire, remain upon this Rack, where I deposite thee. There may'st thou claim a Being many Ages, unless presumptuous Scriblers take thee down to Profane Thee. But e'er they lay their heavy Hands on thee, bid 'em beware, and, as well as thou can'st, in their own Style, tell 'em,

Avaunt ye Scoundrels, all and some!  
I'm kept for no such thing.  
Defile not me; but hang your selves;  
And so, God save the King!

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For me alone was the great *Quixote* born, and I alone for him. Deeds were his Task; and to Record 'em, mine: We two, like Tallies for each other struck, are nothing when apart. In vain the spurious Scribe of *Tordesillas* dar'd with his blunt and bungling Ostridge-Quill Invade the Deeds of my most Valorous Knight: The great Attempt derides his feeble Skill, while he betrays a Sense benumm'd and frozen.

And thou, Reader, if ever thou can'st find him out in his Obscurity, I beseech thee advise him likewise to let the wearied, mouldring Bones of *Don Quixote* rest quiet in the Earth that covers 'em. Let him not Expose 'em in *Old Castile*, against the Sanctions of Death, impiously raking him out of the Grave where he really lies stretch'd out beyond a Possibility of taking a third Ramble through the World. The two Sallies that he has made already (which are the Subject of these two Volumes, and have met with such universal Applause in this and other Kingdoms) are sufficient to Ridicule the pretended Adventures of other Knights-Errant. Thus advising him for the best, thou shalt discharge the Duty of a Christian, and do good to him that wishes thee Evil. As for me, I must esteem my self happy, and gain my end in rendring those Fabulous, Nonsensical Stories of Knight-Errantry, the Object of the Publick Aversion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop and fall altogether in good Earnest; never to rise again. *Adieu.*

F I N I S.



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